

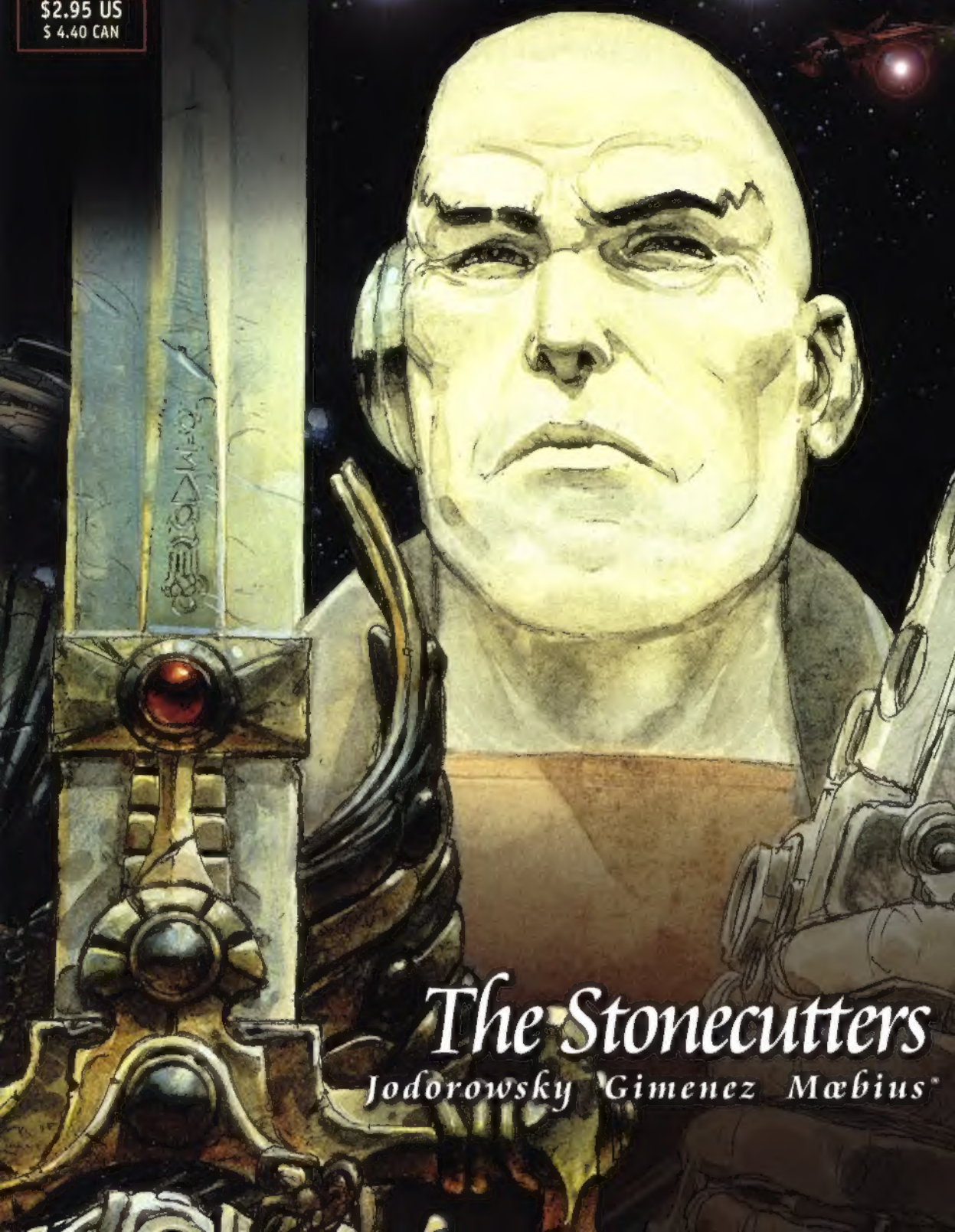


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The Metabarons™



The Stonecutters

Jodorowsky Gimenez Mæbius



The Metabarons

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IN THE HEART OF THE IMPREGNABLE
METABUNKER, SOMEWHERE
IN THE BUSTLING CITY-SHAFT...

TONTO! PLEASE!
TELL ME A STORY!

ANOTHER STORY?

OSIMENEZ ©

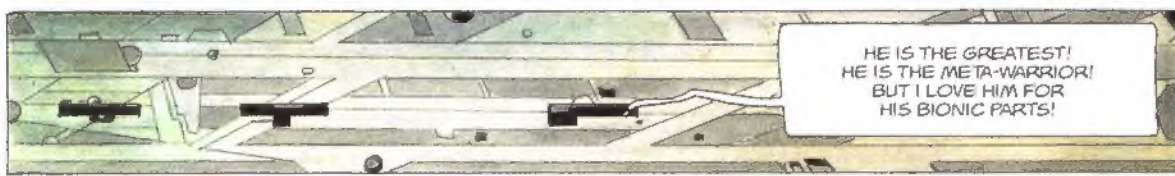


YES! BUT A REAL ONE
THIS TIME! NOT ONE OF
THOSE SILLY ROBOT TALES...

I KNOW, I KNOW...
ONLY HUMAN STORIES
CAN REALLY STIMULATE
OUR CIRCUITS...

VERY WELL,
I WILL TELL YOU A STORY ABOUT
THE METABARON, MY MASTER,
WHO HAS BEEN ABSENT
FOR THREE MONTHS,
TWELVE DAYS, 6 HOURS,
4 MINUTES AND 15 SECONDS
STANDARD TIME.

THE METABARON!
HE IS THE MOST SAVAGELY
UNPREDICTABLE HUMAN OF ALL!




HE IS THE GREATEST!
HE IS THE META-WARRIOR!
BUT I LOVE HIM FOR
HIS BIONIC PARTS!




WELL, MOST HUMANS
HAVE BIONIC PROSTHESES...


TRUE, BUT THESE ARE JUST
ACCESSORY ORGANS... POOR HUMANS...
NO, THE METABARON HAS
A BIONIC EAR AND BIONIC LOBES IN
THE RIGHT HALF OF HIS BRAIN... AND
I'M NOT TALKING "TOPAZ" CHIPS HERE!



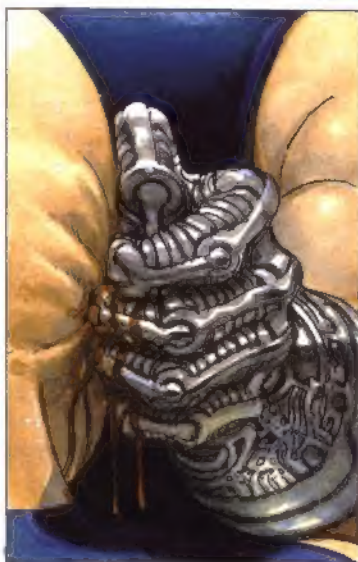
TOPAZ CHIPS!...HA! HA!...
BUT HOW CAN THAT BE, TONTO?
DOES THAT MEAN
HE WAS BORN LIKE THAT?

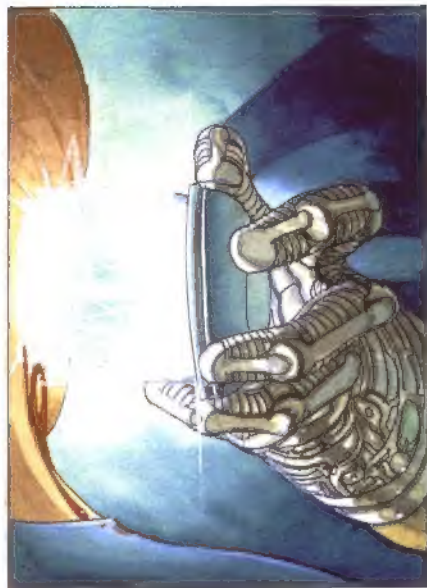


HA! HA! HA!
OF COURSE NOT, YOU FOOL!
ROBOTS TEND TO FORGET
THAT HUMANS ARE BORN
JUST FLESH AND BLOOD!



NO, IT HAS TO DO WITH WHAT
MY ABSENT MASTER ONCE CALLED
THE INITIATORY TRADITION OF
THE META-WARRIORS. LISTEN! I WILL
TELL YOU THE STORY AS I KNOW IT...





YOU AREN'T CRYING!



AND YOU, FATHER,
DID YOU CRY DURING
YOUR INITIATION?



I REMAINED IMPASSIVE,
JUST LIKE YOU... BUT I COULDN'T
PREVENT A TEAR FROM ESCAPING.

YOU MEAN... BEEP!... TO TELL ME THAT
THE METABARON'S OWN FATHER DESTROYED
HIS SON'S RIGHT EAR AND PART OF HIS BRAIN!

YES! AND THE FATHER HAD HIS LEFT
HAND CUT OFF BY HIS OWN FATHER
BEFORE THAT. THIS HAS BEEN
THE TRADITION OF THE META-WARRIORS
SINCE THE DAWN OF TIME.

OH, THIS IS INCREDIBLE!
TELL ME ANOTHER
STORY ABOUT THE
METABARON!

THE METABARON!
ALWAYS THE METABARON!
YOU'RE STARTING TO BREAK
MY DIODES WITH YOUR METABARON!...
THERE'S NOTHING MORE TO SAY!

NO, THAT'S NOT TRUE!
YESTERDAY, AT PRECISELY
22:03:15:02, YOU WERE TALKING
ABOUT THE INITIATORY TRADITION
OF THE META-WARRIORS...
ABOUT THEIR MUTILATIONS...

OH, THE MUTILATIONS... YES!
IT'S A LONG STORY THAT STARTED WITH
MY MASTER'S GREAT-GREAT-GRANDFATHER
AND HAS CONTINUED EVER SINCE...

PLEASE, TONTO, TELL ME!
I LOVE EPIC SAGAS.
MY CIRCUITS ARE QUIVERING
IN ANTICIPATION!

VERY WELL, LOTHARI!
THEN I WILL TELL YOU THE STORY
OF THE ORIGINS OF THE CASTE
OF THE METABARONS...

OTHON VON SALZA, MY MASTER'S GREAT-GREAT-GRANDFATHER, WAS ONCE AN INTERGALACTIC PIRATE WHO FINALLY SUCCEEDED IN WINNING THE HAND OF THE BEAUTIFUL BUT INDOMITABLE LADY EDNA. SHE WAS THE DAUGHTER OF THE BARON BERARD OF CASTAKA, UNDISPUTED RULER OF THE PLANET MARMOLA IN THE PHILORIAN SYSTEM... HOWEVER, EDNA'S AMBIGUOUS FEMININITY HAD ONLY BORN OTHON ONE SON, BARI...



MARMOLA WAS A GIGANTIC MARBLE GLOBE WITH ONLY A SMALL, FERTILE VALLEY, HOUSING THE FORTRESS OF CASTAKA. IT COULD SUBSIST BY SELLING ITS PRECIOUS MARBLE TO THE BUILDERS OF THE IMPERIAL PALACES. THE MARMOLANS THUS LIVED A LIFE OF TRANQUIL PEACE AND HAPPINESS, UNTIL THE UNEXPECTED ARRIVAL OF A CARGO SHIP FROM THE IMPERIAL MERCHANTS GUILD...

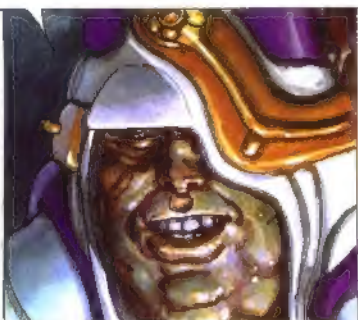
THIS IS THE PLANET-QUARRY, YOUR EMINENCE!
THERE'S ENOUGH MARBLE DOWN THERE
TO PAVE ALL THE STREETS OF TECHNOGEA...

HIS HIGHNESS THE TECHNO-POPE
ONLY NEEDS ENOUGH TO ERECT
HIS NEW TEMPLE-BANK.
I THINK A THOUSAND BLOCKS
SHOULD BE SUFFICIENT...


AN ENTIRE MOUNTAIN,
YOUR EMINENCE!



INDEED, MY DEAR MAGNATE... BUT I JUST NOTICED THAT OUR SENSORS DO NOT DETECT ANY SIGNS OF TECHNICAL ACTIVITY... DON'T THE NATIVES HAVE ROBOTIC ASSISTANCE?




IF NOT, HOW CAN THEY PROCESS OUR ORDER?... HA! HA!... WITH PICKS AND AXES? BY LOADING THE BLOCKS ON THEIR BARE BACKS?

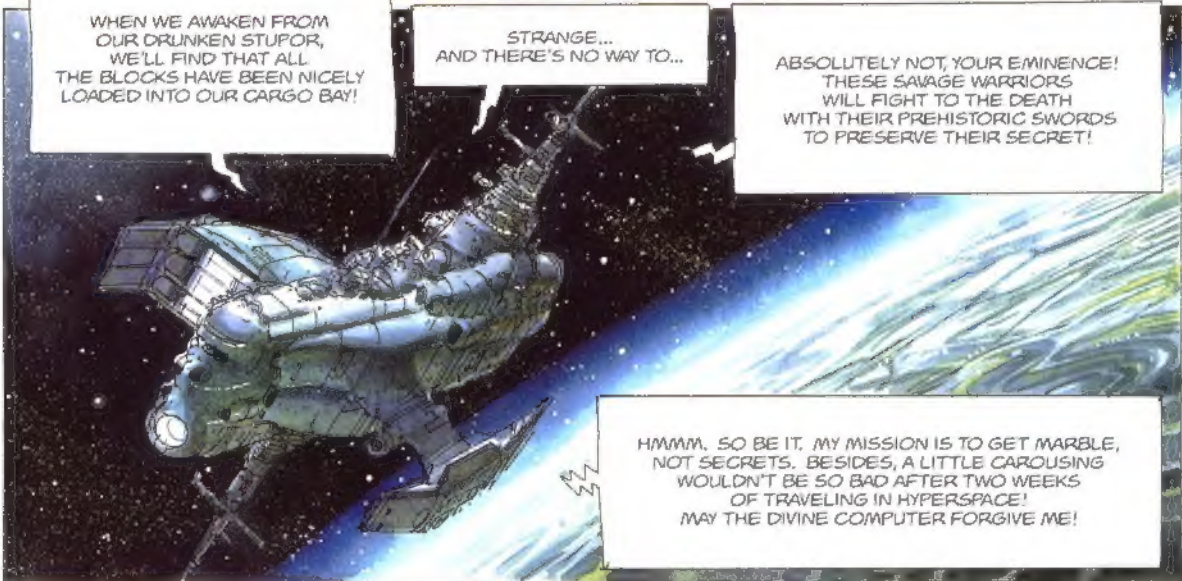


VERY AMUSING, YOUR EMINENCE! BUT NO, THEY USE MANUAL HYPERLASERS TO CUT THE STONE. A TRIFLE OBSOLETE, BUT VERY EFFECTIVE IN THEIR SKILLED HANDS...

MAYBE, BUT THAT STILL DOESN'T EXPLAIN HOW THEY'LL BE ABLE TO LOAD THE BLOCKS INTO OUR SHIP!



AH! THAT REMAINS THEIR SECRET! AFTER THE CUTTING IS DONE, THEY'LL INVITE US INTO THEIR CITADEL FOR A FEAST OF GRILLED LIZARD AND HOMEMADE WHISKEY...

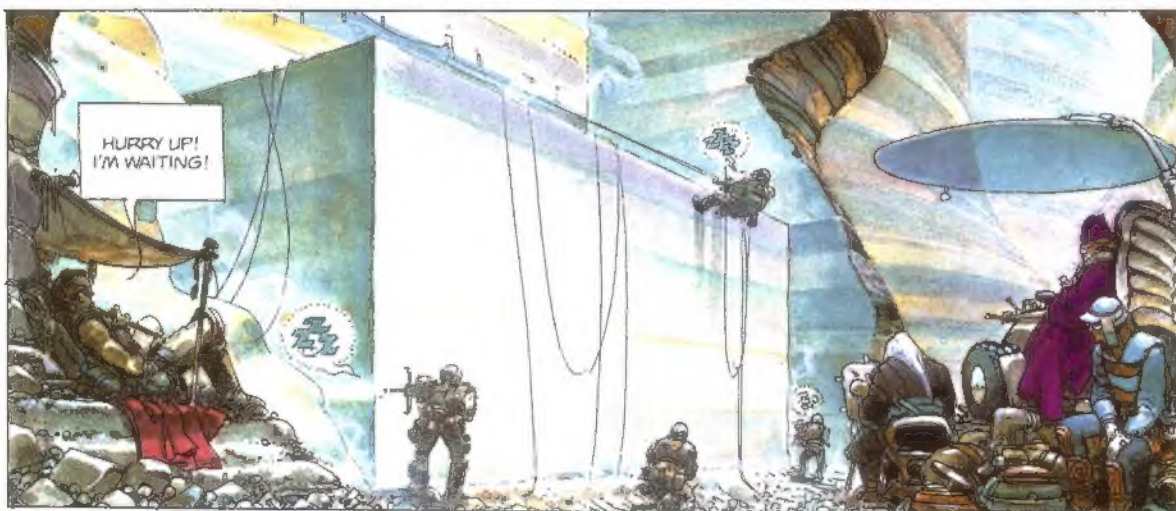
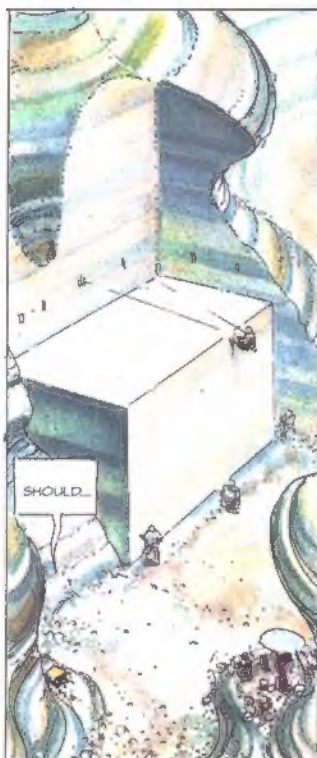


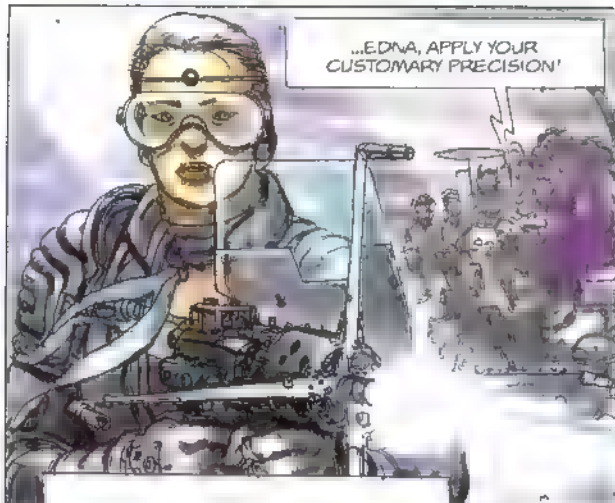
WHEN WE AWAKEN FROM OUR DRUNKEN STUPOR, WE'LL FIND THAT ALL THE BLOCKS HAVE BEEN NICELY LOADED INTO OUR CARGO BAY!

STRANGE... AND THERE'S NO WAY TO...

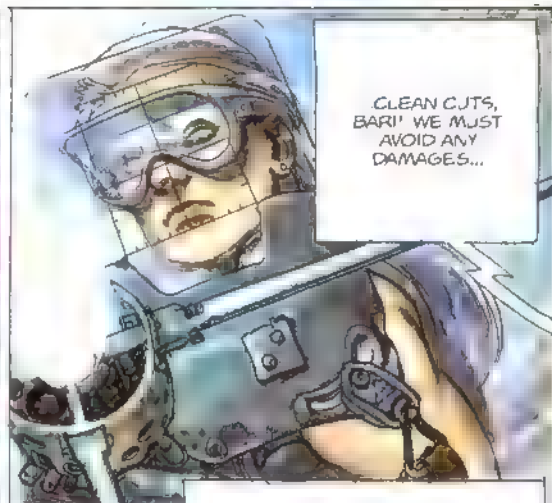
ABSOLUTELY NOT, YOUR EMINENCE! THESE SAVAGE WARRIORS WILL FIGHT TO THE DEATH WITH THEIR PREHISTORIC SWORDS TO PRESERVE THEIR SECRET!

HMMM. SO BE IT. MY MISSION IS TO GET MARBLE, NOT SECRETS. BESIDES, A LITTLE CAROUSING WOULDN'T BE SO BAD AFTER TWO WEEKS OF TRAVELING IN HYPERSPACE! MAY THE DIVINE COMPUTER FORGIVE ME!





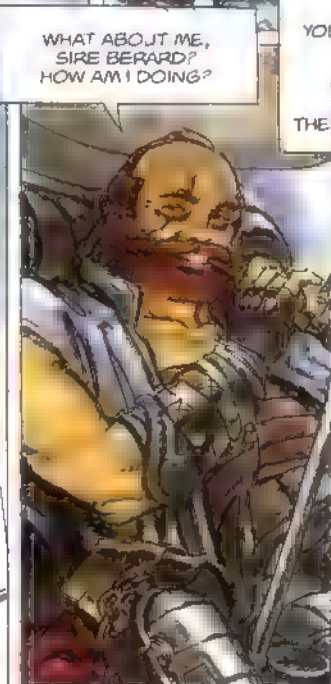
...EDNA, APPLY YOUR
CUSTOMARY PRECISION!



CLEAN CUTS,
BARI! WE MUST
AVOID ANY
DAMAGES...



WE ALL MUST FINISH
AT THE SAME SECOND!



WHAT ABOUT ME,
SIRE BERARD?
HOW AM I DOING?



FOCUS, HOHENHOLE!
YOU SHOULD DRIVE THOSE LOVE
SONGS FROM YOUR MIND
AND GET BACK TO WORK!
WE DON'T WANT TO SPEND
THE WHOLE YEAR CUTTING
THESE THOUSAND BLOCKS, DO WE?



THIS IS AMAZING, BARON! A FIFTEEN
BY THIRTY FOOT BLOCK OF MARBLE,
CUT IN LESS THAN AN HOUR.
THE COORDINATION OF YOUR TEAM
IS JUST EXTRAORDINARY!



INDEED!
THAT KIND OF TEAMWORK
IS MIRACULOUS...
IT GOES WELL BEYOND
SIMPLE INTELLIGENCE!



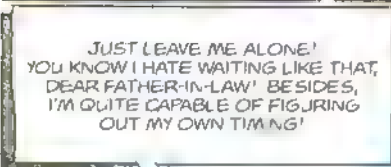
WE ARE LIKE A FAMILY,
MY LORDS, THAT'S ALL!



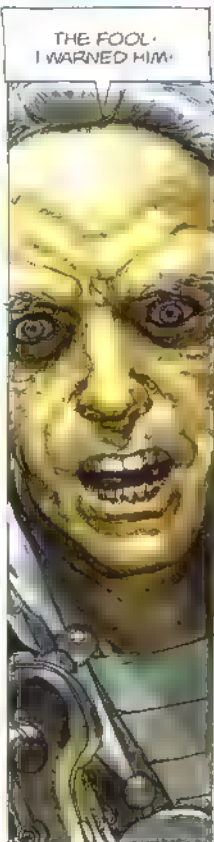
DAMN!



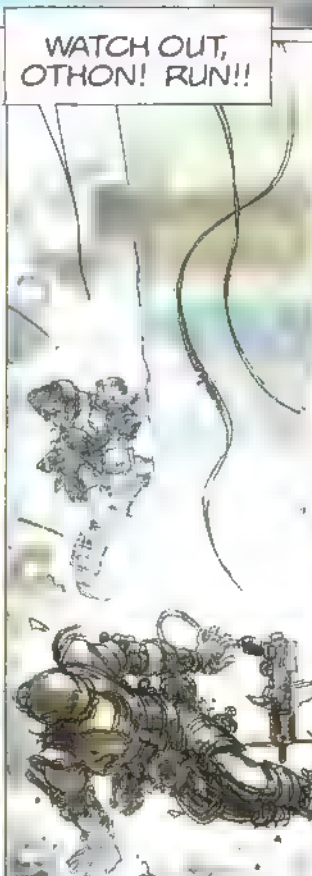
OTHON! DIDN'T I TELL YOU TO WAIT
ANOTHER THREE OR FOUR MINUTES
BEFORE CUTTING THE BASE!



JUST LEAVE ME ALONE!
YOU KNOW I HATE WAITING LIKE THAT,
DEAR FATHER-IN-LAW! BESIDES,
I'M QUITE CAPABLE OF FIGURING
OUT MY OWN TIMING!

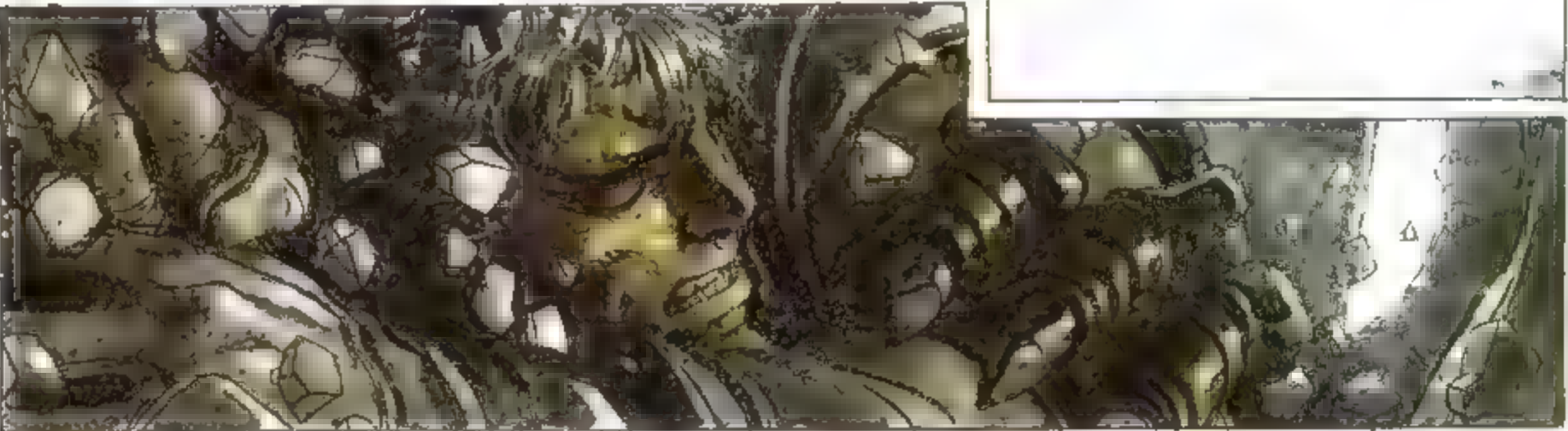
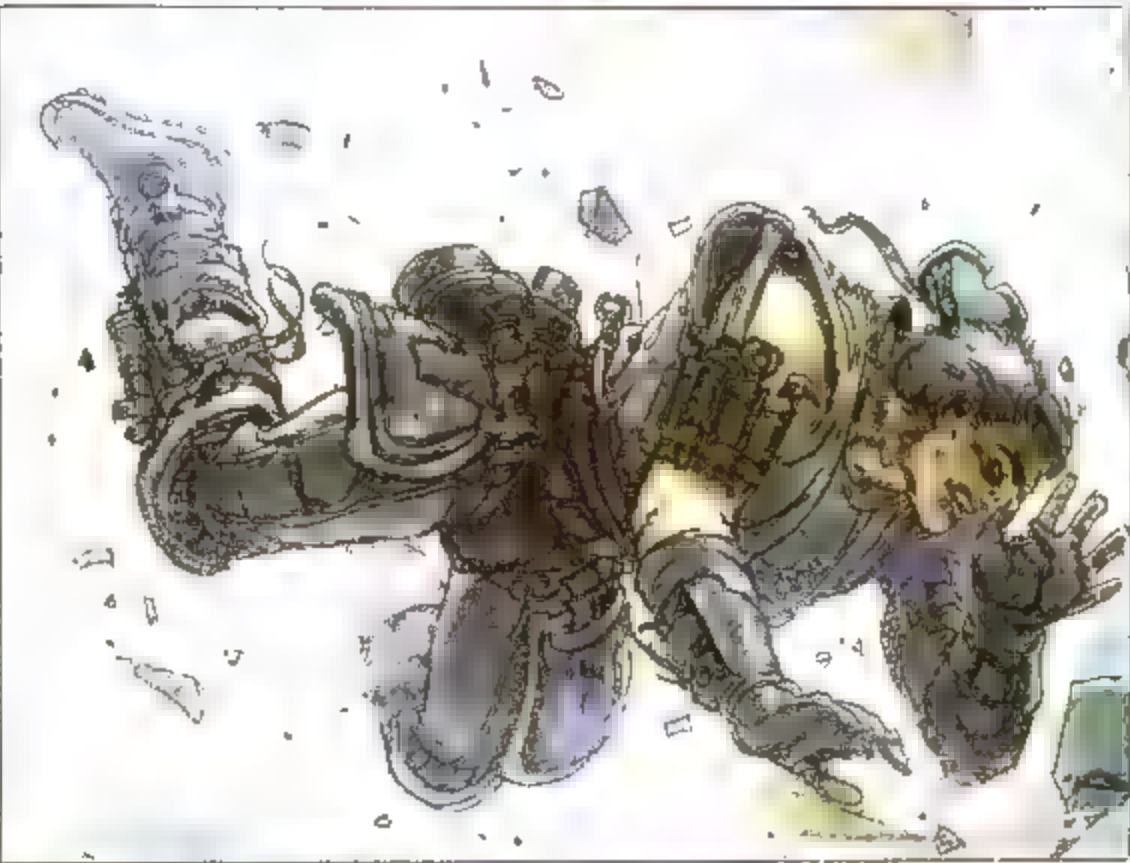
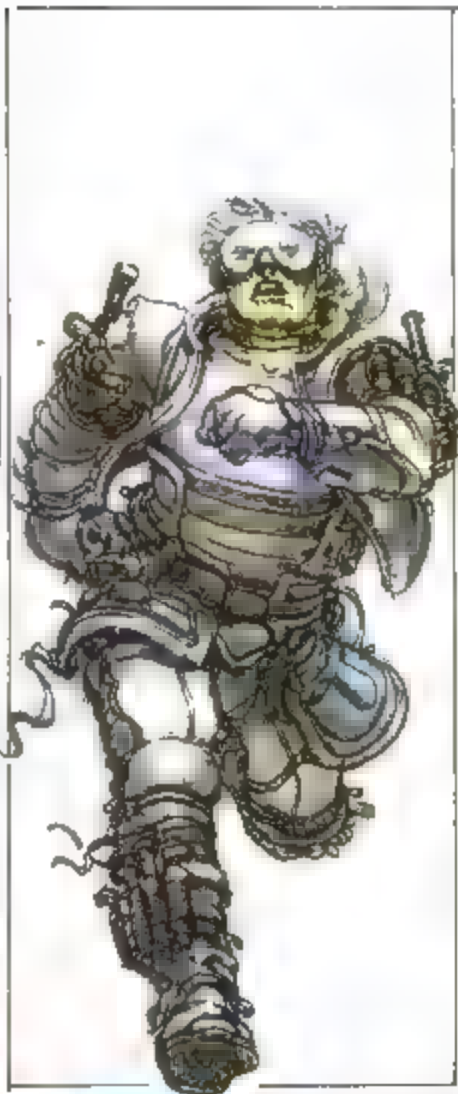


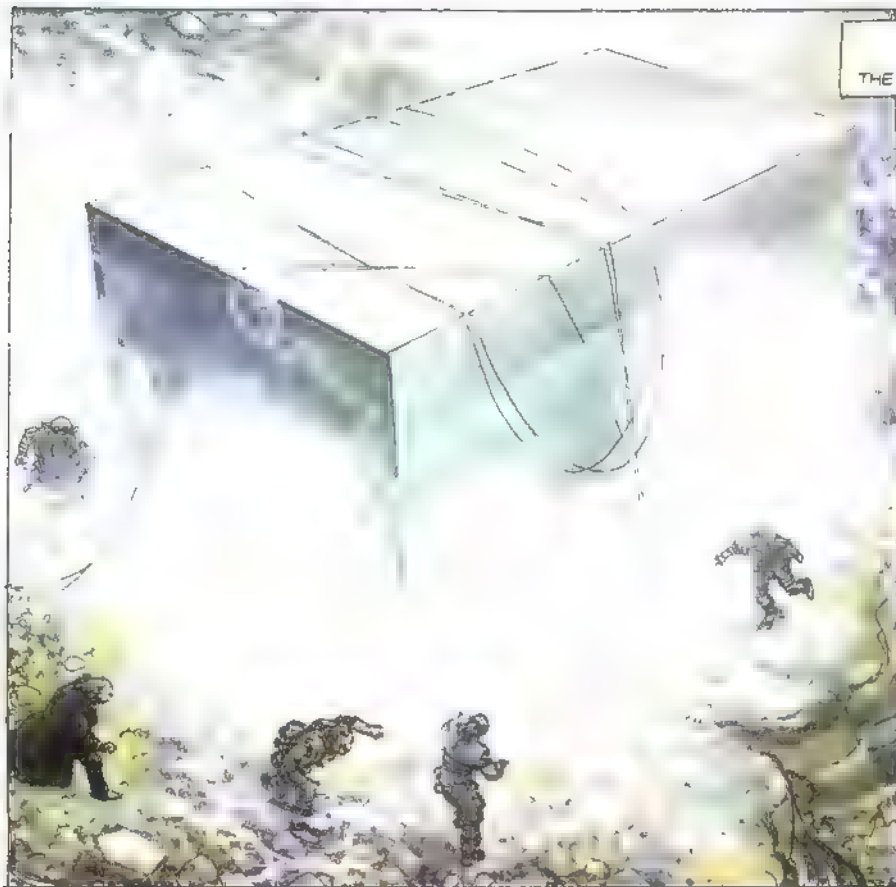
THE FOOL!
I WARNED HIM!



WATCH OUT,
OTHON! RUN!!







SEE HOW HELPLESS
THEY ARE WITHOUT
THE SACRED TECHNOLOGICAL SCIENCE?

YES, YOUR
EMINENCE!

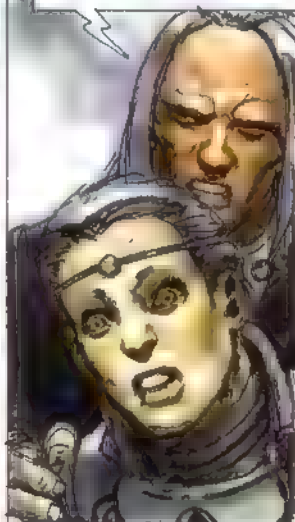


DAMN!
THE BLOCK IS EMBEDDED
EXACTLY OVER THE CLEFT!

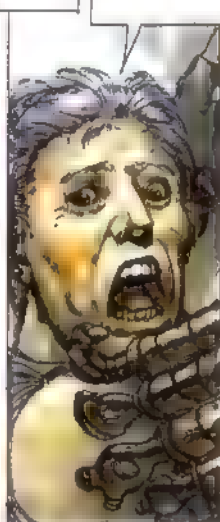
WE'LL HAVE TO CUT IT
APART TO FREE HIM!



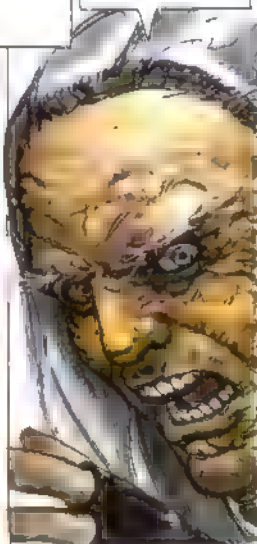
THERE IS NO POINT
IN USING THE HYPERLASERS.
DON'T FOOL YOURSELF...
EVEN IF YOUR HUSBAND
IS STILL ALIVE, HE'D RUN OUT
OF AIR BEFORE WE COULD
GET TO HIM.



WE'VE GOT
TO SAVE
MY FATHER!
LET'S USE
THE SECRET OIL!



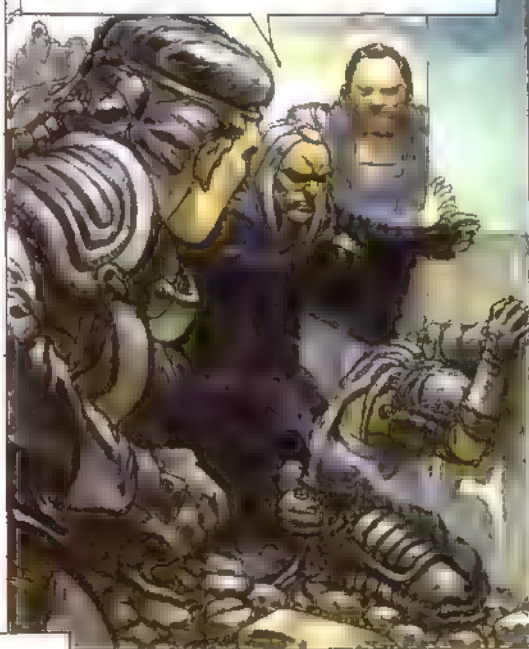
SILENCE,
FOOL SH BOY!
WE ARE NOT
ALONE



YOU'VE BEEN RAISED AS A WARRIOR, BARI!
YOU'RE NOT SUPPOSED TO KNOW DISTRESS.
CONFUSION OR FEAR! YOUR FATHER
MUST BE SACRIFICED!



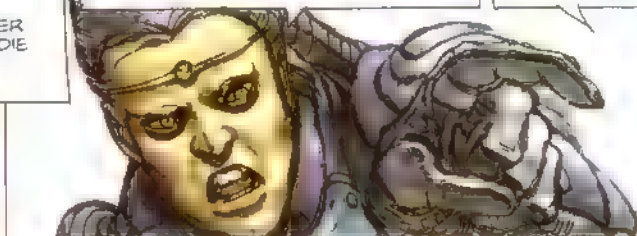
IF WE RESCUE HIM,
THE EMPIRE WILL DISCOVER WHAT
HAS BEEN OUR SECRET FOR GENERATIONS
AND GALACTIC PEACE WILL END OVERNIGHT!



YOU'RE RIGHT,
GRANDFATHER!
I'M SORRY! MY FATHER
WILL KNOW HOW TO DIE
LIKE A HERO!

NO! NEVER OTHON WILL LIVE!

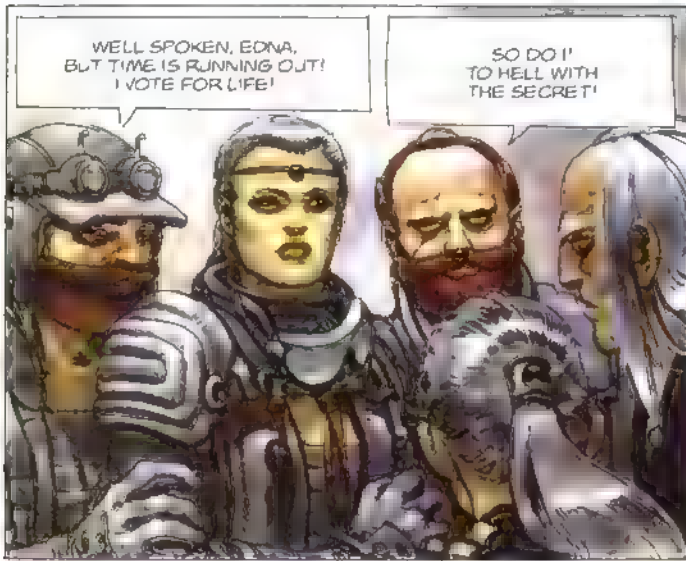
LOVE IS BLINDING YOU,
DAUGHTER!



AND YOU ARE BLINDED
BY YOUR HATRED!
YOU'VE NEVER ACCEPTED
OTHON BECAUSE HE IS NOT
OF NOBLE BIRTH...

... BUT ACCIDENTS HAPPEN FOR A REASON
BY PRESERVING YOUR CHERISHED SECRET,
YOU'VE KEPT PROGRESS AT BAY
MAYBE IT'S TIME FOR THE GALAXY TO BREAK
FREE OF ITS ANTI-G TECHNOLOGY
AND ENTER A NEW ERA, WE'RE READY
TO FACE THE FUTURE!





WELL SPOKEN, EDNA,
BUT TIME IS RUNNING OUT!
I VOTE FOR LIFE!

SO DO I!
TO HELL WITH
THE SECRET!



I AGREE WITH YOU...
WE MUST SAVE HIM!

YOU WILL REGRET THIS!

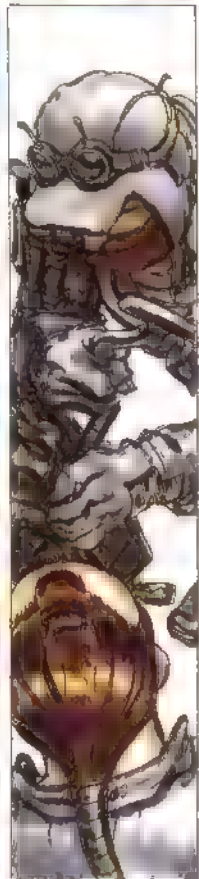
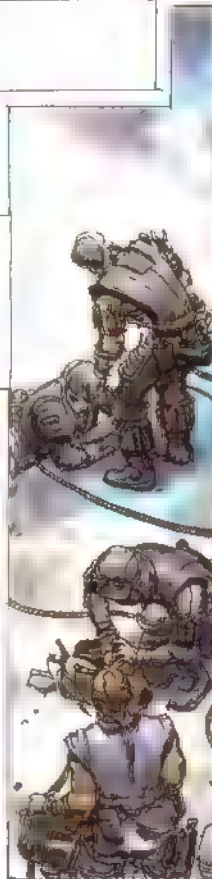


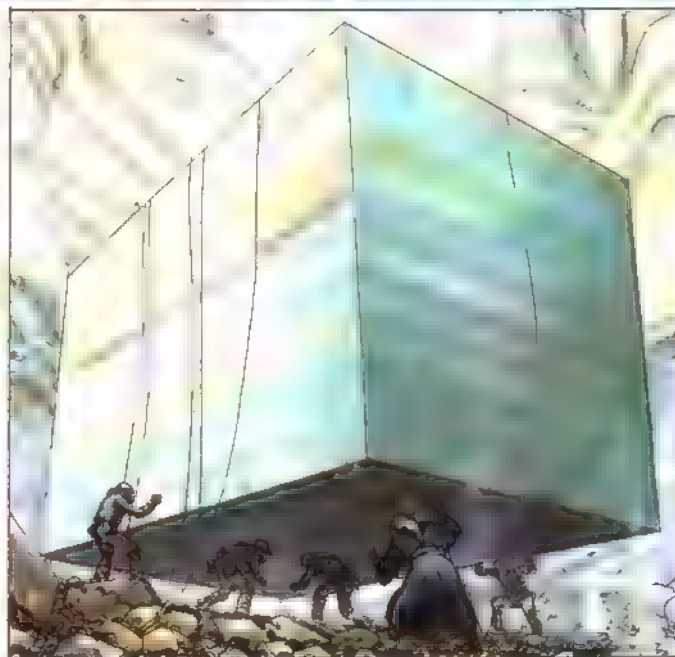
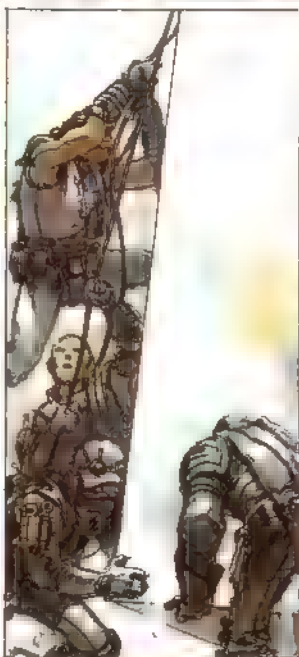
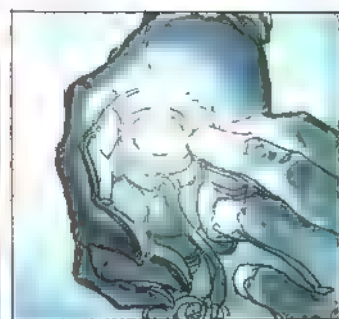
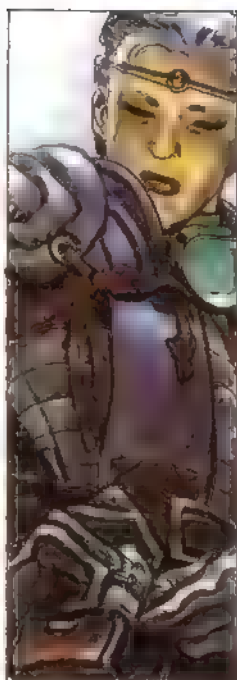
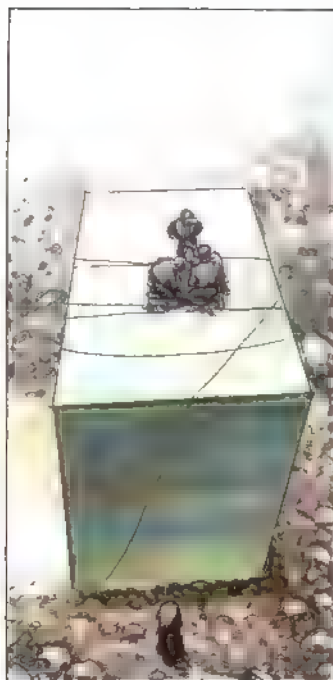
YOU HAVE BEEN
OVERRULED, FATHER!

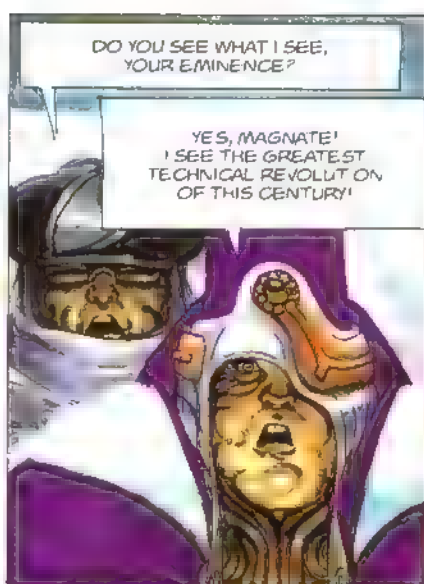


I'D GIVE A TON OF DELICIOUS LUPULUM
TO FIND OUT WHAT'S GOING ON...

WHAT CAN THEY DO?
THE MAN MUST BE
NEARLY DEAD BY NOW!

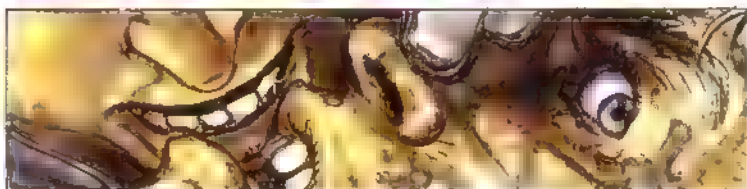






DO YOU SEE WHAT I SEE,
YOUR EMINENCE?

YES, MAGNATE!
I SEE THE GREATEST
TECHNICAL REVOLUTION
OF THIS CENTURY!

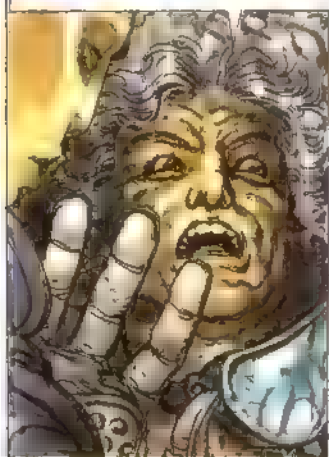


THIS IS A MISTAKE!
YOU SHOULD HAVE
LET ME DIE!
NOW OUR PEACEFUL
EXISTENCE IS OVER!

MY SON-IN-LAW AT LAST PROVES
WORTHY OF OUR HERITAGE!

NOW WE ARE FORCED
TO KILL OUR VISITORS...

NO! YOU MUST STOP THINKING
LIKE THE PIRATE YOU ONCE WERE,
OTHON! ONCE I'M DEAD, YOU'LL BE
THE NEW BARON, AND WILL HAVE
TO UPHOLD OUR OATH OF LOYALTY
TOWARDS THE EMPIRE!



B.J.T.

SILENCE! LET'S GIVE THEM THEIR MARBLE.
THEN WE MUST PREPARE TO FACE
THE COMING UPHEAVALS WITH DIGNITY!



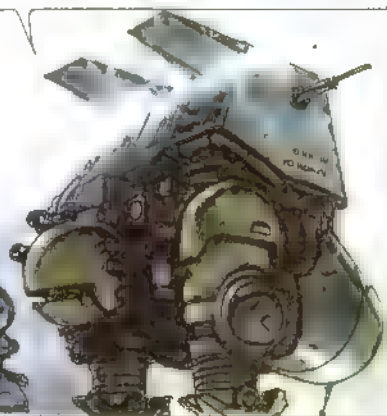
A SINGLE DROP OF THAT OIL
CAN RAISE TONS. THE EMPIRE
MUST ABSOLUTELY TAKE CONTROL
OF THIS INGREDIENT!

THE NEWS ALONE
IS WORTH MILLIONS OF GOLD KIBLARS,
YOUR EMINENCE!

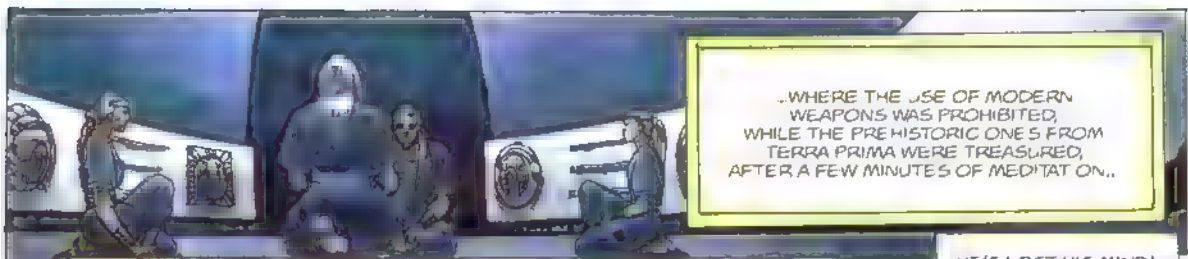
THUS, WHEN THE CARGO
SHIP LEFT MARMOLA,
IT SET COURSE FOR
THE PLANET OF GOLD,
SEAT OF ALL THE GREAT
POWERS OF
THE GALACTIC EMPIRE...

...MEANWHILE, THE BARON BERARD OF
CASTAKA, HIS HEART HEAVY WITH GLOOM,
GATHERED HIS FAMILY INSIDE THE ARMORY...

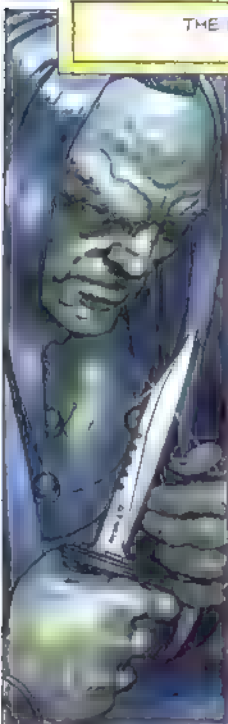
WAIT 01:03 SECONDS, TONTO!
I JUST BLEW AN ELECTRO-EMOTION
DIODE AND I MUST ACTIVATE
MY AUXILIARY SYSTEM!



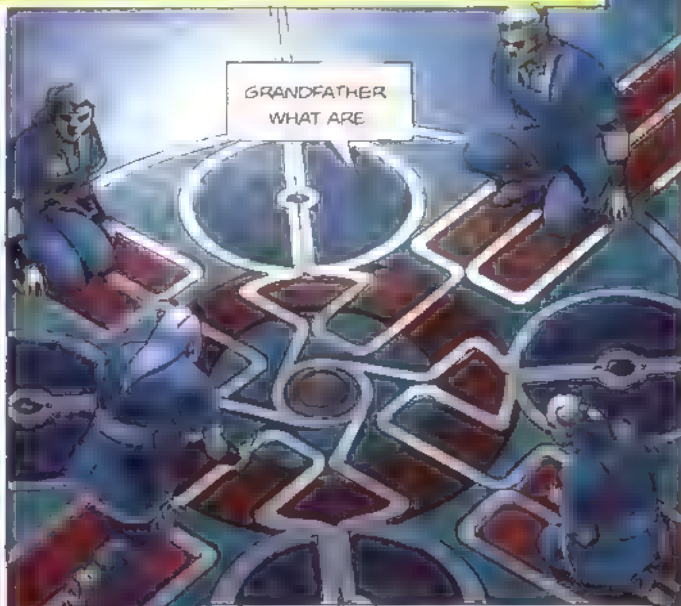
VERY WELL...
AS I SAID, IN THE GREAT ARMORY.



...WHERE THE USE OF MODERN WEAPONS WAS PROHIBITED, WHILE THE PRE-HISTORIC ONES FROM TERRA PRIMA WERE TREASURED, AFTER A FEW MINUTES OF MEDITATION...



THE BARON ATTACKED OTHON WITH A SHORT DAGGER, HIS FAVORITE WEAPON...



GRANDFATHER
WHAT ARE

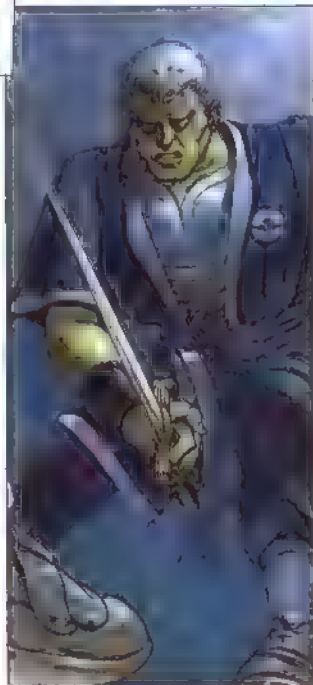
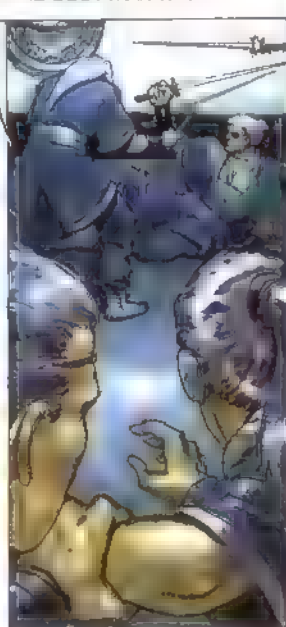
HE'S LOST HIS MIND!
WATCH OUT,
OTHON! HE'S TRYING
TO KILL YOU!

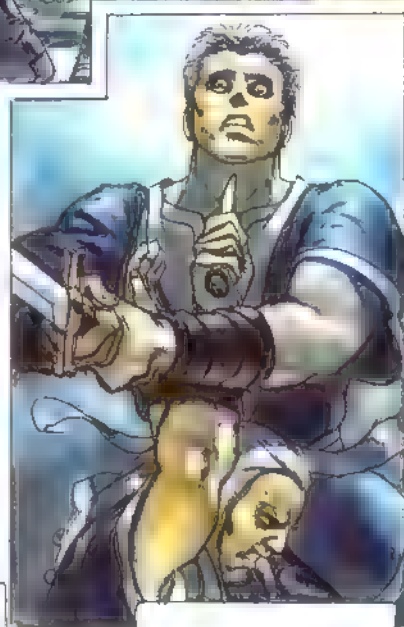
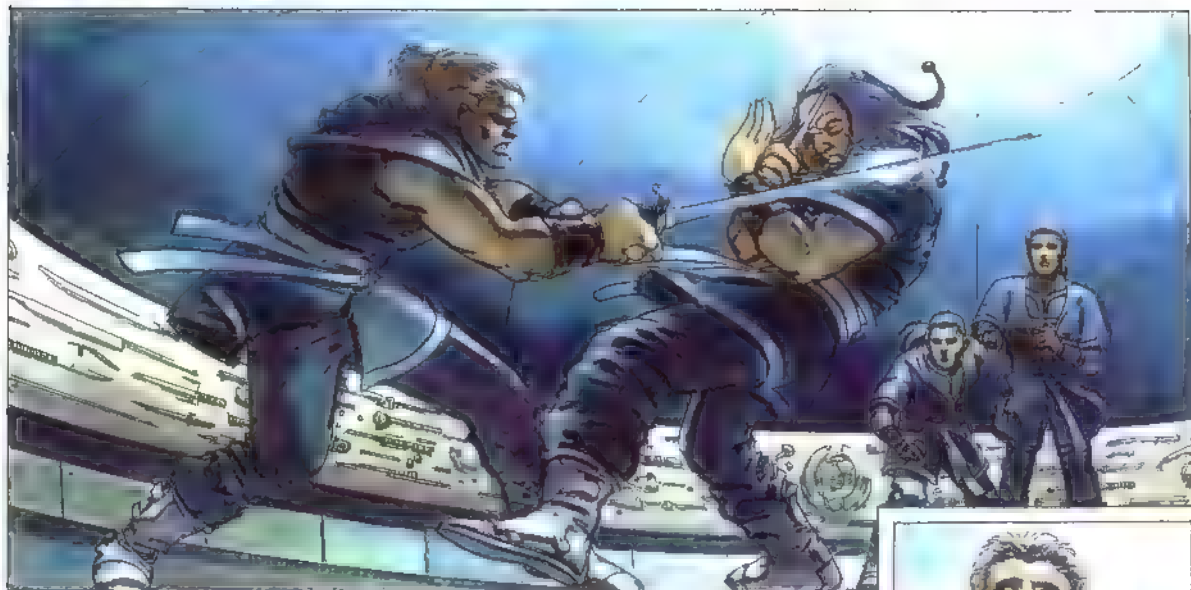


DON'T INTERFERE!
IT WAS BOUND TO HAPPEN
MAY THE BEST MAN WIN!



3000ROWSKY
OSIMENEZ





I LET YOU STAB ME IN THE SHOULDER
ON PURPOSE. TOOK THE FLESH WOUND
IN EXCHANGE FOR FINAL VICTORY!



YOU'RE THE BEST STUDENT I'VE EVER HAD, OTHON!
YOU'RE BETTER THAN ME IN EVERY RESPECT,
EXCEPT ONE. YOU ALWAYS BELIEVE YOU CAN WIN WITHOUT
SACRIFICE. YOU DO NOT KNOW HOW TO GIVE YOURSELF
YET IT IS BY LEARNING HOW TO LOSE THAT ONE
EVENTUALLY WINS!



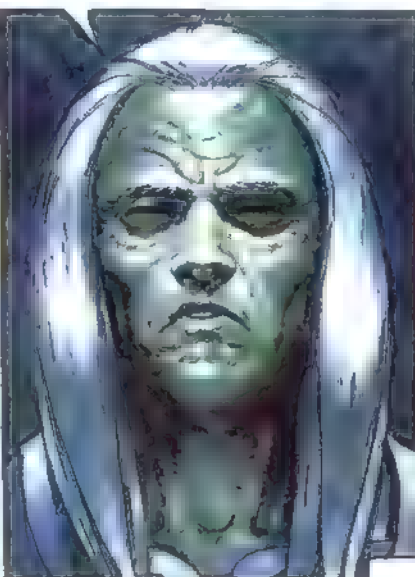
OTHON VON SALZA, WHEN I SAW YOU
EMERGE FROM BENEATH THAT BLOCK,
FURIOUS THAT WE'D RISKED ALL TO SAVE YOU,
I FINALLY REALIZED THAT MY DAUGHTER
HAD BEEN RIGHT TO CHOOSE YOU AS
HER MATE AND THAT YOU WERE
A WORTHY SUCCESSOR...

YOU HAVE LEARNED
MY LESSON, BUT... ARE YOU
READY TO SACRIFICE
WHAT YOU ARE AND
SURRENDER YOURSELF
TO MY KNOWLEDGE?

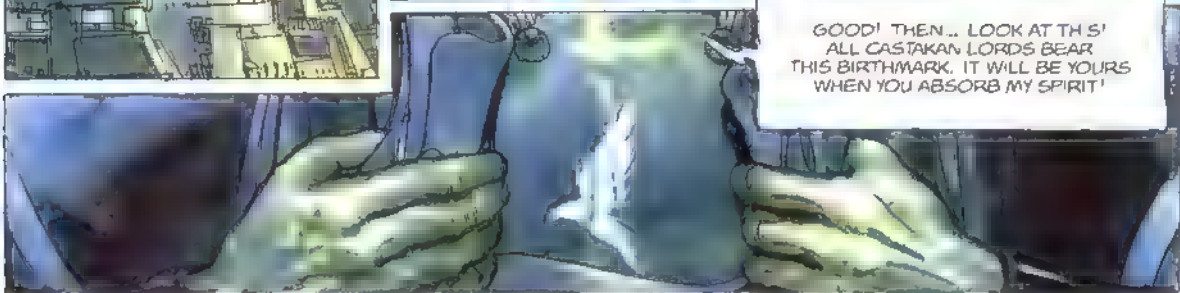
FINALLY
I UNDERSTAND,
MASTER...



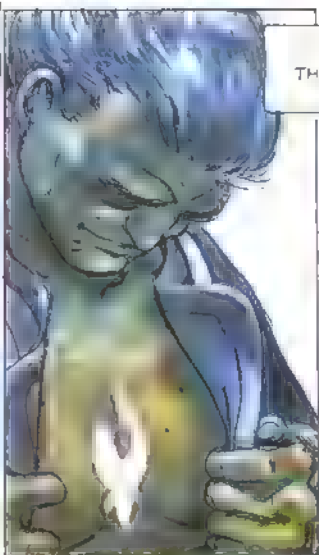
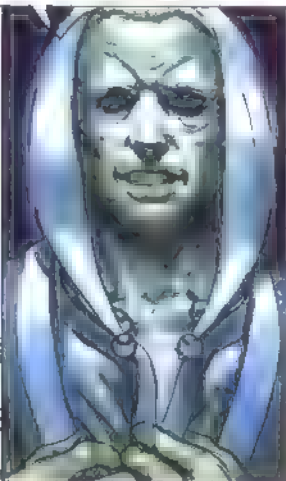
YES, FATHER!



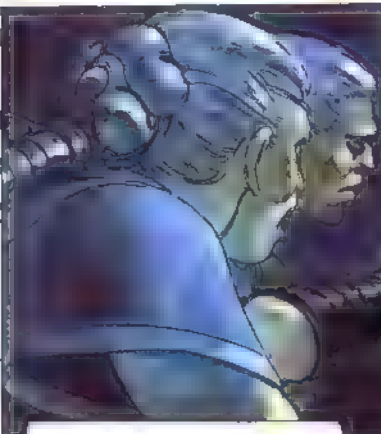
GOOD! THEN... LOOK AT THIS!
ALL CASTAKAN LORDS BEAR
THIS BIRTHMARK. IT WILL BE YOURS
WHEN YOU ABSORB MY SPIRIT!



THE TRANSFER
IS NOW COMPLETE!



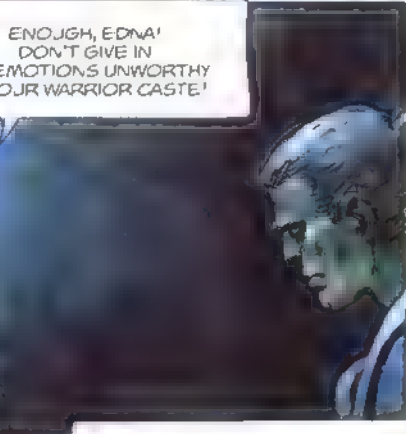
I'M NOW PART OF YOU, OTHON. THANKS TO YOU,
THE TRADITION WILL CARRY ON... FAREWELL TO YOU ALL.
IT'S TIME FOR ME TO DIE.



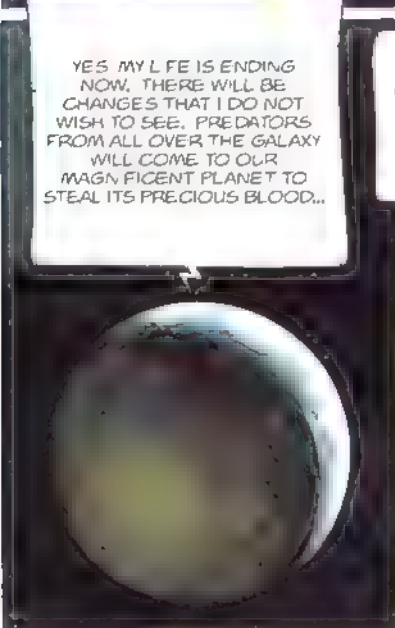
NO! FATHER!



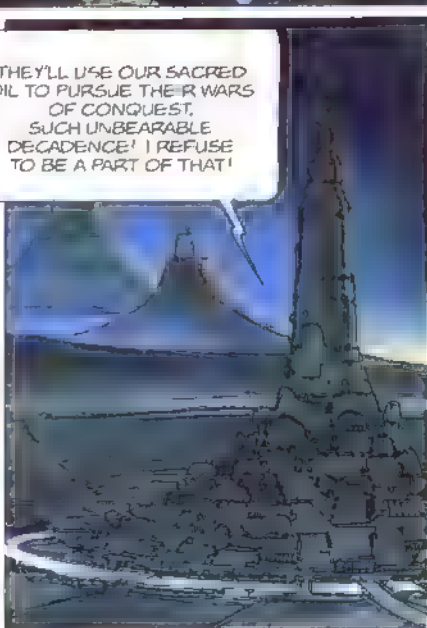
ENOUGH, EDNA!
DON'T GIVE IN
TO EMOTIONS UNWORTHY
OF OUR WARRIOR CASTE!



YES MY LIFE IS ENDING
NOW. THERE WILL BE
CHANGES THAT I DO NOT
WISH TO SEE. PREDATORS
FROM ALL OVER THE GALAXY
WILL COME TO OUR
MAGNIFICENT PLANET TO
STEAL ITS PRECIOUS BLOOD...



THEY'LL USE OUR SACRED
OIL TO PURSUE THEIR WARS
OF CONQUEST,
SUCH UNBEARABLE
DECADENCE! I REFUSE
TO BE A PART OF THAT!



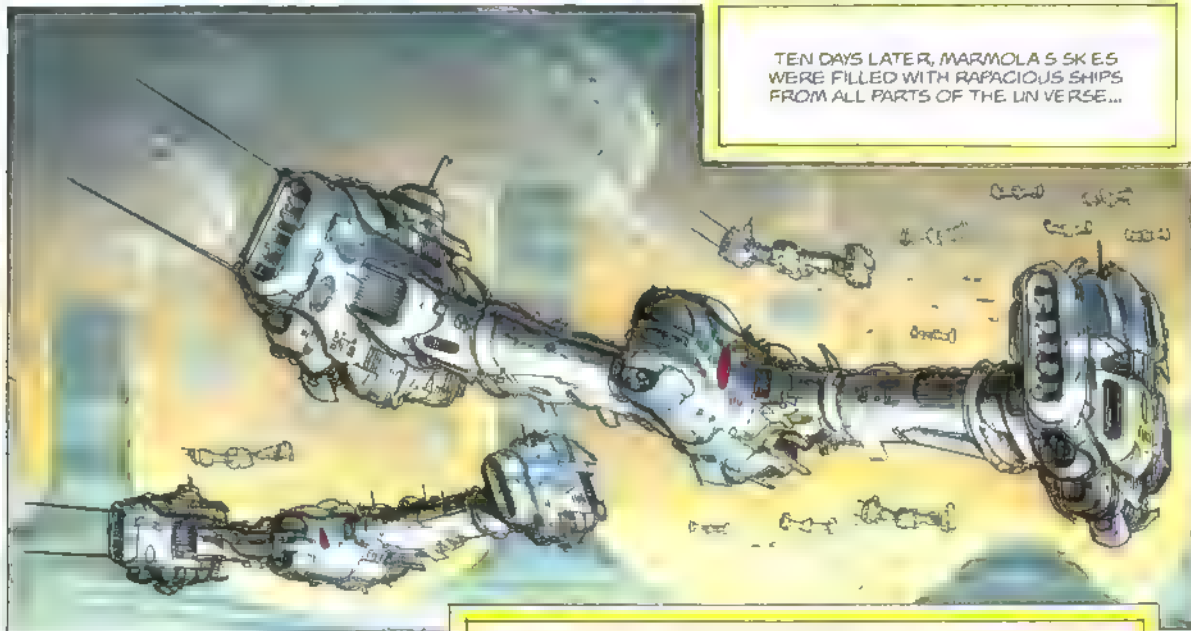
WHEN MY HEART
STOPS BEATING,
TOSS MY BODY INTO
THE GREAT AZURE OCEAN



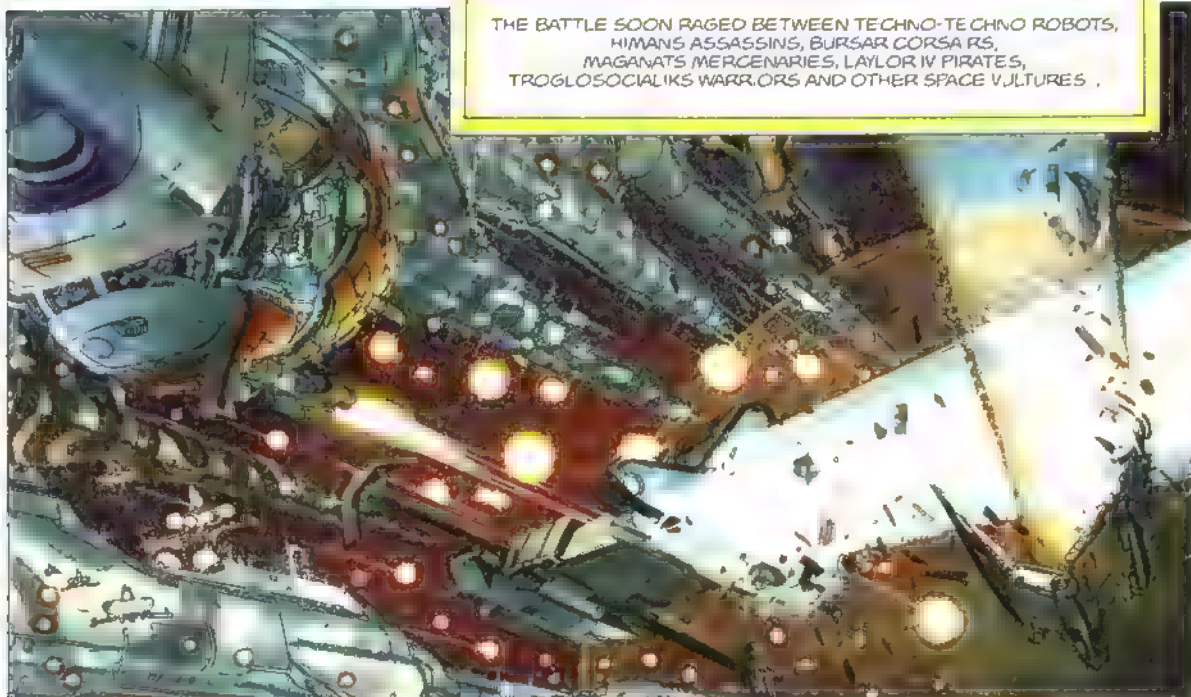


THEN, THE BARON,
WITH HIS FAMOUS STUBBORNNESS,
HELD HIS BREATH UNTIL HE DIED.

OH! I'VE JUST BLOWN
ANOTHER FUSE!




TEN DAYS LATER, MARMOLA'S SKIES
WERE FILLED WITH RAPACIOUS SHIPS
FROM ALL PARTS OF THE UNIVERSE...



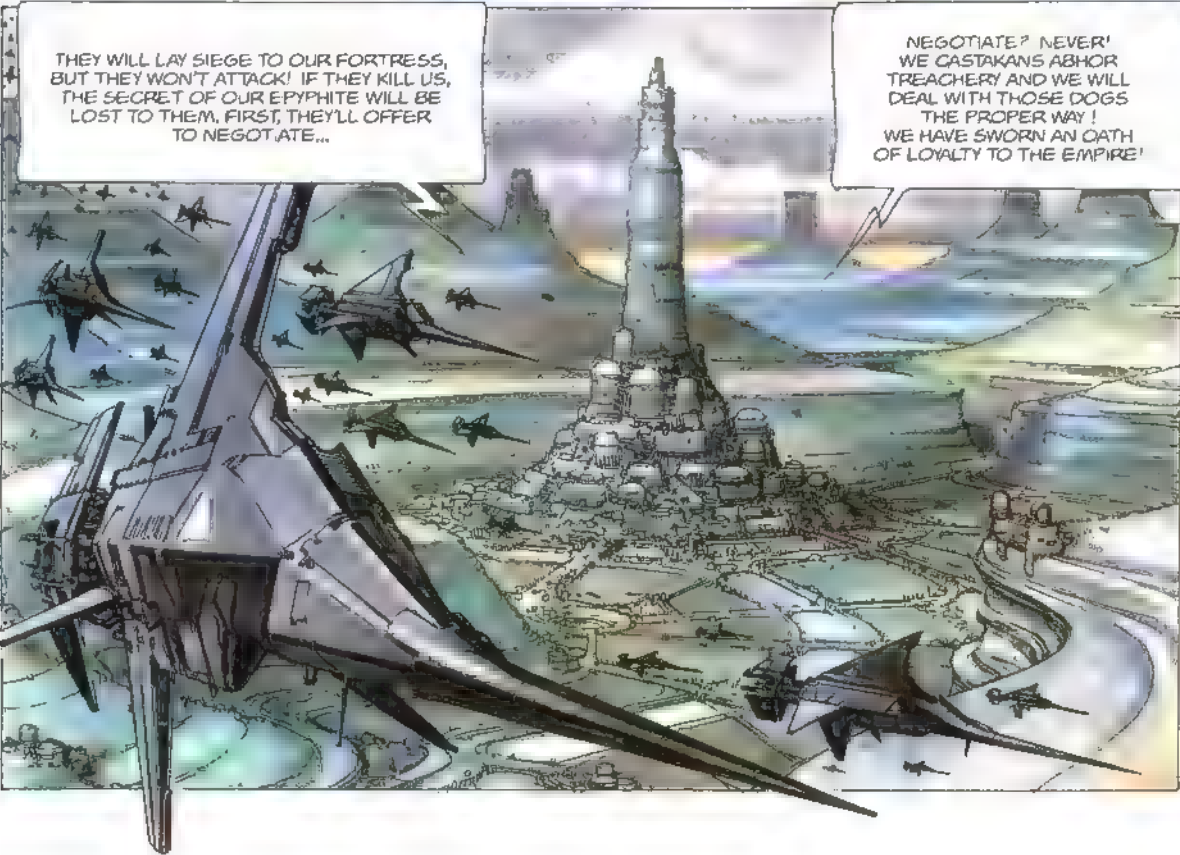
THE BATTLE SOON RAGED BETWEEN TECHNO-TECHNO ROBOTS,
HUMAN ASSASSINS, BURSAR CORSAIRS,
MAGANAT'S MERCENARIES, LAYLOR IV PIRATES,
TROGLOSOCIALS WARRIORS AND OTHER SPACE VULTURES.



...BUT ALL WERE EVENTUALLY CRUSHED
BY THE GIGANTIC BATTLESHIPS
OF THE IMPERIAL HOUSE...



...UNTIL THEY WERE
UNEXPECTEDLY BETRAYED
BY THE BLACK ENDOGARD!



THEY WILL LAY SIEGE TO OUR FORTRESS,
BUT THEY WON'T ATTACK! IF THEY KILL US,
THE SECRET OF OUR EPHYHITE WILL BE
LOST TO THEM, FIRST, THEY'LL OFFER
TO NEGOTIATE...

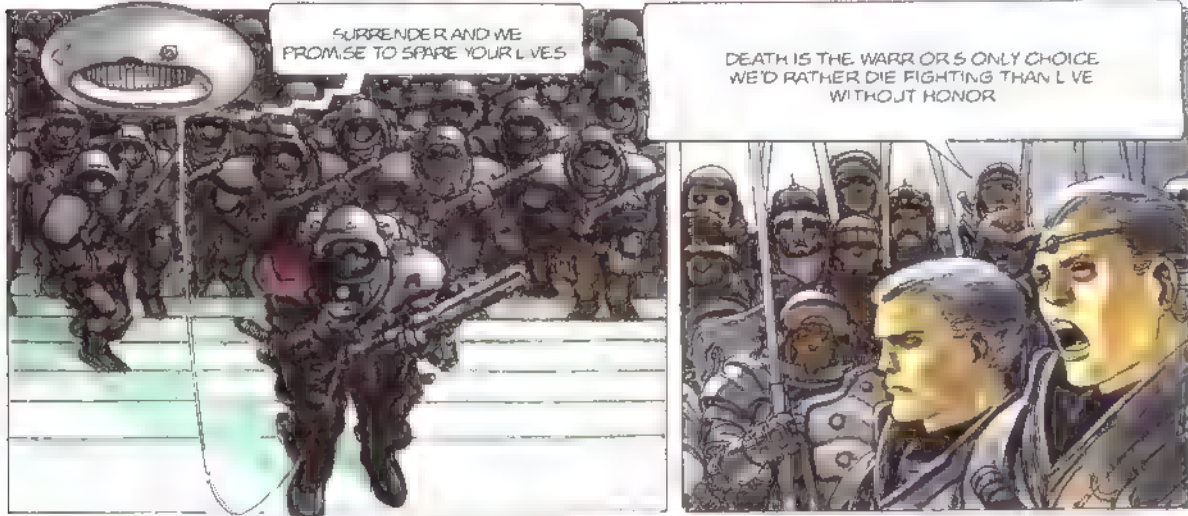
NEGOTIATE? NEVER!
WE CASTAKANS ABHOR
TREACHERY AND WE WILL
DEAL WITH THOSE DOGS
THE PROPER WAY!
WE HAVE SWORN AN OATH
OF LOYALTY TO THE EMPIRE!



THE EMPIRE
IS POWERLESS

THEN TO HELL WITH IT!
THE ONLY THING THAT MATTERS
IS OUR OATH, OUR HONOR FORBIDS US
TO BETRAY IT, FOR DOING SO WOULD MEAN
BETRAYING OURSELVES. WE WILL FIGHT!

WE'RE ONLY 150 WARRIORS
WITH PREHISTORIC WEAPONS
AGAINST 1500 KILLERS
WITH POST-NUCLEAR ARMS
THEY WILL CRUSH US..



SURRENDER AND WE
PROMISE TO SPARE YOUR LIVES

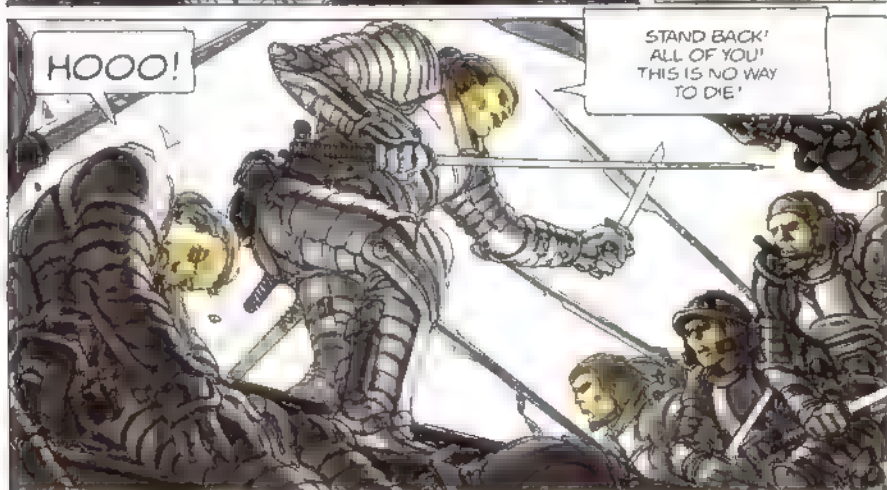
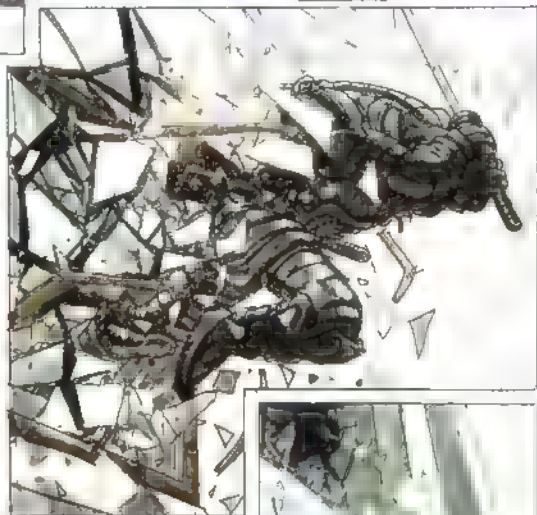
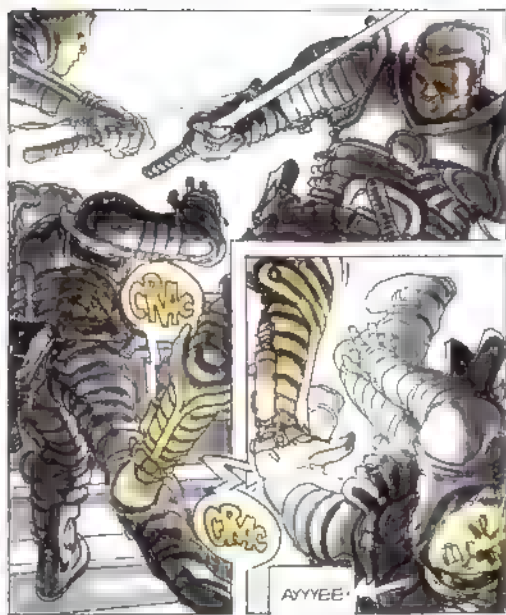
DEATH IS THE WARRIOR'S ONLY CHOICE
WE'D RATHER DIE FIGHTING THAN LIVE
WITHOUT HONOR



LET ALL THE BRAVE MEN
FOLLOW ME!

STOP HER!

I'M WITH YOU, MOTHER.
I COULDN'T LIVE IF I HATED MYSELF.





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The Last Stand
Jodorowsky Gimenez Mæbius

The Metabarons™

Our story so far

Othon Von Salza, the pirate, has married Edna, the daughter of Baron Berard of Castaka, who rules over the planet Marmoa, made almost entirely of marble. They have an only son, Bari. The Castaka clan lives from the trade of the precious marble, skillfully cutting the massive blocks with laser tools, then levitating them to the transport ships in record time by using epyphite, a sacred oil with anti-gravity powers unknown to the rest of the universe.

One day, Othon becomes trapped beneath a huge block of marble right before the eyes of dignitaries from the Imperial Merchant Guild. Despite Berard's opposition, the clan votes to save Othon, thus revealing the secret of the epyphite that has been theirs for generations. When Berard sees that Othon himself disapproves that his family has made such a sacrifice, he acknowledges Othon as a worthy successor. Berard wishes no part of the coming turmoil, that is to engulf the galaxy, and transfers the family's legacy onto Othon before dying. Still, his prediction of disaster comes true. Hundreds of ships appear in the skies over Marmoa and commence a terrible space battle against each other for control of the epyphite. The battle is won by the treacherous black endoguards after they turn against the Empire. Othon does not wish to confront them directly and breaks Bari's legs to prevent him from fighting. But Edna, who will do anything to preserve the honor of her clan, goes out to face the powerful army at their door...

Story by Alexandro Jodorowsky. Art, color and cover by Juan Gimenez.

Original Metabaron character created by Memius® and Jodorowsky.

Translation by Julia Sells & Justin Kelly.

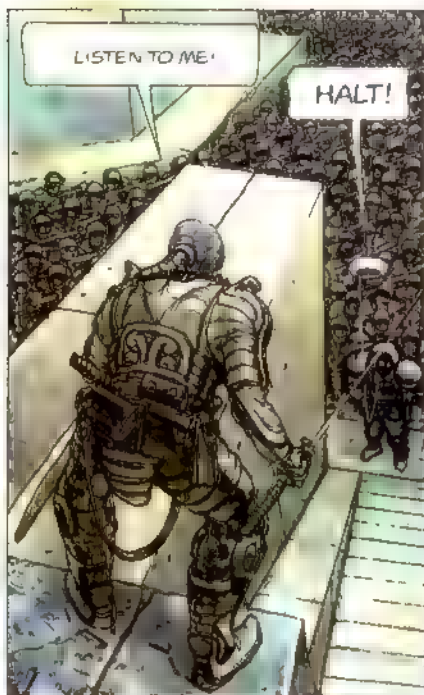
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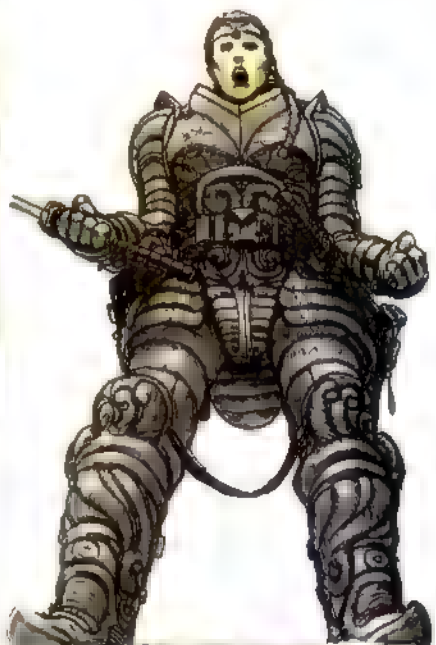
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HALT!



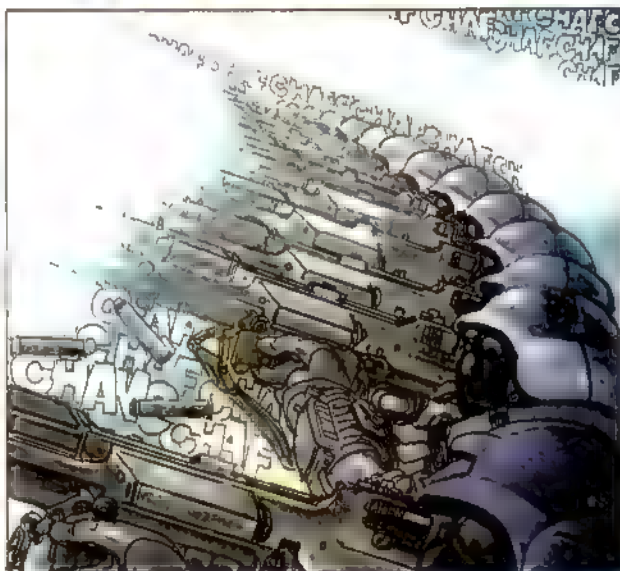
YOU ARE THE IMPERIAL COUPLE'S
PRIVATE GUARDS! HOW DARE YOU
DISOBEY THEM LIKE THIS?
A WARRIOR WHO NEGLECTS HIS
DUTY IS BUT A PITIFUL COWARD!

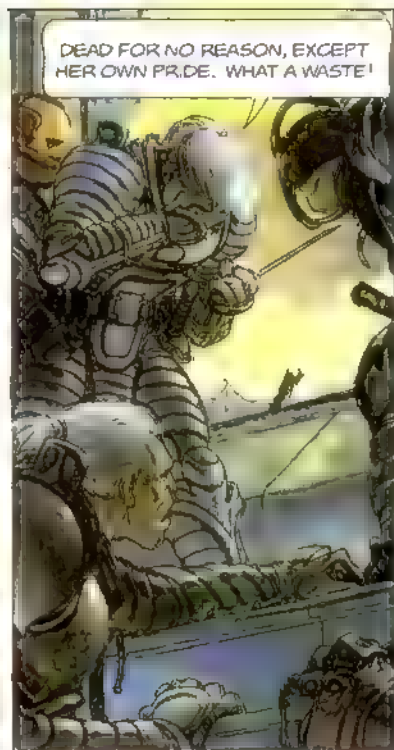
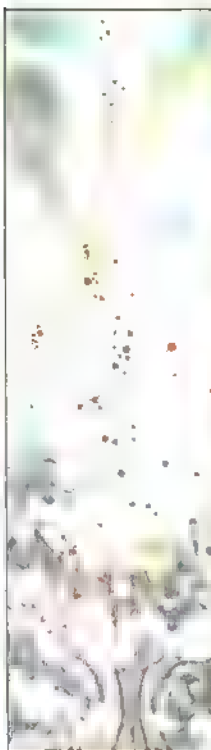
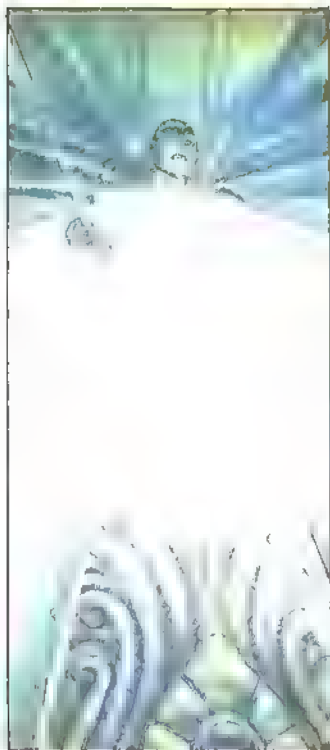


REGAIN YOUR DIGNITY!
REFUSE TO OBEY YOUR
TREACHEROUS AND POWER
HUNGRY GENERALS



FIRE!



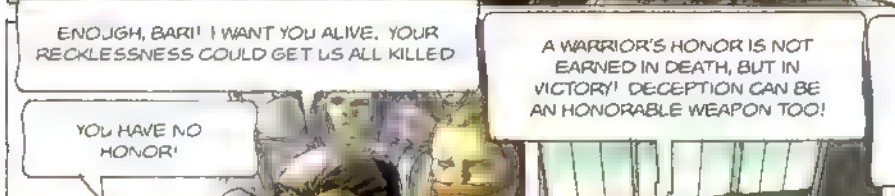


DEAD FOR NO REASON, EXCEPT
HER OWN PRIDE. WHAT A WASTE!



SO MY FATHER IS A COWARD!
HE BROKE MY LEGS
BECAUSE HE WAS AFRAID
TO SEE ME FIGHT!

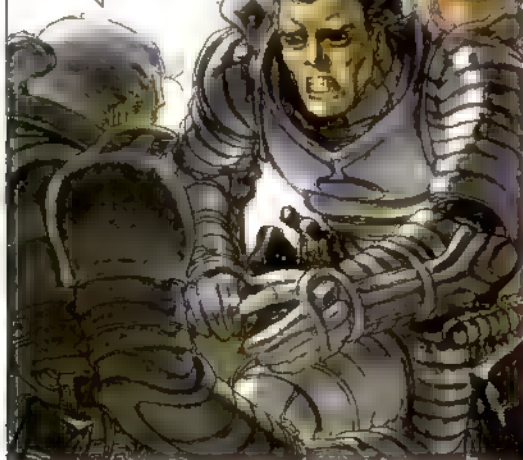
WHO WILL BE BRAVE ENOUGH
TO CARRY ME OUT TO MY
MOTHER'S REMAINS? I WANT
TO DIE AS SHE DID. AS A HERO!



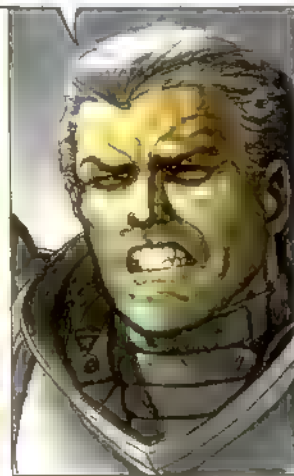
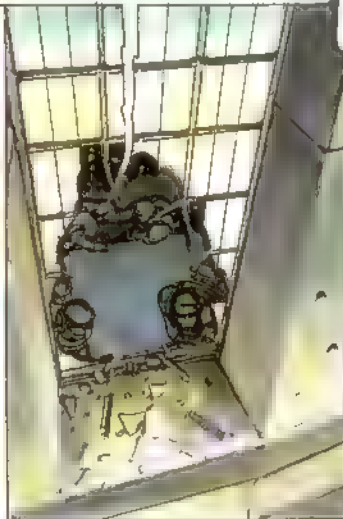
ENOUGH, BARI! I WANT YOU ALIVE. YOUR
RECKLESSNESS COULD GET US ALL KILLED


A WARRIOR'S HONOR IS NOT
EARNED IN DEATH, BUT IN
VICTORY! DECEPTION CAN BE
AN HONORABLE WEAPON TOO!

THE ENDOGUARDS'
WEAPONS ARE POWERFUL,
BUT THEY CAN ONLY KILL
FROM A DISTANCE...




YOU HAVE NO
HONOR!






THOSE BATTALIONS FORGOT THE
ART OF FIGHTING MAN-TO-MAN
CENTURIES AGO... AND AS FOR
US, WE'RE TRAINED FOR IT!



THE BARON USED TO SAY- "EVEN
WHEN THEY OUTNUMBER YOU, ONLY
YOUR WILLINGNESS TO DESTROY
EVERY LAST ONE OF YOUR
ENEMIES WILL LEAD YOU TO
VICTORY!"




YOU, HOHENHOLE, WILL ATTACK FROM THE NORTH
WITH HALF OUR MEN. ENGAGE THEM AS CLOSELY
AS POSSIBLE, AND TRY TO FIGHT MAN-TO-MAN!



AND YOU, KONRATH, WILL DO THE SAME
FROM THE SOUTH. YOU MUST FORCE
THE ENDOGUARDS TO REMAIN TIGHTLY
PACKED TOGETHER. COME OUT FROM
THE SECRET TUNNELS.



AS FOR ME, I'LL ATTACK
THEM RIGHT IN THE
CENTER!



HURL THOSE BLOCKS, MEN! DON'T LET EVEN
ONE OF THESE BLACK DOGS GAIN AN INCH! DUTY
MAY WEIGH HEAVIER THAN A MOUNTAIN, BUT
DEATH IS AS LIGHT AS A FEATHER!

FIGHT HARD, FRIENDS! ADVANCE TO
THE TUNE OF MY FIFE! THESE
METALLIC MONKEYS...



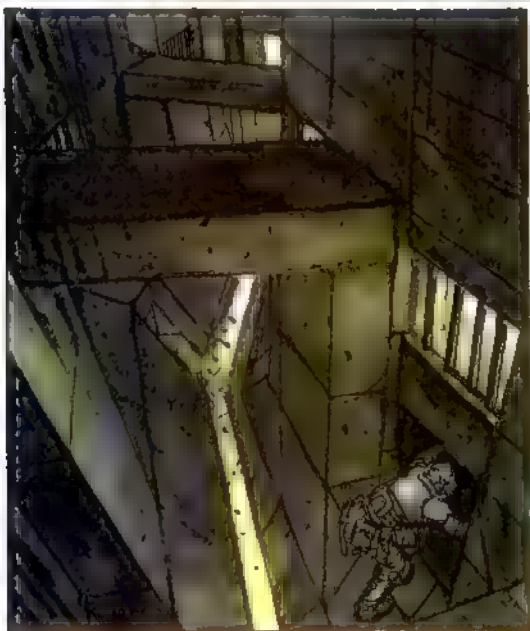
...ARE NOT AS TOUGH AS THEY LOOK! "IN THE
NAME OF VICTORY, ALL IS PERMITTED."

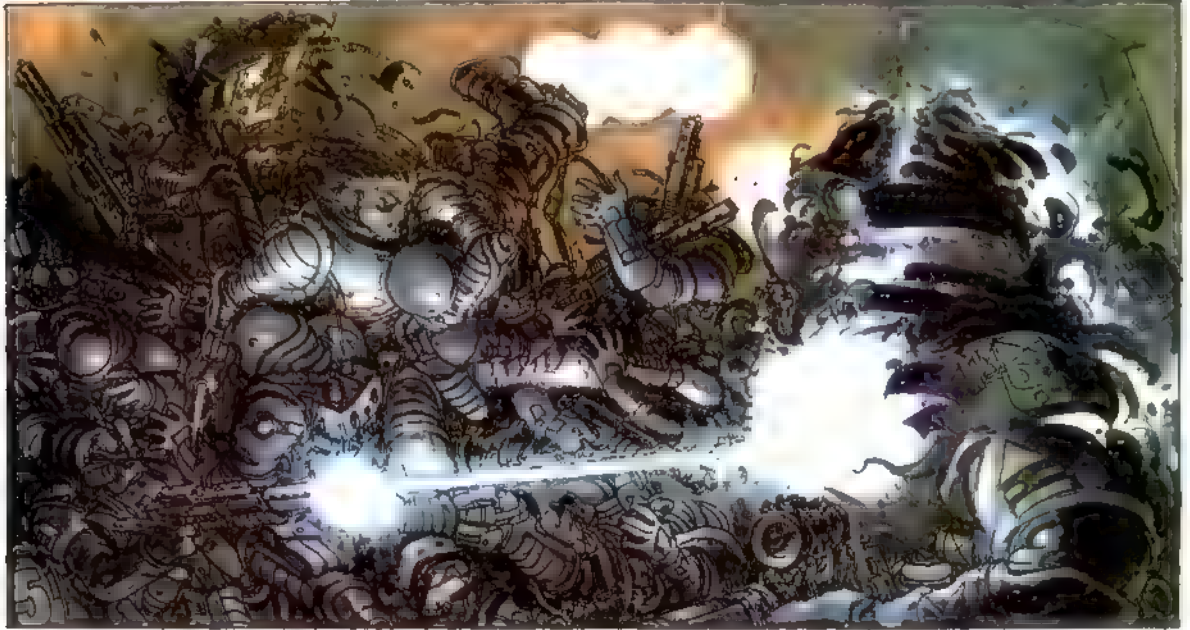
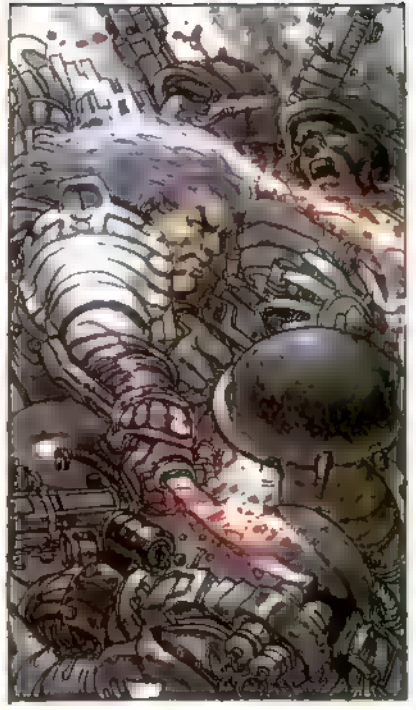
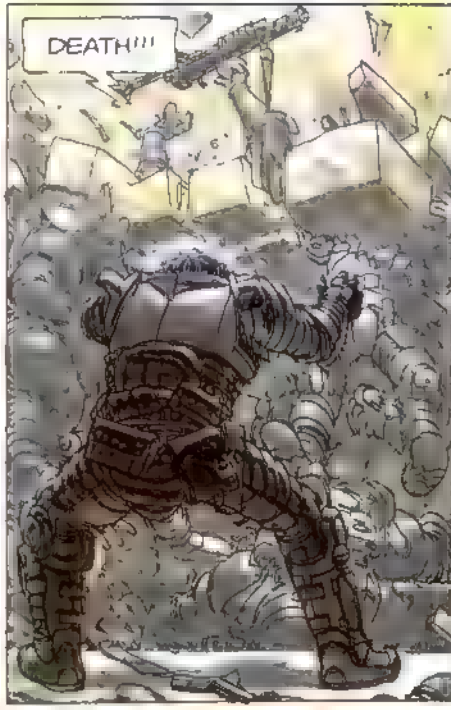


WHILE THE TWINS, KONRATH AND HOKENHOLE,
BARELY PROTECTED BY THEIR LEVITATING
BLOCKS OF MARBLE, HELD BACK THE
ENDOGLARDS WITH SUICIDAL COURAGE, OTHON,
ARMED ONLY WITH A SHORT DAGGER,
APPROACHED THE HEART OF THE ENEMY
FORCES THROUGH A NARROW UNDERGROUND
PASSAGEWAY...



WHAT CHIP-WRACKING
SUSPENSE! MY
CIRCUITS ARE
OVERHEATING COULD
YOU GET ME A LITTLE
DRINK OF ULTRA
COOLANT?



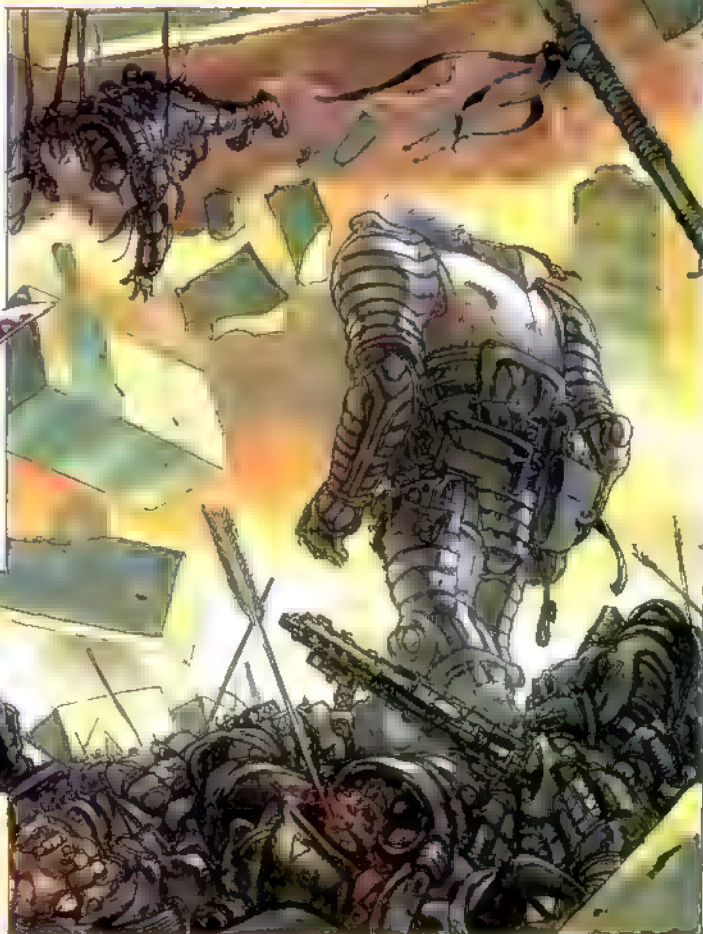
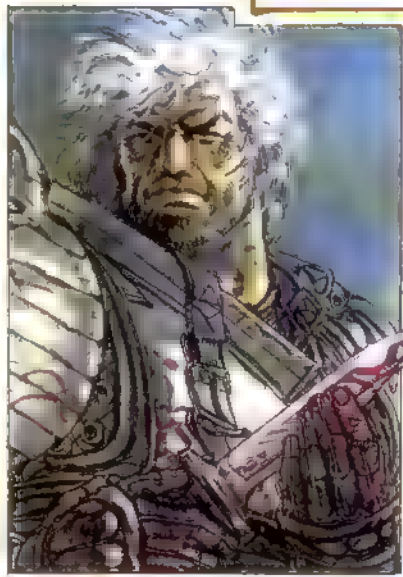


AND THAT IS HOW OTHON VON SALZA, MY MASTER'S GREAT ANCESTOR, VANQUISHED SOME 1500 ENDOGARDS, SEEKING AND FINDING TINY CHINKS IN THEIR ALLEGEDLY IMPENETRABLE ARMOR, AND PLUNGING HIS MINISCULE STEEL DAGGER INTO THEM WITH SUPERHUMAN PRECISION!

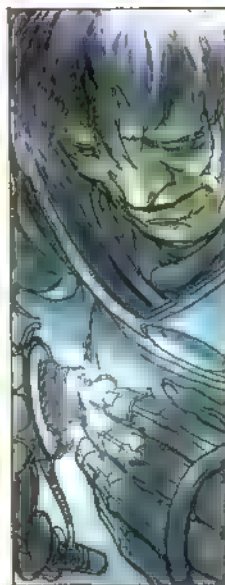
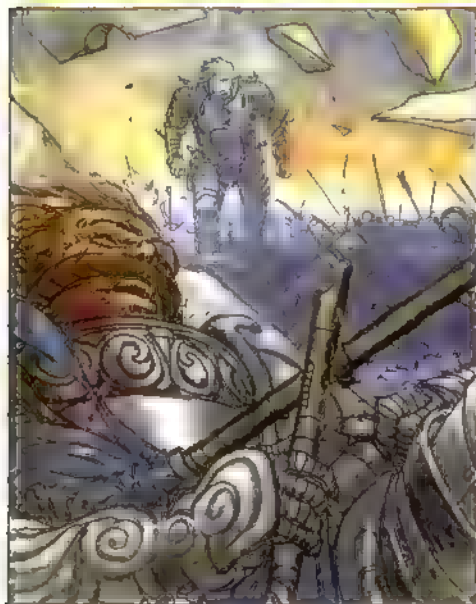


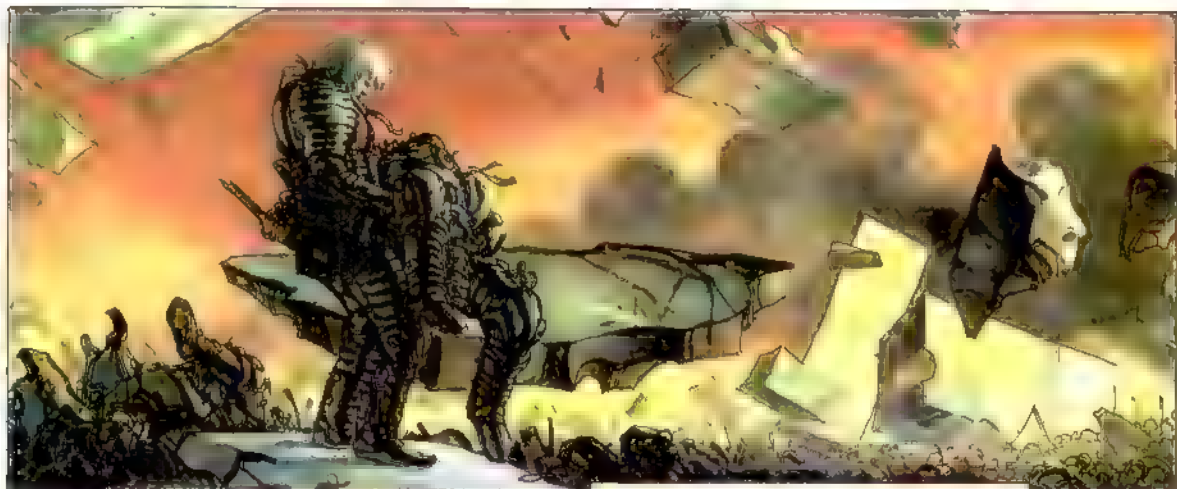
YOU MUST BE SO PROUD OF HIM TONTO! HAVE ANOTHER DRINK OF ULTRA-COOLANT WITH ME!

THE VALLEY, LITTERED WITH CORPSES, RESEMBLED
A SILENT, BLACK LAKE...



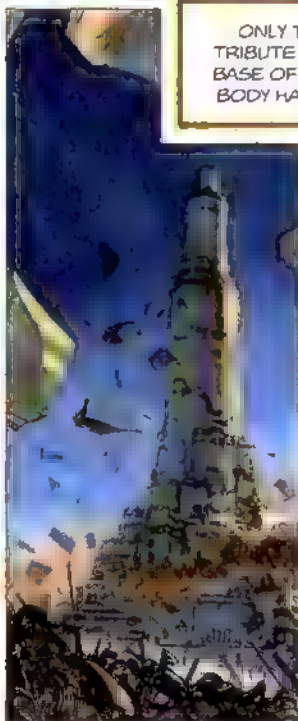
OTHON MADE HIS WAY TO THE NORTHERN
BATTLEFIELD, SEARCHING FOR
HIS LEUTENANT, HOHENHOLE.



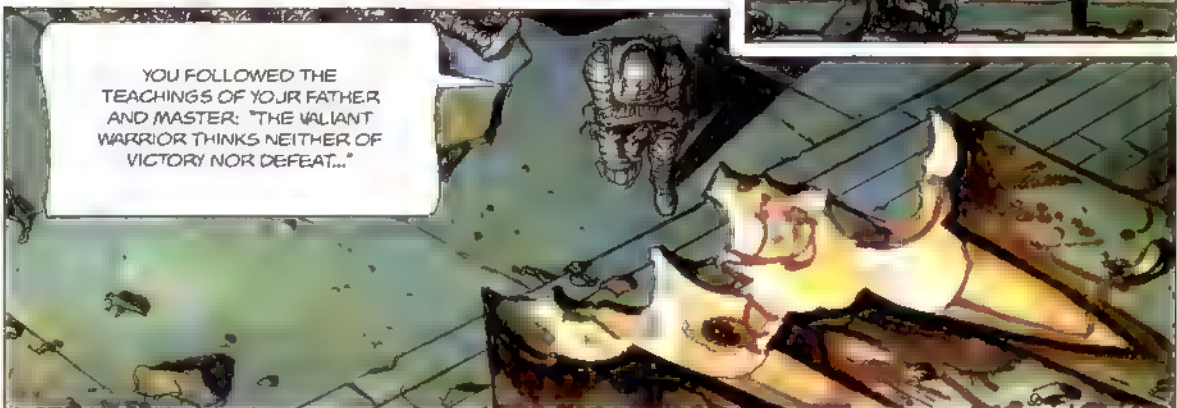


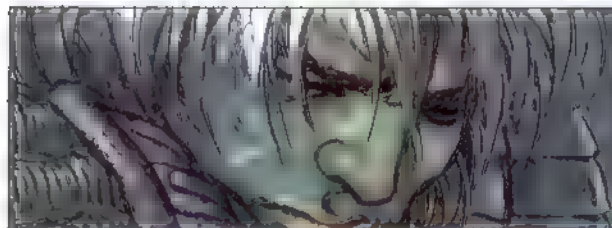
... THEN HEADED BACK SOUTH TO
RECOVER THE BODY OF HIS
OTHER LOYAL FRIEND, KONRATH.

ONLY THEN DID HE PAY A FINAL
TRIBUTE TO HIS WIFE EDNA, AT THE
BASE OF THE COLUMN WHERE HER
BODY HAD BEEN DISINTEGRATED...



YOU FOLLOWED THE
TEACHINGS OF YOUR FATHER
AND MASTER: "THE VALIANT
WARRIOR THINKS NEITHER OF
VICTORY NOR DEFEAT..."



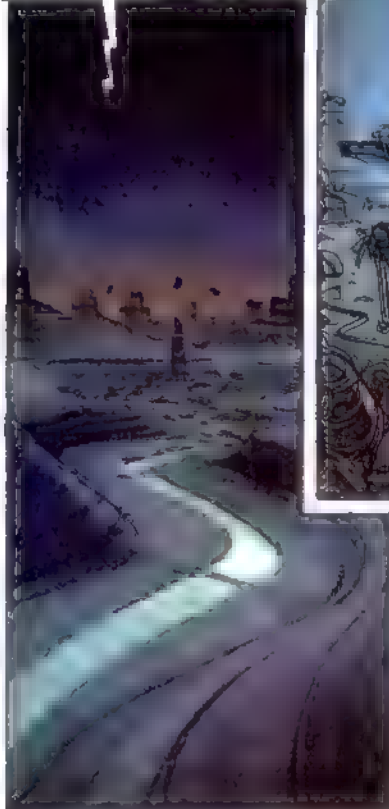


"...BUT FIGHTS FEROCIOUSLY UNTIL THE VERY LAST. ONLY THUS SHALL THE WARRIOR'S DESTINY BE FULFILLED..."

REST IN PEACE, EDNA! YOU HAVE NOW ENTERED THE SILENCE, AND SILENCE IS THE SOUL OF ALL THINGS.



AND AT LAST HE HUMBLY KNELT BEFORE HIS SON BARI AND BANDAGED HIS LEGS..



FORGIVE ME, FATHER. I MISJUDGED YOU! YOU'RE THE NOBLEST OF OUR CLAN!



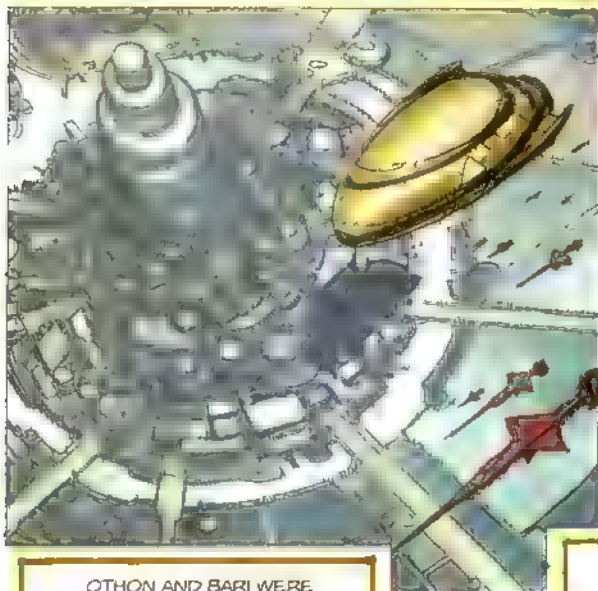


I UNDERSTAND YOUR FEELINGS,
MY SON... BUT I MUST TELL YOU THAT
DESPITE EVERYTHING WE WILL HAVE
TO NEGOTIATE WITH THE EMPIRE...
YES... DESPITE EVERYTHING,
OUR EPYPHITE WILL BE TARNISHED.

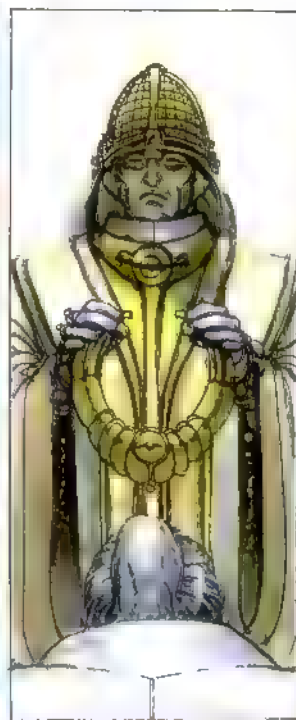
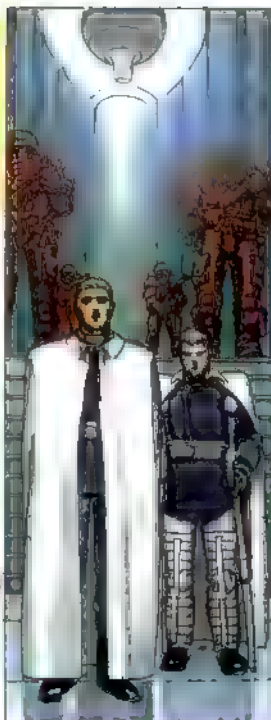


BY VIRTUE OF INTER STELLAR SPIES, WORD OF THE GREAT
DEEDS OF OTHON, THE NEW BARON OF THE CASTAKAS,
SPREAD ACROSS THE ENTIRE GALAXY.

A WEEK LATER, THE IMPERIAL COUPLE'S
GOLDEN VESSEL, NOW ACCOMPANIED
BY A NEW, PURPLE ENDOGUARD,
ARRIVED AT MARMOLA...



OTHON AND BARI WERE
CONGRATULATED AND
REWARDED, THEN



IN A PRIVATE CHAMBER, NEGOTIATIONS BEGAN

YOUR MAJESTIES... MY SON AND I ARE THE
ONLY ONES WHO KNOW THE SECRET OF THE
EPIPHITE. NO AMOUNT OF TORTURE WILL
MAKE US REVEAL IT... AND IF YOU TRY TO FIND IT
WITHOUT US, YOU'LL SPEND YEARS SEARCHING
FOR IT ON THIS IMENSE PLANET...

THE ENTIRE EMPIRE IMPATIENTLY
AWAITS AN AGREEMENT. SPEAK,
BARON! WHAT ARE YOUR TERMS?



WE ARE YOUR MAJESTIES' MOST LOYAL
SERVANTS... ALL WE ASK IS A REASONABLE
PERCENTAGE OF THE SALES...

AND A NEW, FERTILE PLANET FOR MY SON
AND ME, TO WHICH WE CAN TRANSFER OUR
FORTRESS, STONE BY STONE... AND..



AND?...



AND?...

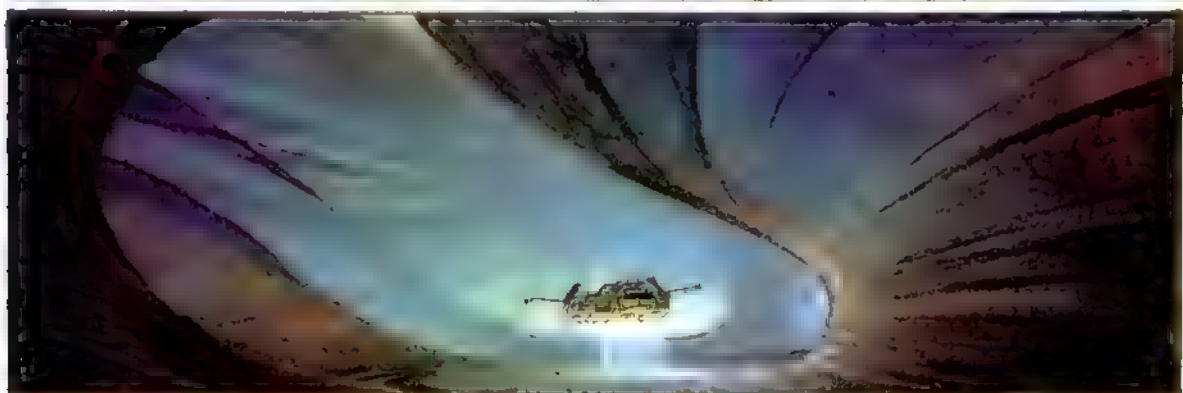
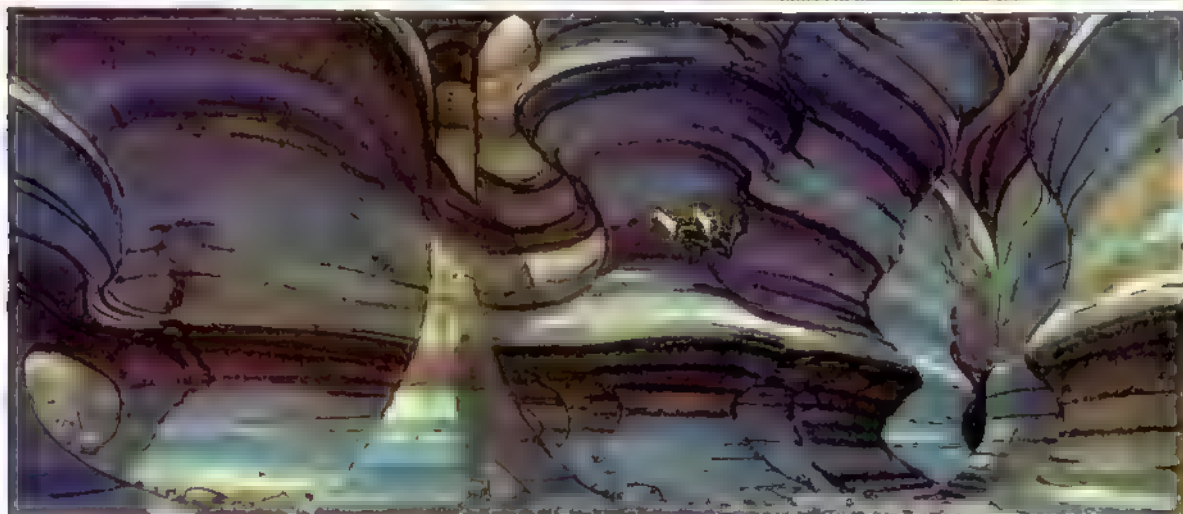
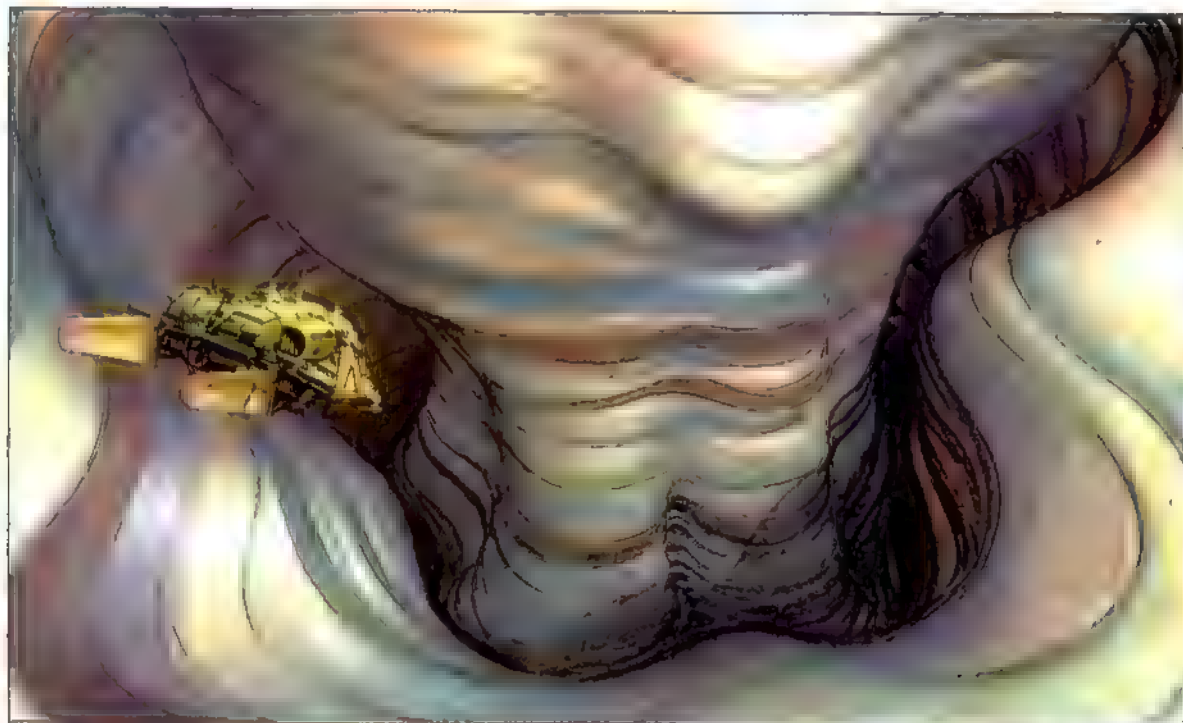
I WANT A PRESENT FOR
BARI, ONE THAT WILL
RESTORE THE JOY THAT
HIS TWO BROKEN LEGS
TOOK AWAY...

A PRESENT? FOR ME? I HAVE
NO NEED FOR THAT! IT IS AN
UNPARDONABLE SIN TO LET
ONESELF BE DISHEARTENED
BY ADVERSITY.

THE EMPEROR WILL MEET
YOUR DEMANDS, BARON.
BUT NOW, TAKE US TO
THE EPYPHITE!

YES, TO THE EPYPHITE!
STRAIGHT AWAY! AFTERWARDS,
YOU'LL HAVE YOUR GIFT.

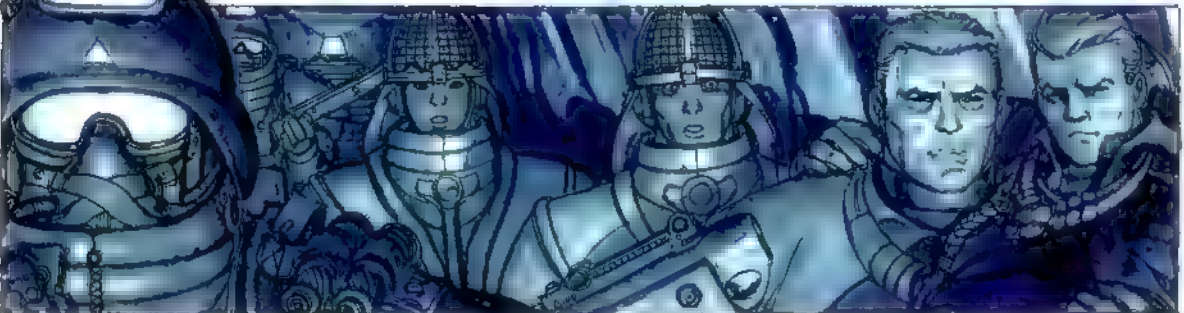






THIS WAY, YOUR MAJESTIES

THIS STAIRWAY WAS CARVED OUT
BY THE CASTAKAS THOUSANDS
OF YEARS AGO...





WHAT AN AMAZING SIGHT! A BOUNDLESS OCEAN!... THE EMPIRE'S GREATEST TREASURE!

YES, MAGAELLA, THIS NEW ENERGY WILL SHAKE UP THE WHOLE EMPIRE! WE WILL BE THE GALAXY'S MOST POWERFUL RULERS!

THE EPHYHITE IS THE SACRED BLOOD OF THIS MARBLE PLANET... THE CASTAKAS HAVE ALWAYS REVERED IT... AND KEPT ITS SECRET SAFE!

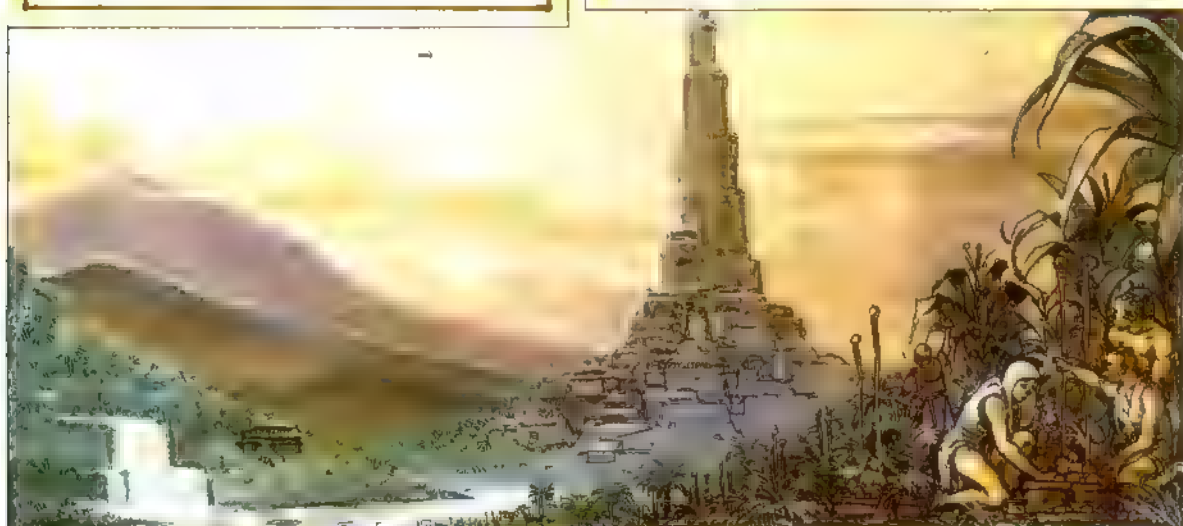
TIMES CHANGE, FATHER! WE CANNOT HOLD BACK PROGRESS!... THE EPHYHITE WILL BECOME THE CENTER OF POLITICAL, MILITARY AND COMMERCIAL COMPETITION, ALL FOR THE GREATER GOOD OF OUR EMPIRE! SO BE IT...

BUT TELL ME, TONTO... DID THEY
GET WHAT THEY ASKED FOR, OR
WERE THEY SWINDLED?

AH, LOTHAR, YOUR SKEPTICAL CIRCUITS MAKE YOU
DOUBT EVERYTHING. EVEN THE 'IMPERIAL WORD'.
THEY WERE GRANTED THE REASONABLE
PERCENTAGE THEY HAD REQUESTED OF THE
EPIPHYTE SALES. THAT BECAME THE FOUNDATION
OF THE METABARONS' UNLIMITED FORTUNE.

ALL WELL AND GOOD, TONTO! BUT DID THEY GET
THE NEW AND FERTILE PLANET TO WHICH THEY
COULD TRANSFER THE CASTAKA FORTRESS
STONE BY STONE?

YES, LOTHAR... STONE BY STONE... THEY
INHERITED THE MAGNIFICENT WORLD OF
OKHAR, IN THE DIAMOND CONSTELLATION.



AND BARI'S PRESENT? DID THEY RECEIVE THAT?
YOU STILL HAVEN'T TOLD ME WHAT OTHON
REQUESTED... SURELY SOMETHING
EXTRAORDINARY! I CAN'T IMAGINE WHAT WOULD
BRING BACK JOY TO A YOUNG WARRIOR
HANDICAPPED FOR LIFE...

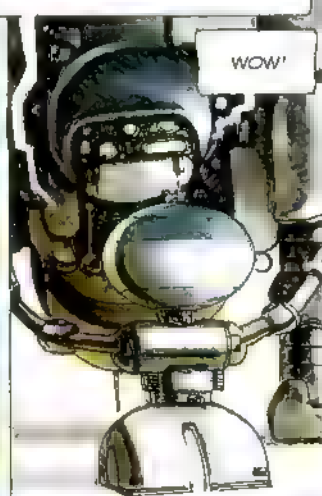
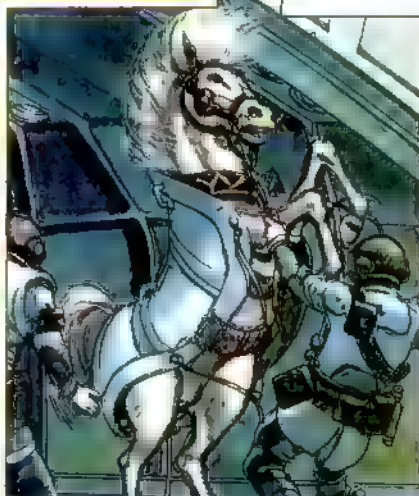
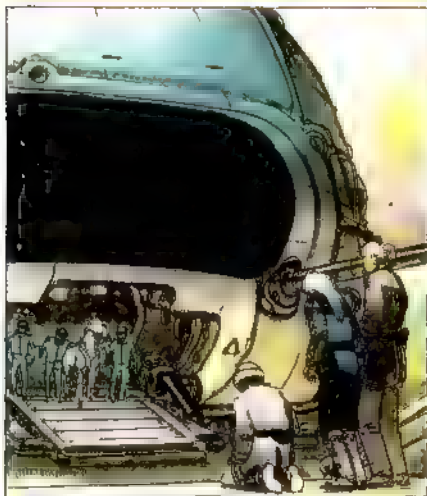
YES, LOTHAR... WHEN THEY FINALLY SETTLED ON
OKHAR, THEY RECEIVED A MARVELOUS GIFT!

WHAT WAS IT? TELL
ME QUICKLY, BEFORE
MY CIRCUITS MELT.



IT WAS A HORSE, LOTHAR! A LIVING SPECIMEN OF A BREED THAT HAD BEEN EXTINCT FOR 20,000 YEARS, EVER SINCE THE SIXTH WORLD WAR! ITS GENES HAD BEEN CONSERVED IN THE IMPERIAL PALACE'S GENETIC MUSEUM...

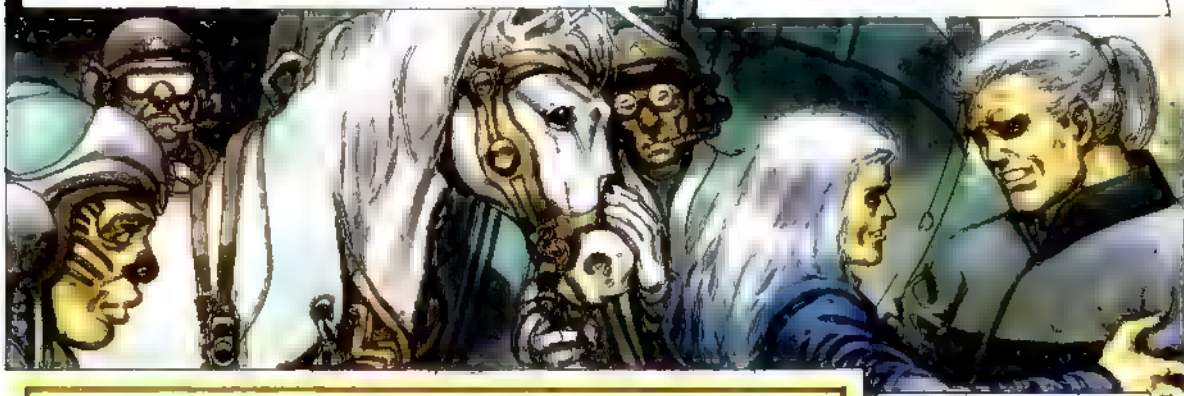
AND THE COST? 100 TONS OF GOLD! THE LAST EQUINE OF ALL THE GALAXIES, BROUGHT BACK TO LIFE BY THE LABORS OF AN ARMY OF TECHNO-TECHNO SCIENTISTS



WOW!

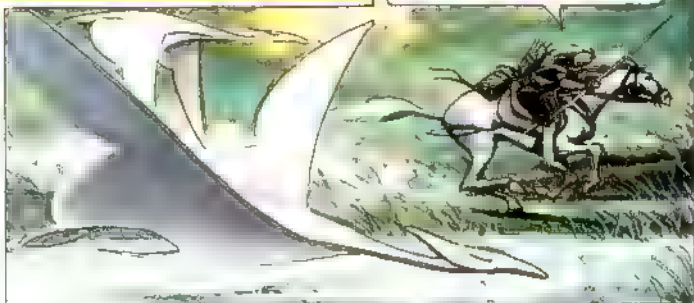
I DON'T HAVE THE WORDS TO THANK YOU, FATHER! IF ONE DAY I MANAGE TO RIDE THIS LIVING MIRACLE, REST ASSURED THAT MY TASTE FOR LIFE WILL RETURN!

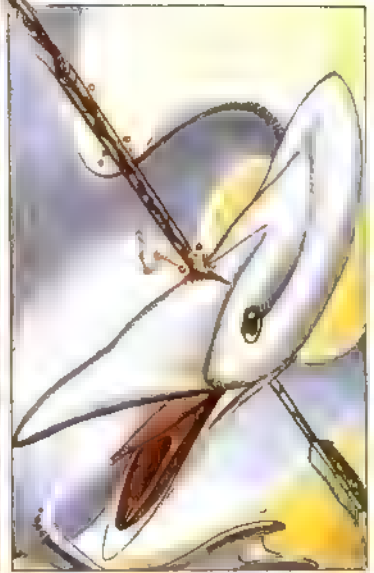
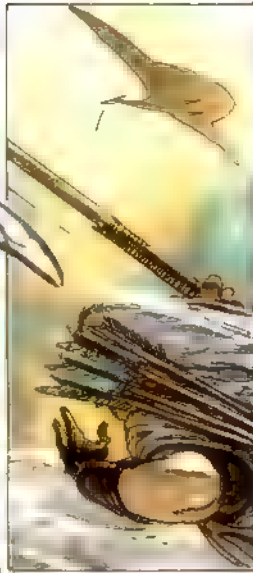
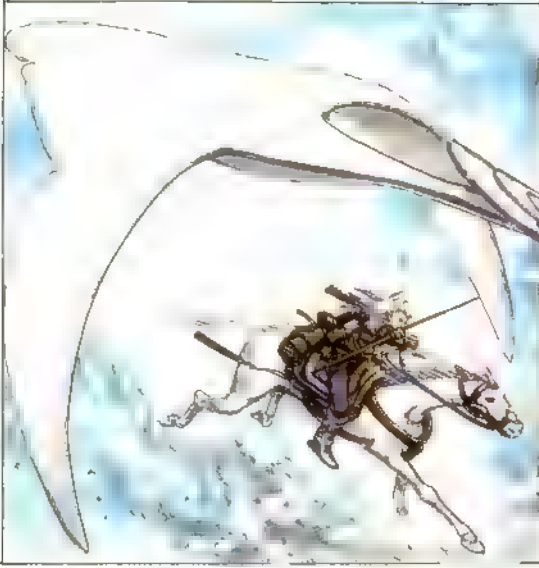
THIS ANIMAL WAS BORN ONLY FOR YOU, BARI! GIVE HIM A LUMP OF SUGAR, FIND A NAME FOR HIM, AND HE WILL OBEY YOU!



AFTER THE BOY HAD CHRISTENED HIM "SHAZAM", THE HORSE ACCEPTED HIM AS HIS MASTER. THEN A NEW LIFE BEGAN FOR BARI, WHO COULD FINALLY EXPLORE THE GARDEN PARADISE OF THEIR NEW PLANET TO HIS HEART'S CONTENT...

RUN, SHAZAM! LEAP ACROSS THE CANYONS! WE'RE FLYING





WELL DONE, FRIEND! TONIGHT, OTHON AND I WILL DINE ON THE ROASTED KARVIZ! YUM... AND FOR YOU, A BUSHEL OF OATS FROM ALDEBARAN!



I HAVE NEVER SEEN HIM SO HAPPY! BLESSED BE THE GREAT INVISIBLE!



FORGIVE ME, MASTER OTHON, BUT THE YOUNG BARI DID NOT GIVE ME THE CHANCE TO UNDRESS HIM. HE WAS SO EXHAUSTED THAT HE BARELY ATE BEFORE COLLAPSING INTO BED AND FALLING FAST ASLEEP...

ZZZZ ZZ...

EVEN I, MY GOOD IKU-TTA, FIND IT DIFFICULT TO ENDURE THE COLD LONELINESS OF MY BED. I LONG FOR A COMPANION...



TRUE, SHAZAM WAS A GODSEND. ESPECIALLY IN THIS SEASON, WITH THE MISTY NIGHTS THAT BRING DEPRESSION...





BY THE HORNS OF BJLGOR! THIS DAMNED
FOG COULD GET US ALL LOST

OR COULD KEEP US
WELL HIDDEN, TO
MAKE IT EVEN
EASIER TO GET OUR
HANDS ON THAT
HORSE. LET'S GO

DON'T WORRY, ULKRAN
THE MARBLE FORTRESS
WILL ATTRACT
THE NEEDLE OF
MY PALEO COMPASS!
WE CANNOT GET LOST

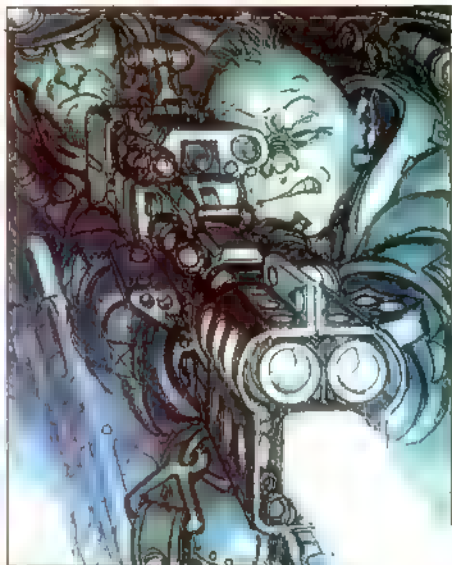


YOU WERE RIGHT WILTHOR. THE
PALEO COMPASS DIDN'T LET US DOWN

NOW DON'T YOU LET US DOWN TOKKAR.
YOU AND YOUR MARBLE DISINTEGRATOR

DON'T YOU WORRY. TRUST ME
AS IF I WERE A PART OF ME

OUR FORTUNE AWAITS US
LET'S GET TO WORK



WELL DONE THE
CREATURE IS OURS!

IF HE DOESN'T START
NEIGHING!

UNCORK THE VIAL OF SYNTHETIC
MARE ESSENCE, BARGOTH! AND
LET'S HOPE THE TECHNO
TECHNOS WERE ABLE TO
REPRODUCE THE EXACT SMELL
AFTER ALL THESE CENTURIES!

IT'S FOLLOWING ME AS IF
IN A TRANCE... AND AS
QUIET AS A MOUSE!

T ME TO RETRACE OUR STEPS...
THE FOG IS THICKENING,
AND MY PALEO-COMPASS
IS OUT OF WHACK...

WE'VE GOT THE WHOLE NIGHT
AHEAD OF US TO GET BACK TO THE
SHIP IN THE FORTRESS THEY'RE
SNORING LIKE A BUNCH OF
L RUGGOS ON AQUAEND!

TAP TAP

WAKE UP, KU-TTA! I DREAMED THAT
P RATES WERE STEALING SHAZAM!
QUICK, TO THE STABLES!

BASTARDS! THEY'VE TAKEN HIM!
'LL HUNT THEM DOWN AND KILL
THEM ALL! IN ALL THIS FOG THEY
CAN'T HAVE GOTTEN FAR!

DON'T GO, MASTER! YOUR LEGS
ARE STILL NOT STRONG ENOUGH!
I'LL RUN AND ALERT YOUR FATHER,
THE BARON!

NO ONE WILL GET MY HORSE
BACK BUT ME! I CAN DEFEAT
THEM EVEN WITHOUT
MY LEGS. IN MY HEART, I HAVE
ALREADY WON THE BATTLE



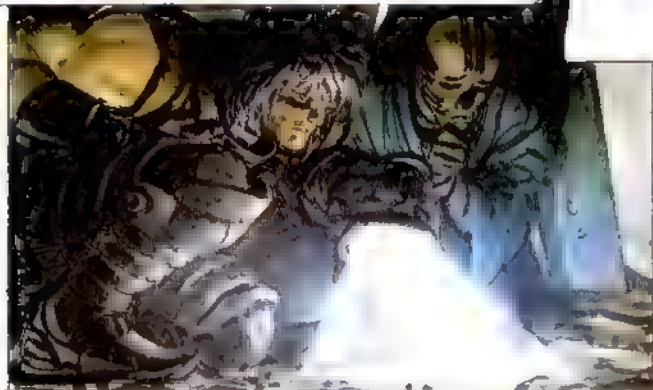
A THOUSAND PARDONS, MASTER OTHON... TERRIBLE
TRAGEDY... AND DANGER... THE HORSE IS STOLEN...
YOUNG BARI HOT ON THE THIEVES HEELS... IMPOSSIBLE
TO STOP HIM! I REQUEST PERMISSION TO KILL MYSELF...

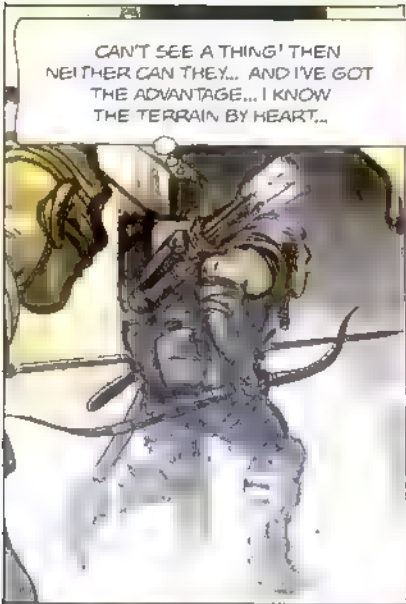
ENOUGH, IKU-TTA! NO MORE
FOOLISHNESS! BRING
MY ARMOR, QUICKLY!



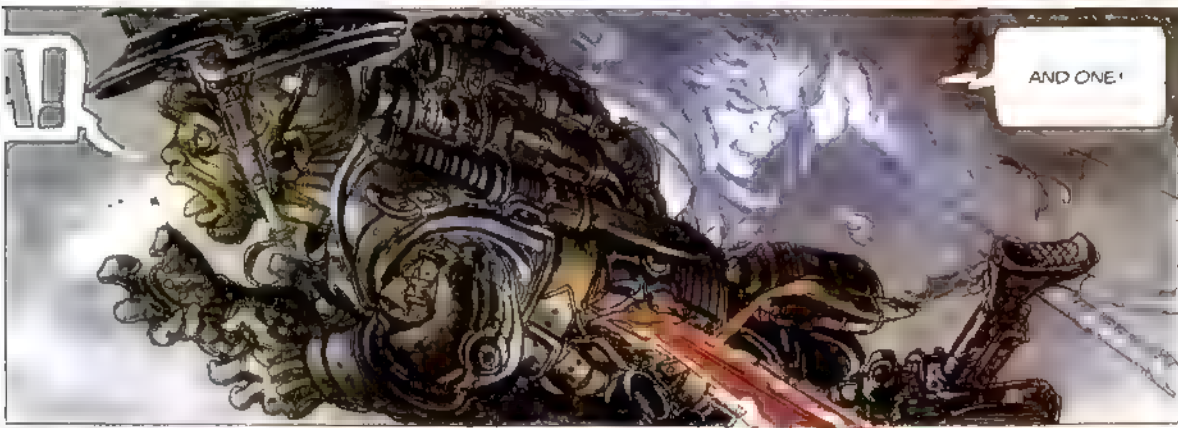
FOUR MEN... WITH SBR-17 SPIN-ACCELERATOR
ARMOR... UNSURE OF THEIR STEPS... THEY'RE
GETTING LOST IN THE FOG... THE TRACKS ARE
FRESH... ONLY TEN MINUTES AHEAD OF US!

DON'T SOUND THE ALARM, IKU-TTA!
WITH HIS CRIPPLED LEGS, BARI WILL NEVER BE ABLE TO
CATCH THEM, AND I DON'T WANT ANYONE TO LEARN
OF MY SON'S FAILURE. I'LL TAKE CARE OF IT..
THE FOUR BANDITS WILL PAY FOR THEIR IMPUDENCE
WITH THEIR LIVES!





CAN'T SEE A THING! THEN
NEITHER CAN THEY... AND I'VE GOT
THE ADVANTAGE... I KNOW
THE TERRAIN BY HEART...



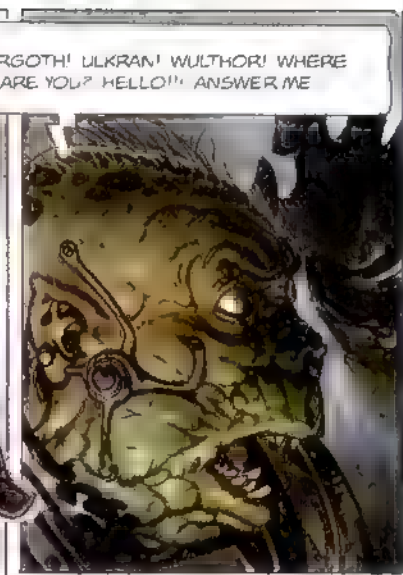
AND ONE!



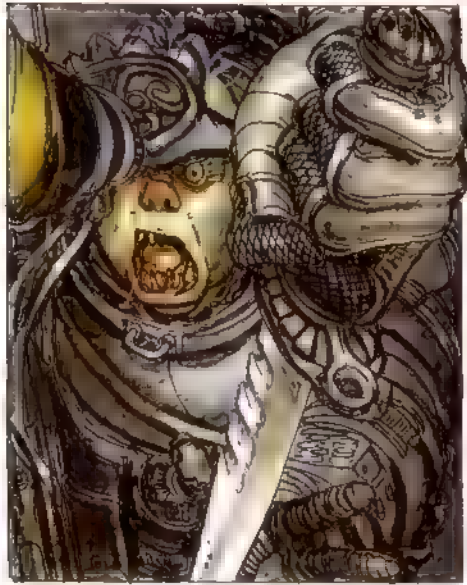
AND TWO!



GRBLGGG!...



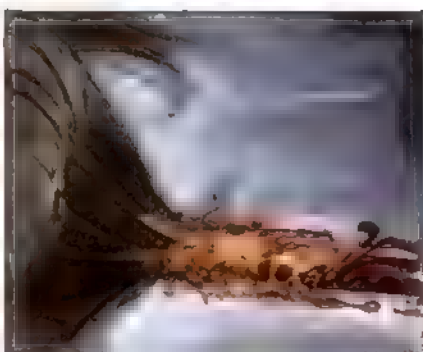
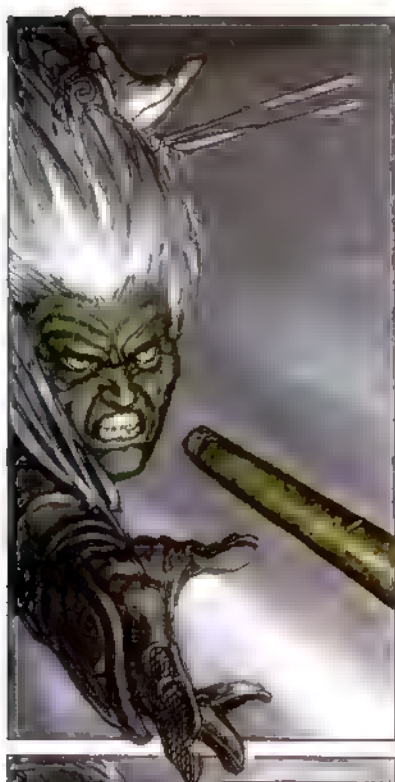
BARGOTH! ULKRAN! WULTHOR! WHERE ARE YOU? HELLO!! ANSWER ME



AND THREE!

AAARGH!



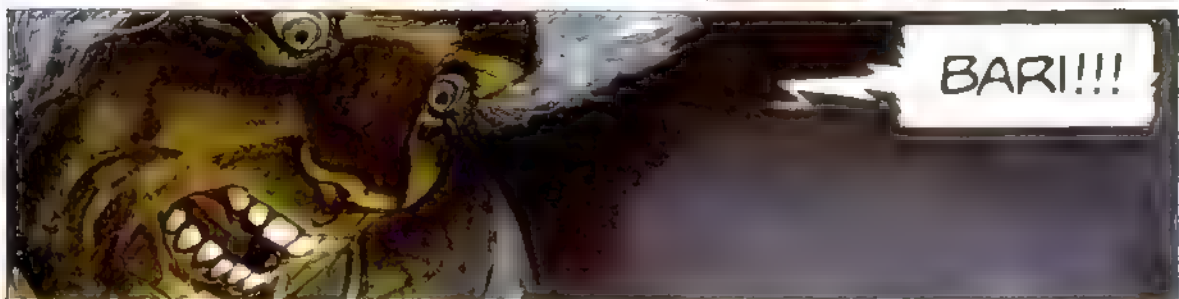


AND FOUR!



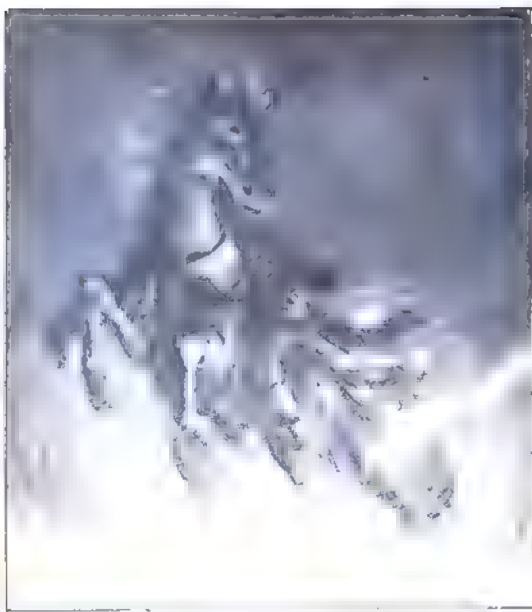
AAH! FATHER MY
MY H HORSE

BAR



BARI!!!





THE BARON'S GROIN AND HIPS WERE OBLITERATED... IT WAS ONLY BECAUSE OF SHAZAM THAT HE WAS ABLE TO GET BACK TO HIS PALACE...



ATTENTIVE CARE FROM THE FAITHFUL KJ-TTA AND HIS TWO DAUGHTERS HELPED HIM RECOVER, AFTER SPENDING SEVERAL MONTHS CLOSE TO DEATH...

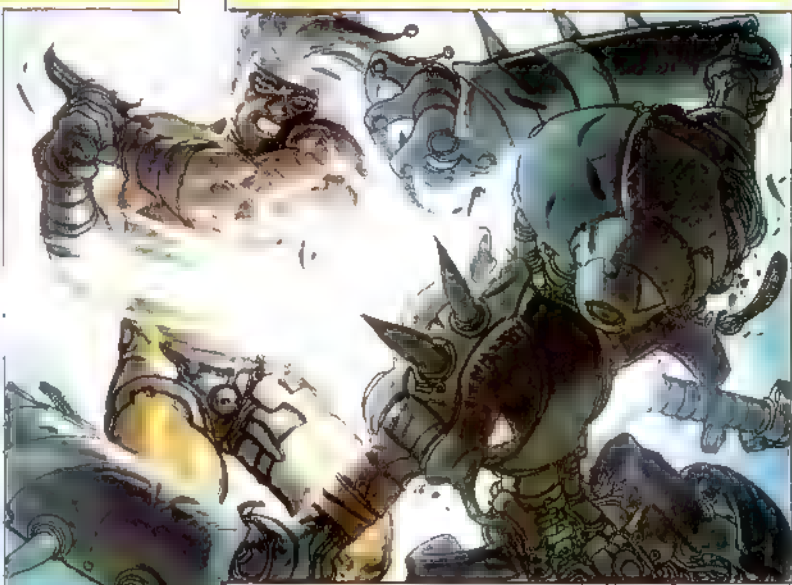
NOOO! IT WAS A PIRATE THAT I KILLED... NOT MY SON... BARI... ANSWER ME! COME BACK! DEATH IS ONLY AN ILLUSION... WE MUST WAKE UP!

A VERY RARE BIRD... OF SCARLET PLUMAGE... FELL TO THE EARTH... TO TURN INTO A FLOWER... THAT WILL GROW... AND GROW... HIGHER THAN THE SKY... YOUR SON WILL BE A RENOWNED WARRIOR... SLEEP... REST, MY LORD...



OTHON VON SALZA, TURNING HIS BACK ON PURE MARTIAL ARTS, INVESTED A LARGE PART OF HIS FABULOUS FORTUNE IN THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE FIRST METABARONIC WEAPONS...

AND ALSO BEGAN THE TRADITION OF CYBERNETIC IMPLANTS, BY INCORPORATING A MULTI-PROTONIC PELVIS...



JUST A MINUTE, TONTO! I MUST BE MISSING SOMETHING... LIFE FORMS DO NEED GENITALS TO REPRODUCE, RIGHT?

WELL? SINCE BAR DIED, HOW COULD THE CASTRATED OTHON VON SALZA HAVE ANOTHER SON? DID HE ADOPT AN ORPHAN TO CONTINUE HIS LINEAGE?

NO, LOTHAR! HE DIDN'T ADOPT HE FATHERED A SON BY A WOMAN HE LOVED... A SON OF HIS OWN FLESH, OF HIS OWN BLOOD...

WHAT AN EXTRAORDINARY MARVEL! I THINK I'M GOING TO FRY ANOTHER DIODE... TELL ME QUICKLY... HOW DID HE DO IT?

OF COURSE PENIS, GONADS, SPERM...

WE MUST GET DINNER READY. OUR MASTER THE METABARON SHOULD BE RETURNING SOON. WE'LL TELL YOU ABOUT IT TOMORROW...

MEANIE!



JODOROWSKY
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The Metabarons™



The Knighting of Othon

Jodorowsky Gimenez Mæbius



The Metabarons™

Previously, in The Metabarons:

Othon, Baron of Castaka, is unable to prevent his wife's death, as she faces the armies intent on seizing control of the epyphite, a sacred anti-gravity oil that flows in the heart of planet Marmola. When he breaks his son Ban's legs to prevent him from joining his mother in certain death, Ban accuses him of cowardice but Othon soon proves him wrong — thanks to his cunning, the valiant Castakas vanquish their treacherous foes, although most of them perish in the battle. Othon himself slays 1 500 troops armed with only a small dagger.

The news of the victory quickly spreads across the galaxy and the Imperial Couple arrive in person to negotiate with Othon and Ban. In exchange for the epyphite, Othon requests a percentage of the sales, a new planet for the Castaka fortress, and a gift for Ban, who has lost the use of his legs. The Imperial Couple accepts the terms and Othon and Ban settle on the fertile planet Othar.

There Ban receives his magnificent gift: a horse, extinct for 20 000 years, genetically recreated by the Empire's best scientists. But the peaceful days on Othar are short-lived; the horse is stolen by a band of thieves and Othon, mistaking Ban for one of the thieves, runs him through with his lance. As he lifts the body of his dying son, the last bandit shoots him, obliterating the Metabarons' groin and hips. The horse carries Othon back to be healed by his servants. Alas, they can not restore his manhood. At the blow he has lost not only his son, but also any hope of continuing the clan...

Story by Alexandro Jodorowsky. Art, color and cover by Juan Gimenez.

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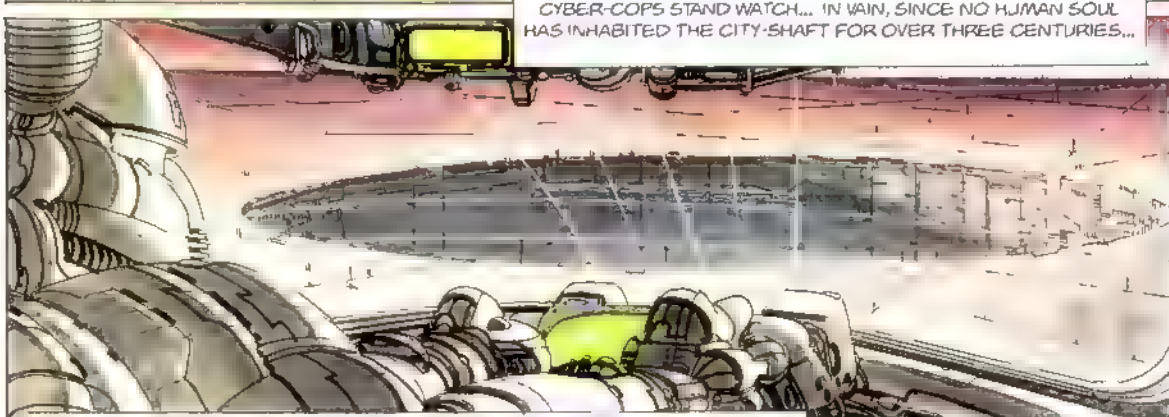
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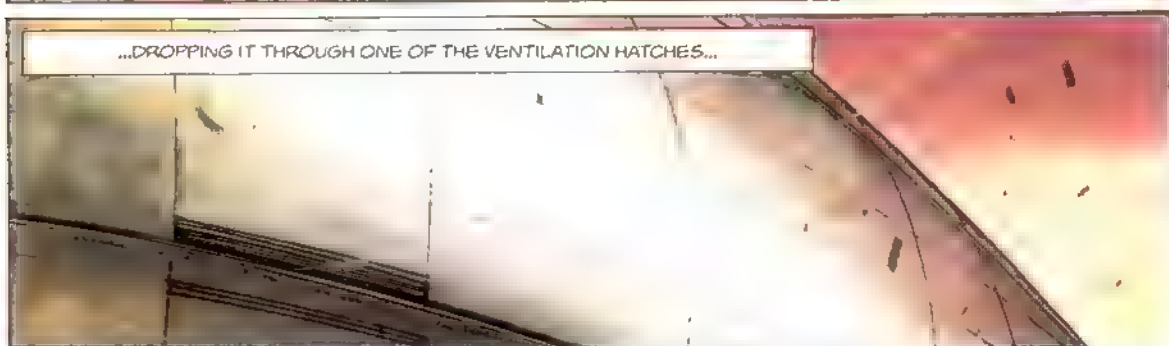
A HARSH MAY WIND SWEEPS ACROSS THE SMOOTH
TEFLO-CONCRETE SHELL OF TERRA 2019...



CYBER-COPS STAND WATCH... IN VAIN, SINCE NO HUMAN SOUL
HAS INHABITED THE CITY-SHAFT FOR OVER THREE CENTURIES...

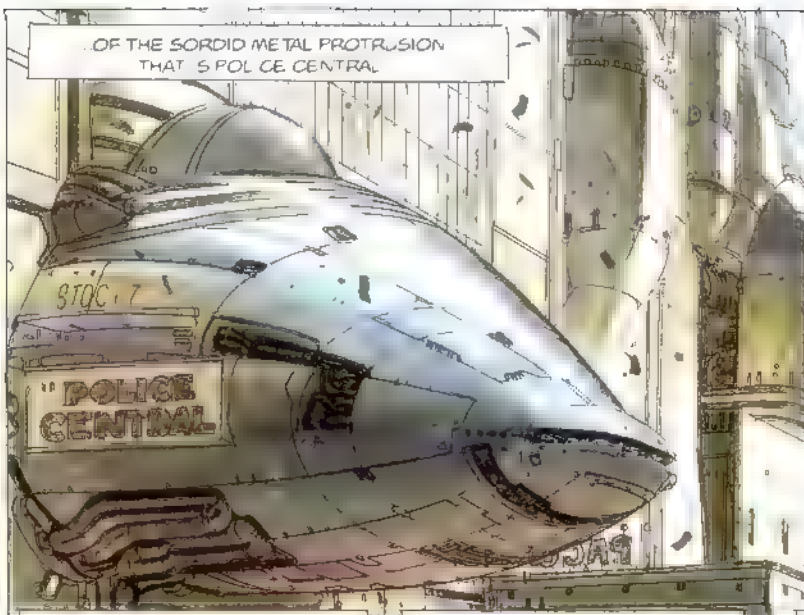


A GUST OF WIND BEARS A ZAGUDA FROLEX, THE LAST OF ITS KIND.

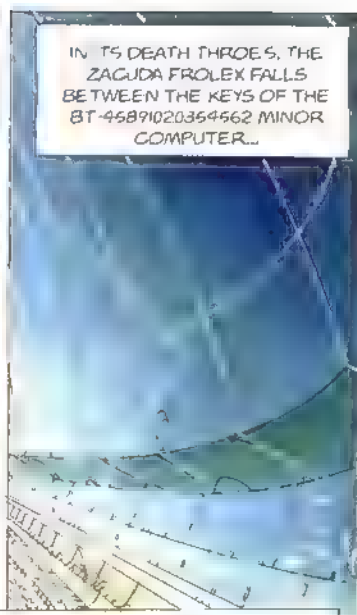


...DROPPING IT THROUGH ONE OF THE VENTILATION HATCHES...

...OF THE SORDID METAL PROTRUSION
THAT S POL CE CENTRAL



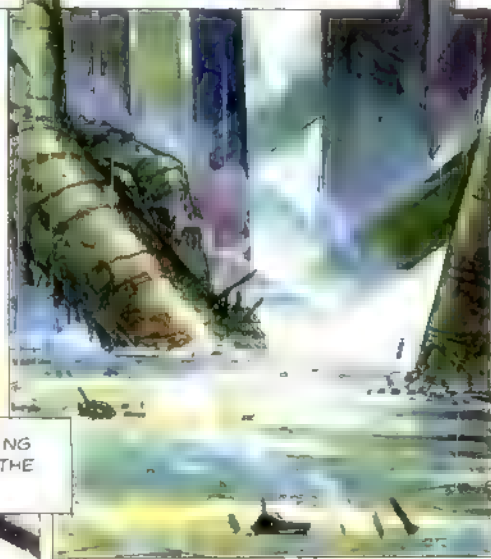
IN TS DEATH THROES, THE
ZAGUDA FROLEX FALLS
BETWEEN THE KEYS OF THE
BT-45871020354562 MINOR
COMPUTER...



BUT LAYS A SINGLE EGG
BEFORE DYING...



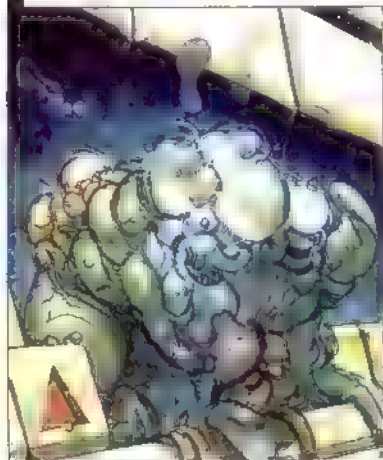
THEN THE PERIOD OF ARTIFICIAL
RAIN PASSES...



...BRINGING EVEN NG'S CAST
IN RED BY A DYING SUN...



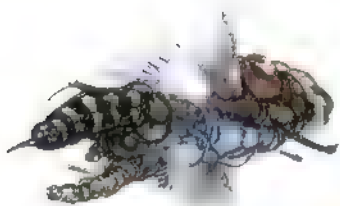
...ONE FINE DAY, THE EGG, HAV NG
ABSORBED G-SHOCKS FROM THE
MACHINE, HATCHES...



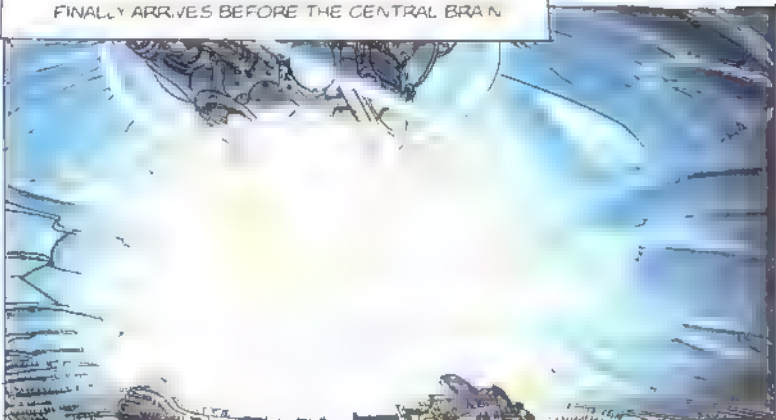
...G VING BIRTH TO AN ENORMOUS MUTANT
ZAGUDA FROLEX



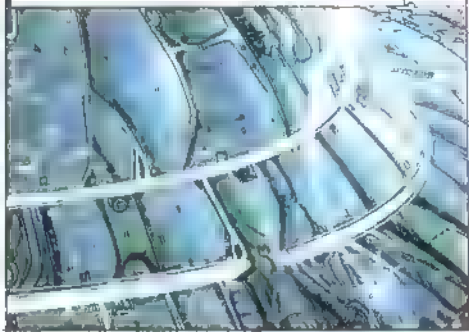
...WHICH, SEARCHING
DESPERATELY FOR AN EXIT



FINALLY ARRIVES BEFORE THE CENTRAL BRAN



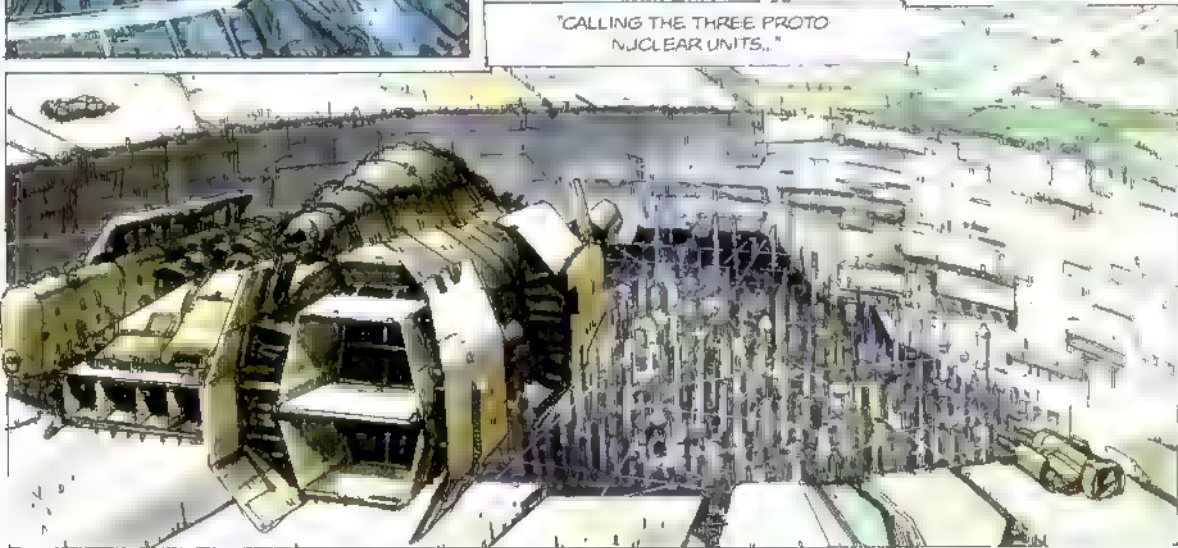
AND SMASHES ITSELF AGAINST
THE BILLIONS OF CONTROLS



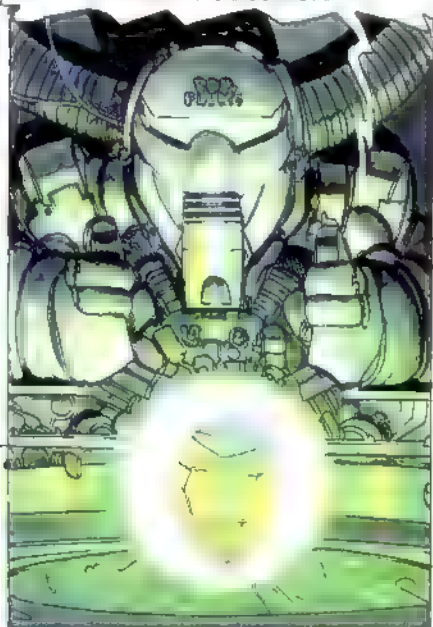
REACTIVATING AN ATTACK
PROGRAM



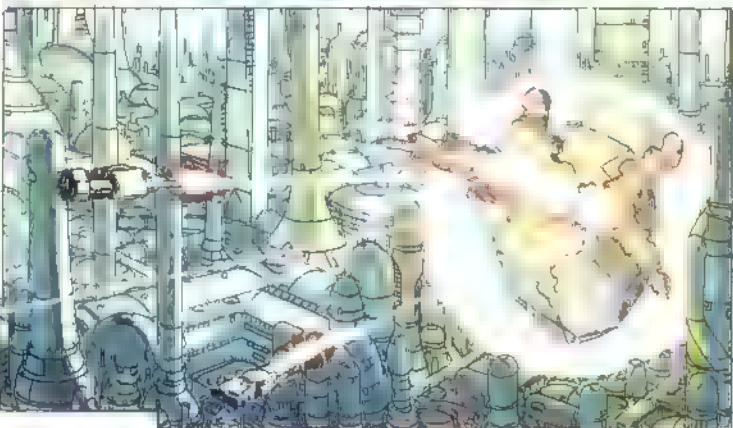
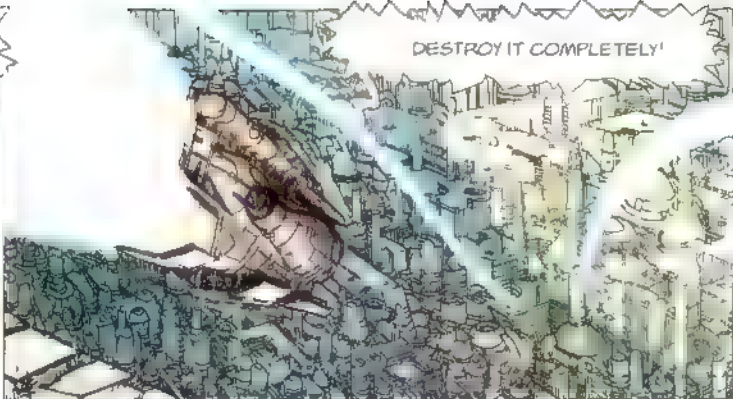
"CALLING THE THREE PROTO
NUCLEAR UNITS.."



PROCEED WITH AN IMMEDIATE ATTACK
ON THE METABUNKER!



DESTROY IT COMPLETELY!



WHOA THEY ALMOST BUSTED MY VIDEOGRAPH!

ENOUGH WHINING, LOTHAR... WE'VE BARELY
GOT 40.16.04 LEFT TO REACTIVATE THE
METABARON'S BIO-ELECTROGRAM.



ACTIVATE THE SOLIDIFICATION
PROGRAM, LOTHAR.



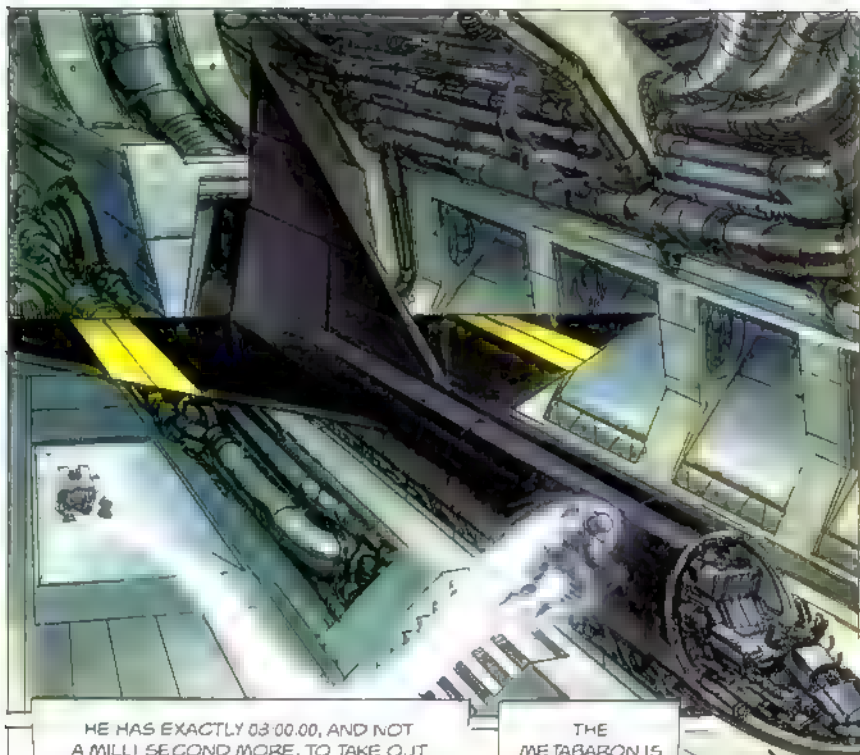
PROGRAM ACTIVATED, TONTO. THE BIO-ELECTROGRAM WILL SPEND 0.3-05.07 IN A SOLID STATE BEFORE IT DISSOLVES.

STOP TELLING ME WHAT I ALREADY KNOW, YOU MANIACO-MECHANICAL ROBOT, AND PREPARE THE METACRAFT!

DON'T TELL ME WHAT TO DO! YOUR COOLING FLUID HAS GONE TO YOUR HEAD. YOU'RE NOT MY BOSS!

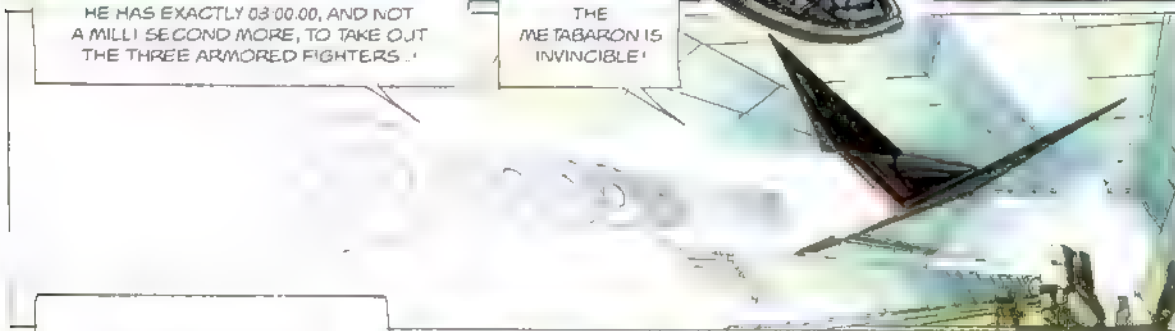
METACRAFT ARMED, LOTHAR?

METACRAFT ARMED, TONTO!



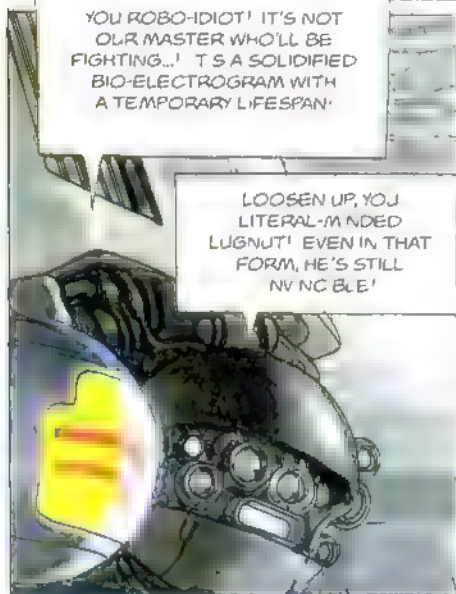
HE HAS EXACTLY 03:00.00, AND NOT
A MILLI SECOND MORE, TO TAKE OUT
THE THREE ARMORED FIGHTERS..!

THE
METABARON IS
INVINCIBLE!



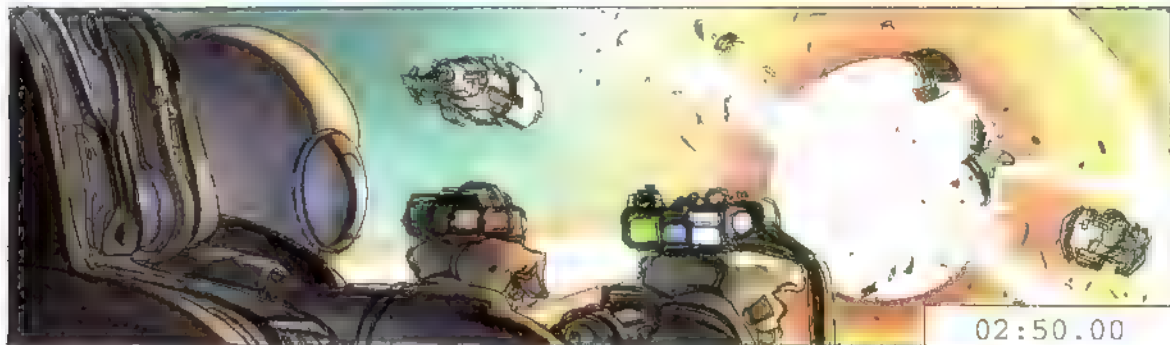
YOU ROBO-IDIOT! IT'S NOT
OUR MASTER WHO'LL BE
FIGHTING...! T'S A SOLIDIFIED
BIO-ELECTROGRAM WITH
A TEMPORARY LIFESPAN!

LOOSEN UP, YOU
LITERAL-MINDED
LUGNUT! EVEN IN THAT
FORM, HE'S STILL
INVINCIBLE!



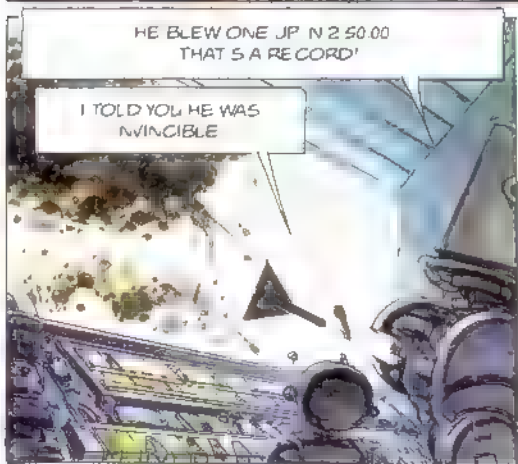
03:00.00



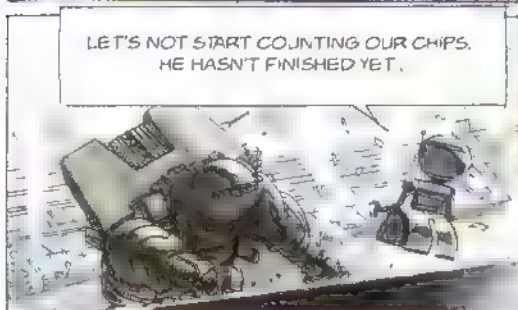


HE BLEW ONE JP N 2 50.00
THAT'S A RECORD!

I TOLD YOU HE WAS
INVINCIBLE



LET'S NOT START COUNTING OUR CHIPS.
HE HASN'T FINISHED YET.



01:20.03

AAH!!... ALL THESE 'INCLINED RAMPS
ARE NAUSEATING ME!



00:50.24



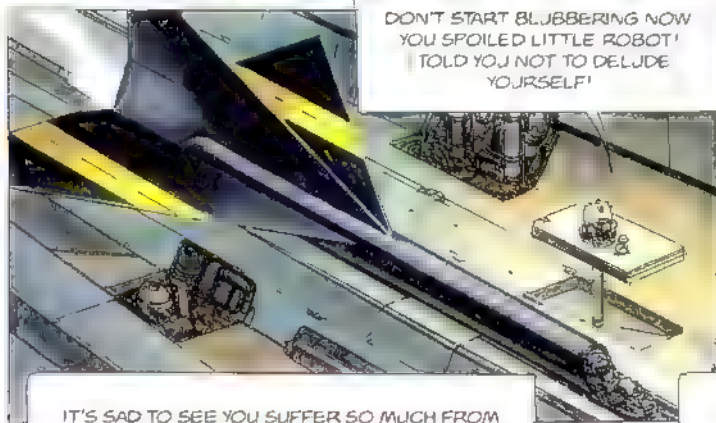
EXCELLENT, MASTER. SIMPLY
SUPERB! VICTORY IS YOURS
I AM HONORED TO SERVE SUCH
AN INVINCIBLE HUMAN WARRIOR.



OH!



DON'T START BLUBBERING NOW
YOU SPOILED LITTLE ROBOT!
I TOLD YOU NOT TO DELUDE
YOURSELF!



BUT WHERE HAS THE MASTER
GONE? I MISS HIM SO MUCH
WITHOUT HIS BIO-HEAT, MY
CIRCUITS WILL CORRODE
I'M AFRAID OF BECOMING
MECHANICALLY PARALYZED

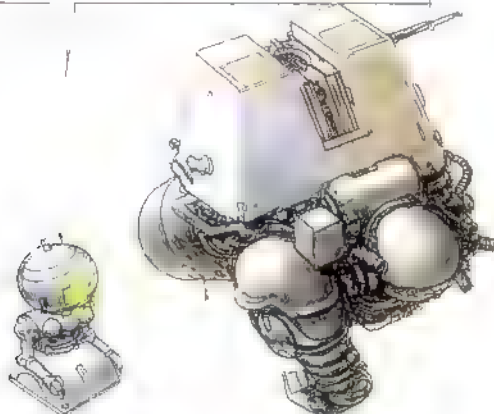


IT'S SAD TO SEE YOU SUFFER SO MUCH FROM
MERE BOREDOM... WOULD YOU LIKE ME TO
CONTINUE THE STORY OF THE ORIGINS OF
THE CLAN OF THE METABARONS?

OH TONTO, I WOULD LOVE IT...! ALL MY
CIRCUITS WOULD START JOYFULLY
CRACKLING AGAIN! YOU LEFT OFF AT THE
PART WHERE OTHON, THE GREAT
ANCESTOR, WITH AN ESSENTIAL PART OF
HIS BODY AMPUTATED, HAD TO RESORT TO
A MULTI-PROTONIC PELVIS IMPLANT

THAT'S RIGHT... AND YOU ASKED ME HOW
THE NEXT METABARON WOULD BE
CONCEIVED IF OTHON HAD NO GENITALS

YES, TONTO! I CAN'T WAIT TO
FIND OUT! I'M ABOUT TO FRY
ONE OF MY DIODES! HOW DID
HE MANAGE TO HAVE A SON OF
HIS OWN FLESH AND HIS OWN
BLOOD?

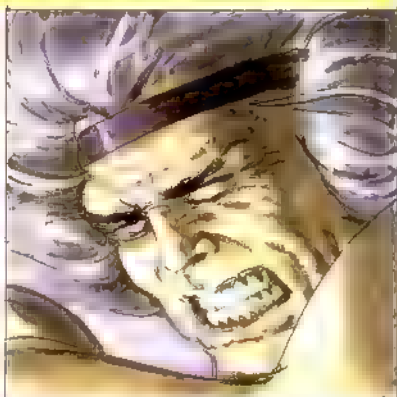


HOLD ON! LET'S NOT GET AHEAD OF OURSELVES! I'LL BEGIN AT THE BEGINNING - ALL HUMAN ACTION IS TERRIBLY COMPLICATED AND EACH EVENT IS THE PRODUCT OF NUMEROUS CAUSES... YOU WILL SEE...



AS I TOLD YOU, OTHON VON SALZA (THE GREAT ANCESTOR OF THE CURRENT METABARON, OUR MASTER) TURNING HIS BACK ON PURE MARTIAL ARTS, INVESTED A LARGE PART OF HIS FABULOUS FORTUNE IN THE DEVELOPMENT AND CONSTRUCTION OF THE FIRST METABARONIC WEAPONS.

THE SUFFERING AND RAGE BROUGHT ON BY HIS MUTILATION HAD MULTIPLIED HIS STRENGTH GRANTING HIM TREMENDOUS ENERGY, AND TURNING HIM INTO A CRUEL AND SOLITARY WARRIOR.



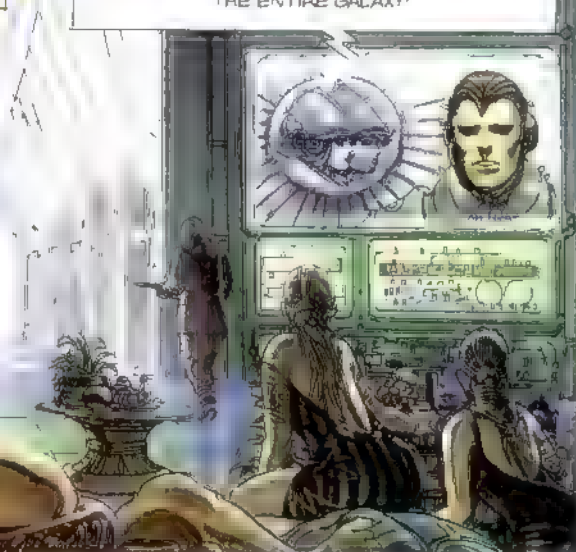
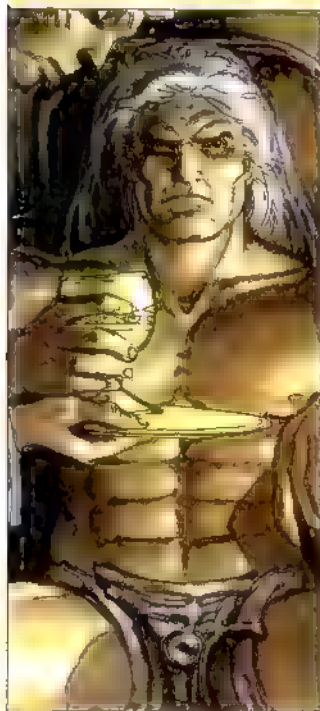
AND, ALTHOUGH HE STILL SLEPT WITH THE DAUGHTERS OF HIS FAITHFUL SLAVE IKU-TTA, WHO WERE AS LOYAL AS THE PALEO-DOGS OF ANCIENT TIMES, HE ALLOWED THEM THE RIGHT TO SATISFY EACH OTHER'S DESIRES AS LONG AS THEY NEVER SPOKE ANOTHER WORD...



WITH AN ARMY OF MACHINES, HE DEVASTATED THE NATURAL BEAUTY OF HIS PLANET OKHAR TO TRANSFORM THE RURAL CASTAKA FORTRESS INTO A MAXI PROTONIC TOWER.

ON FOGGY NIGHTS, AFTER HIS USJAL SUPPER OF RAW L ZARDS, HE WOULD LISTEN TO THE NEWS OF THE GALAXY WHILE SPPING A GLASS OF FINE WHISKY, SO AS NOT TO FORGET THE LANGUAGE OF HUMANS.

TODAY, AFTER THRTY YEARS OF UNCEASING EFFORTS, THE HOSPITAL-PLANET HAS FINALLY ACH EVED THE LONG-AWAITED MIRACLE FERTILIZATION OF ONE OF THE EMPRESS'S OVA BY THE EMPEROR'S STERILE SPERM. THIS DAY IS DECLARED A HOLIDAY ACROSS THE ENTIRE GALAXY!



WHAT FOOLS! THAT'S LIKE WAVING A BONE UNDER A DOG'S NOSE! THEY'LL AROUSE THE GREED OF ALL THE PIRATES. .!

MY COGWHEELS ARE SPINNING WITH EXCITEMENT! OTHON VON SALZA WAS RIGHT THE WHOLE GALAXY HAD BEEN WAITING FOR THE IMPERIAL COUPLE'S CHILD... THE FUTURE OF THE UNION OF PLANETS DEPENDED UPON ITS BIRTH...

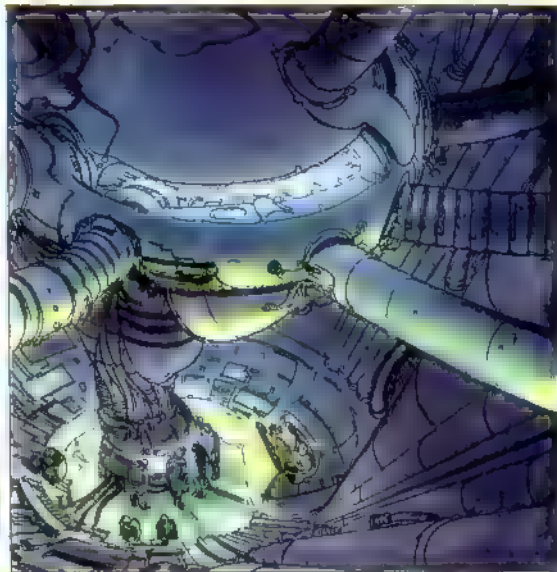
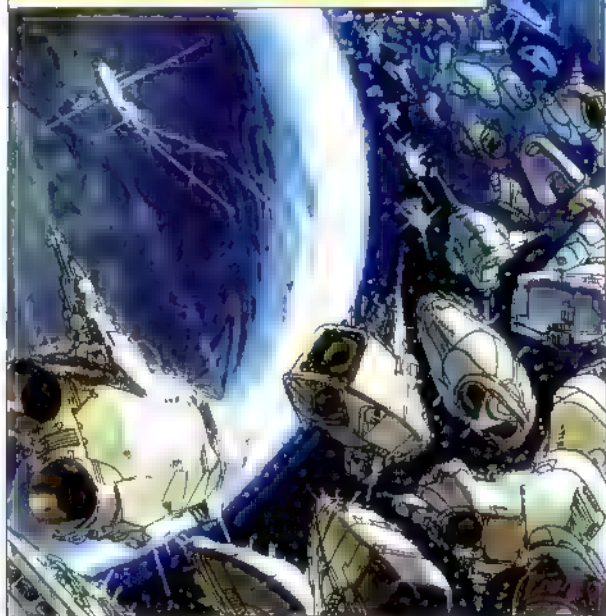
THAT'S RIGHT! AND IF THE PIRATES GOT HOLD OF THE FETUS, THEY COULD DEMAND AN ENORMOUS RANSOM...

NOT SO FAST, TONTO. COULDN'T THE HOSPITAL-PLANET JUST MAKE ANOTHER ONE?

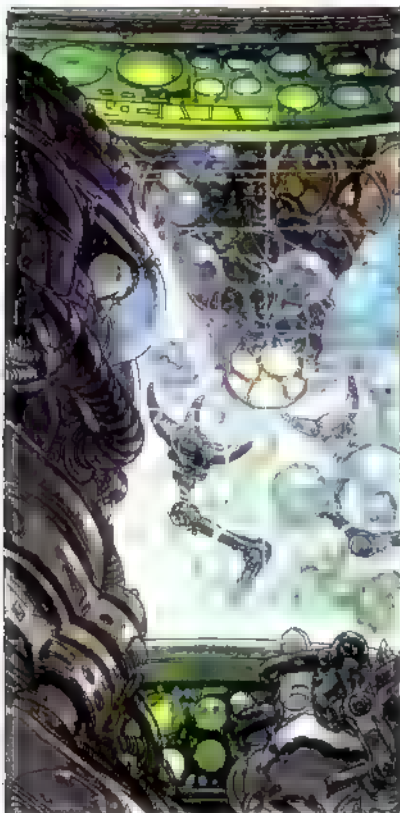
ROBO-NONSENSE! IT HAD TAKEN THEM 30 YEARS, 10 DAYS, 5 HOURS, AND 08:07:12 TO FERTILIZE THE OVUM WITH THE EMPEROR'S SPERM... IMMENSE FORTUNES HAD BEEN NVESTED N THE UNDERTAKING...

THE PLANET HAD STOPPED TREATING
THE SICK... IT KEPT THEM FROZEN IN
THE SHIPS, WAITING FOR THE
MIRACLE OF SCIENCE TO OCCUR.

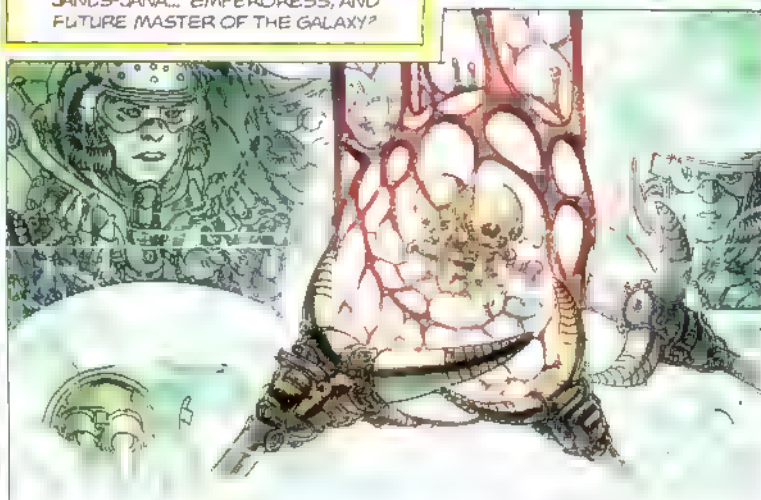
UNTIL THE DAY WHEN, DUE TO AN INEXPLICABLE COINCIDENCE
AND THE LABORS OF AN ENTIRE PLANET, THE IMPERIAL EMBRYO
WAS CREATED. PERHAPS IT WOULD BE A SUPERIOR MUTANT...?



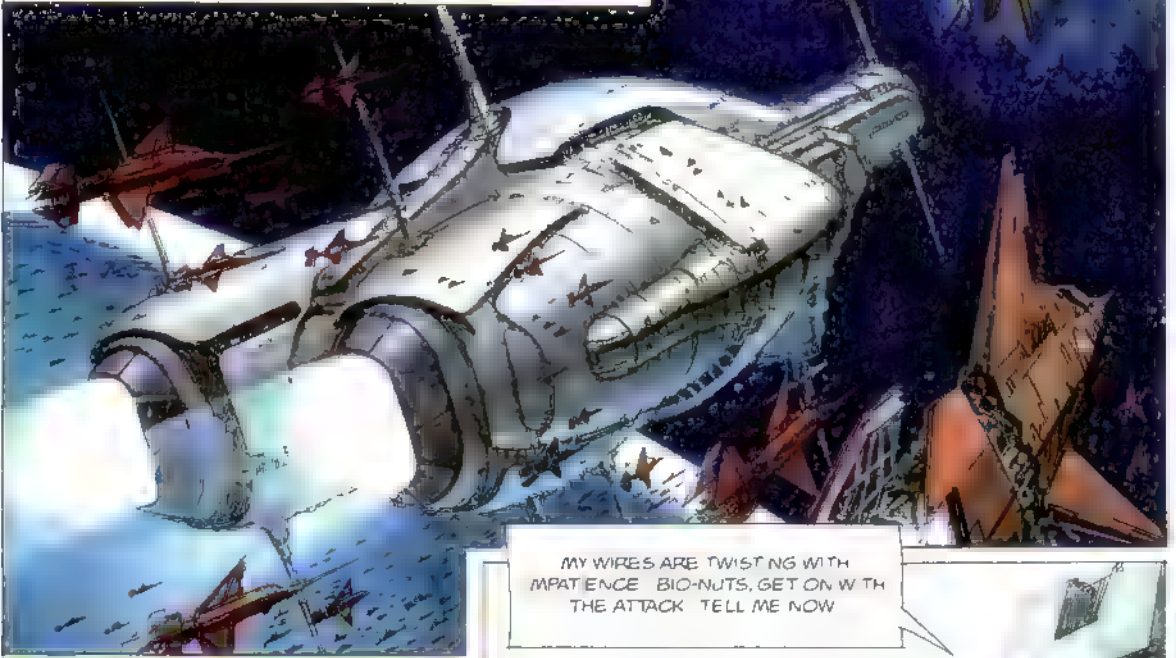
SIAMESE TWINS, MALE AND FEMALE, JOINED
AT THE NECK AND SHOULDERS



JANUS-JANA... EMPERORESS, AND
FUTURE MASTER OF THE GALAXY?

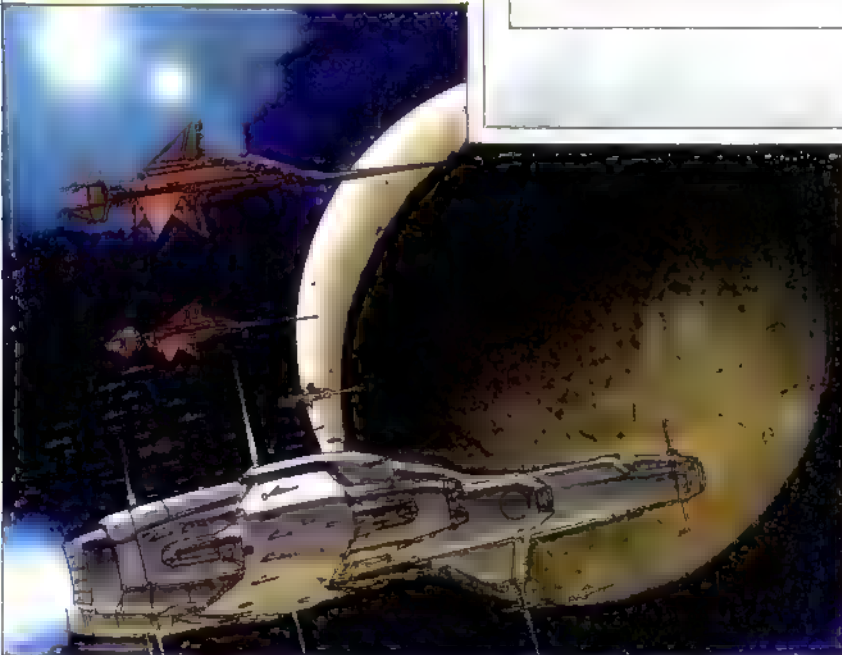


IN ORDER TO TRANSPORT THE PERFECT ANDROGYNE FROM THE HOSPITAL PLANET TO THE GOLDEN PLANET, HOME OF THE IMPERIAL COUPLE, A FORTRESS-SHIP THE 'MOTHER-COACH', WAS BUILT, AND ASSIGNED THE STRONGEST ESCORT OF PURPLE ENDGUARDS THAT HAD EVER BEEN ASSEMBLED

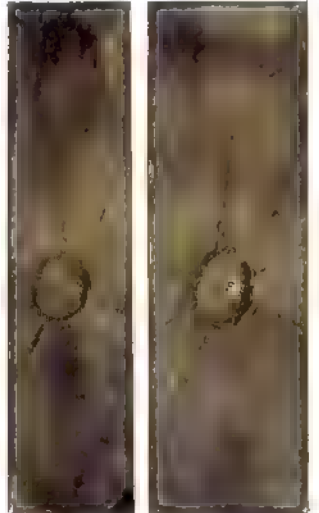
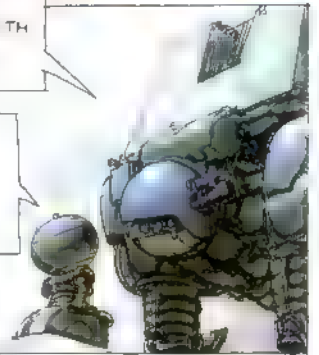


MY WIRES ARE TWISTING WITH IMPATIENCE. BIO-NUTS, GET ON WITH THE ATTACK. TELL ME NOW.

A PIRATE MEGA SPACECRAFT-CARRIER, DISGUISED AS A PLANET...



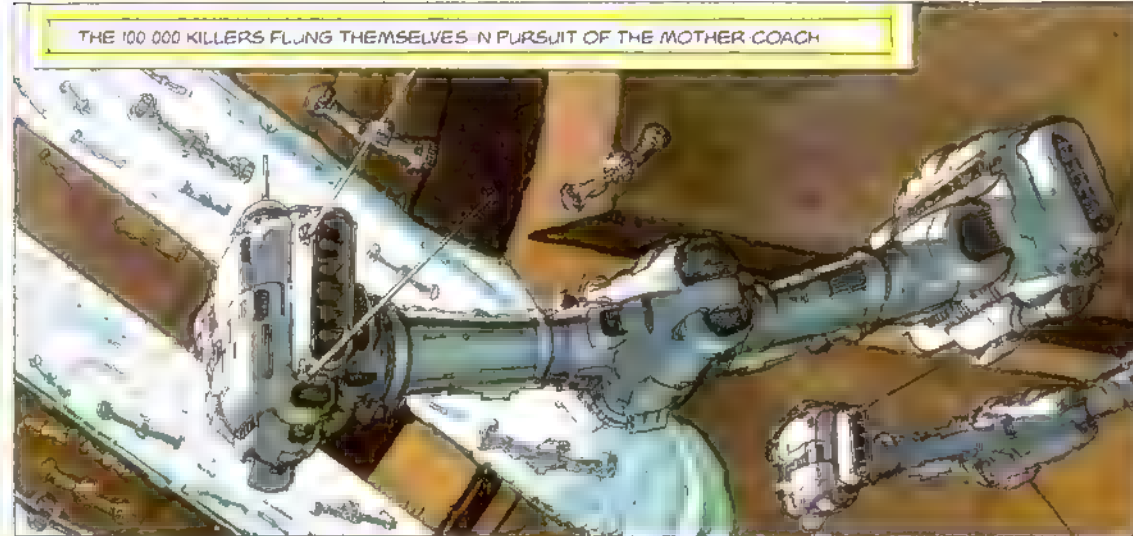
SILENCE YOUR VOCODER, YOU IGNORANT ROBOT UNPROGRAMMED WITH GOOD MANNERS! JUST LISTEN!



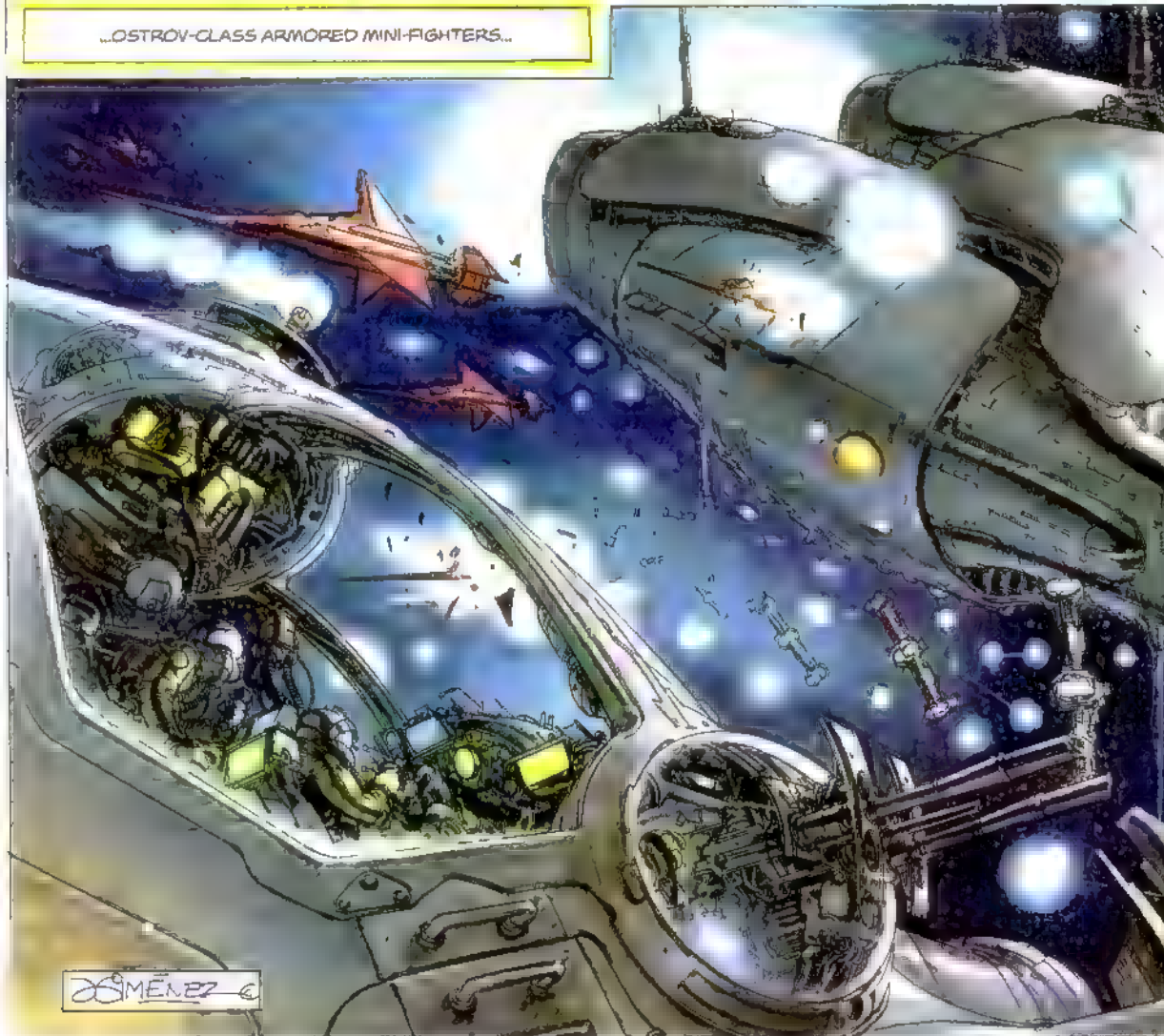
FROM HIS COUNTERFEIT PLANET, NAMAR LAUNCHED A SWARM OF



THE 100 000 KILLERS FLUNG THEMSELVES IN PURSUIT OF THE MOTHER COACH



...OSTROV-CLASS ARMORED MINI-FIGHTERS...



THE STARS OF THE HARP CONSTELLATION PALED IN COMPARISON WITH THE BATTLE'S EXPLOSIONS. EACH PURPLE LANCET HAD TO FACE A CLOUD OF BLOODTHIRSTY MOSQUITOES.



DOMÉNEZ ©

THE BATTLE THREATENED TO RAGE FOR MONTHS. THE EKONOMAT AND THE COLONIAL PLANETS REFRAINED FROM REQUESTING REINFORCEMENTS, WAITING FOR THE PIRATES TO WIN SO AS TO REPURCHASE THE PERFECT ANDROGYNE FROM THEM LATER, AND THEN SEIZE POWER.



BIO-CORRUPTION MAKES ME PUKE, BUT IT DOESN'T SURPRISE ME! HOW COULD BODIES DESIGNED TO ROT AND BE FOOD FOR WORMS EVER UNDERSTAND OUR SUPERIOR ROBOTIC INTEGRITY?

THE DISMAYED EMPEROR AND EMPRESS DECIDED TO MAKE A PUBLIC APPEAL TO THE CIVILIAN POPULATION FOR HELP.

ATTENTION PLEASE!

WORK AS HARD AS I DO, METALLIC DOGS! WITH ANGER, AND WITH RESENTMENT! THIS SHIP WILL MAKE UP FOR THE LOSS OF MY ORGAN! I WILL DEFEAT THEM ALL!

WHAT A MIRACLE! THE MASTER SPEAKS AGAIN..

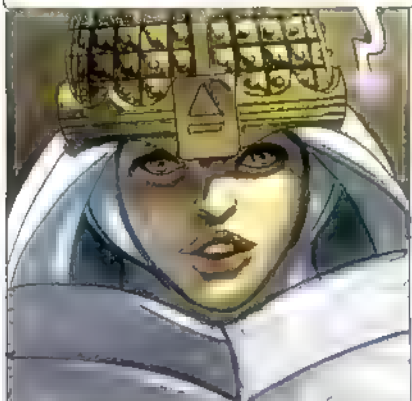
ATTENTION TELE-BROADCASTERS THROUGHOUT THE GALAXY AN URGENT MESSAGE LIVE FROM THE GOLDEN PLANET!

WE, YOUR IMPERIAL MAJESTIES, ISSUE AN URGENT APPEAL FOR HELP, INVITING ALL OUR SUBJECTS TO PARTICIPATE IN ELIMINATING THESE CONTEMPTIBLE PIRATES..

WHAT GOOD IS ALL THIS EXCITEMENT? ADVANCE TOO QUICKLY AND YOU CATCH UP WITH DEATH... ADVANCE TOO SLOWLY AND DEATH CATCHES UP WITH YOU!



BRING US YOUR IDEAS FOR WINNING THE BATTLE! ANY STRATEGY THAT ALLOWS US TO BRING AN END TO THIS STAND-OFF WILL BE MAGNIFICENTLY REWARDED!

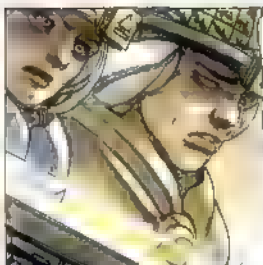


PALEO CHRIST! THE EMPIRE HAS BECOME NOTHING MORE THAN A SEETHING DEN OF TRAITORS. THE IMPERIAL COUPLE HAS BEEN FORCED TO CALL UPON THE HELP OF CIVILIANS... HOW HUMILIATING!

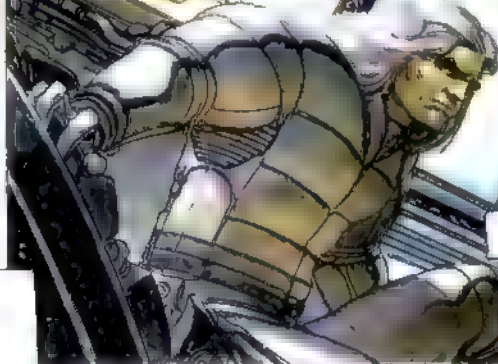


OTHON VON SALZA, EASILY DODGING THE POLY-RADARS, QUANTUM SENSORS AND PHOTONIC BARRIERS, ENTERED THE PURE OXYGEN ATMOSPHERE OF THE GOLDEN PLANET. SECURE IN ITS INVINCIBILITY, THE PLANET GLOWED LIKE A GOLDEN SUN.

WE DESPERATELY NEED ALL THE PEOPLE IN OUR VAST EMPIRE TO PROTECT THE SACRED EGG!



OUR CHILD... IS THE LINK THAT WILL UNITE ALL FACTIONS! THE MESSIAH OF REASON!



GRUITS COMPLETE

DEFENSES IN PLACE

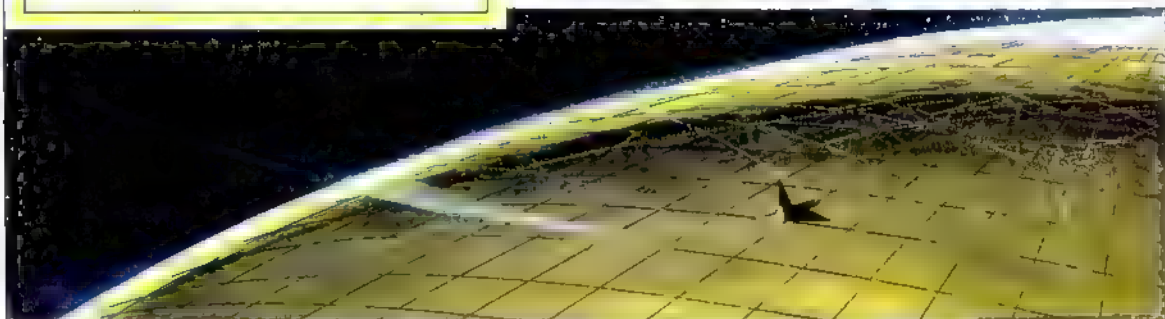
SCANNERS ACTIVATED

WEAPONS CHARGED

MY INSTINCT WILL GUIDE THIS SHIP...



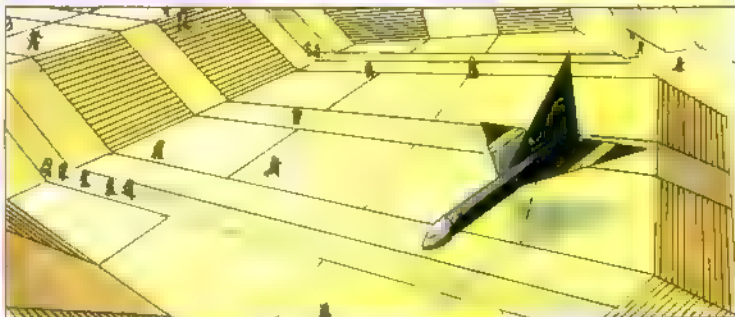
I'LL SHOW THEM A THING OR TWO! THOSE "GREAT" WARRIORS ARE MORE IMPOTENT THAN I AM!



LIKE A LOFTY CROW, SILENT AND INVISIBLE, HE PASSED ABOVE THE GOLDEN CITIES...



AND, MEETING NO RESISTANCE WHATSOEVER, LANDED ON THE STEPS OF THE IMPERIAL PALACE...



THUS PROVOKING THE GREATEST SCANDAL IN THE HISTORY OF THE GALACTIC MILITARY FORCES

HAVE NO FEAR! I COME IN PEACE!

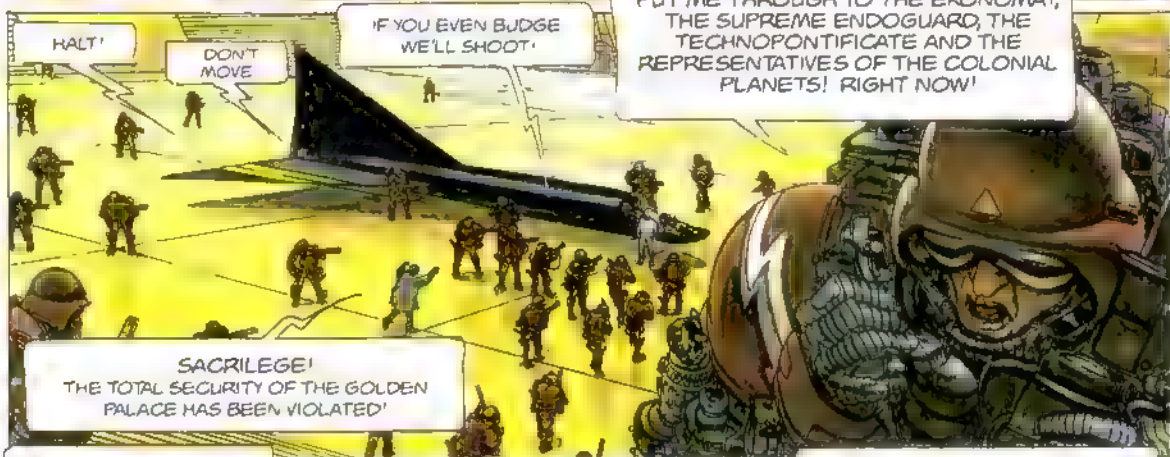


PUT ME THROUGH TO THE EKONOMAT, THE SUPREME ENDOGUARD, THE TECHNOPONTIFICATE AND THE REPRESENTATIVES OF THE COLONIAL PLANETS! RIGHT NOW!

HALT!

DON'T MOVE

IF YOU EVEN BUDGE WE'LL SHOOT!



SACRILEGE!
THE TOTAL SECURITY OF THE GOLDEN PALACE HAS BEEN VIOLATED!

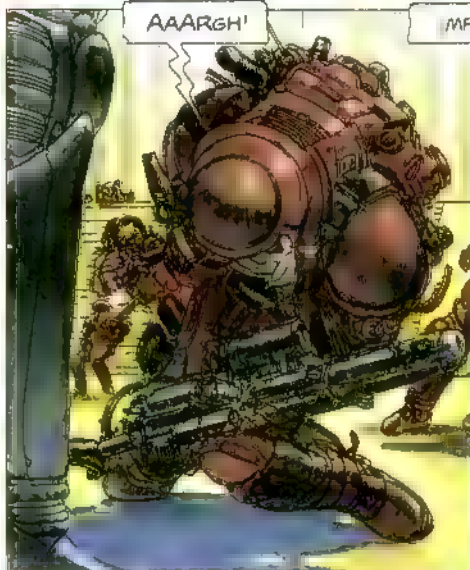
HOW DID YOU GET HERE?
WHO ARE YOU?

I WILL SPEAK ONLY IN THE PRESENCE OF THEIR IMPERIAL MAJESTIES!

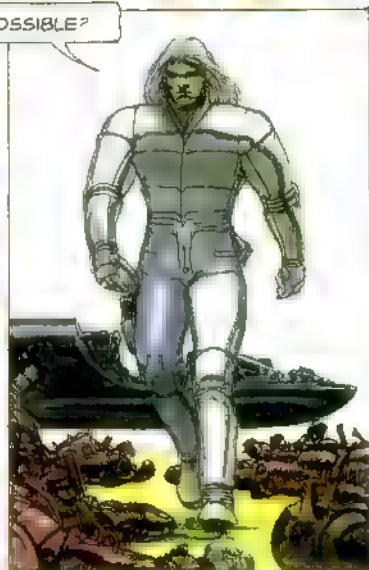


IMPOSSIBLE! THE
IMPERIAL COUPLE DOES
NOT G VE AUDIENCE TO
STRANGERS!

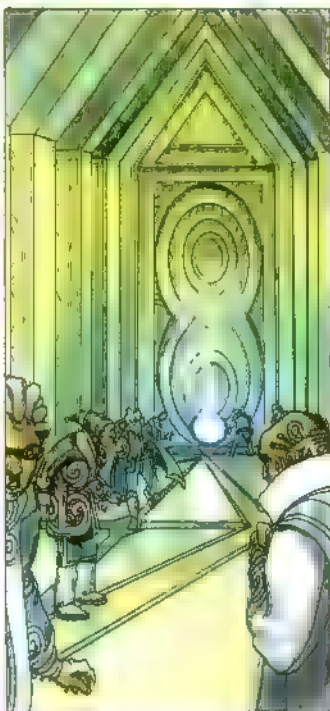
IMPOSSIBLE?



AAARGH!

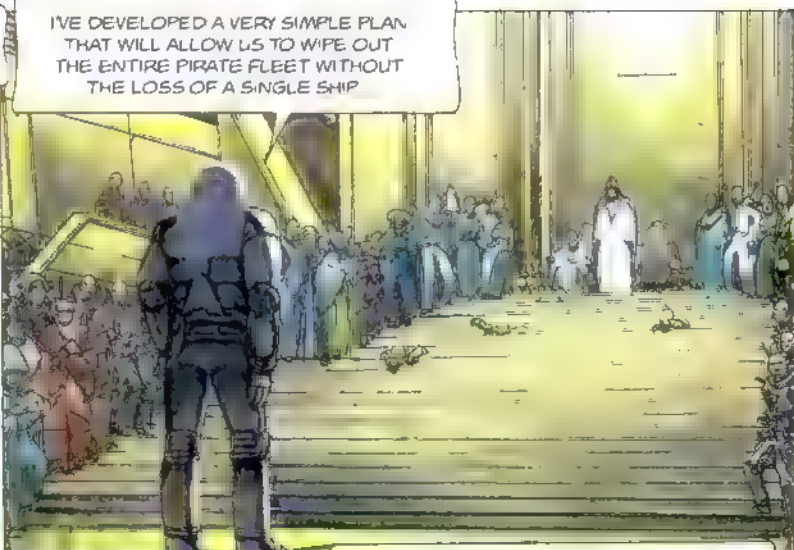


IMPOSSIBLE?



YOUR MAJESTIES, I AM THE ONE
YOU'VE BEEN WAITING FOR!

I'VE DEVELOPED A VERY SIMPLE PLAN
THAT WILL ALLOW US TO WIPE OUT
THE ENTIRE PIRATE FLEET WITHOUT
THE LOSS OF A SINGLE SHIP



THE 'IMPERIAL COUPLE, WON OVER BY OTHON'S
SCANDALOUS ENTRANCE AND BY THE
ASTONISHING CLEVERNESS OF HIS PLAN,
IMMEDIATELY ENTRUSTED HIM WITH THE
COMMAND OF THE 50 ENDOWARD SHIPS STILL
REMAINING ON THE GOLDEN PLANET.

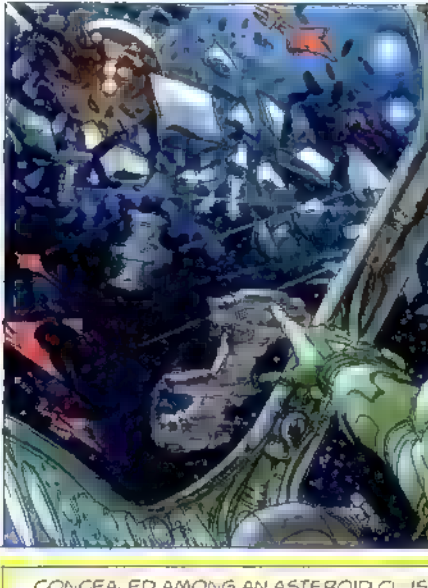
50 IMPERIAL VESSELS AGAINST 100,000
PIRATE PREDATORS! INSANE! JUST
IMAGINE! I CAN FEEL MY OIL STARTING
TO OVERHEAT... I THINK I'M GOING TO
FRY A DIODE...



WITH THE SMALL AND
STRANGELY CAMOUFLAGED
FLEET UNDER HIS COMMAND,
OTHON VON SALZA DID NOT SET
HIS SIGHTS UPON THE
FORTRESS SHIP THAT HELD THE
PERFECT ANDROGYNE, BUT OF
COURSE UPON...

...THE MEGA-CARRIER, THE ROVING PIRATE HOME BASE, WHICH HE
ATTACKED WITHOUT DELAY...



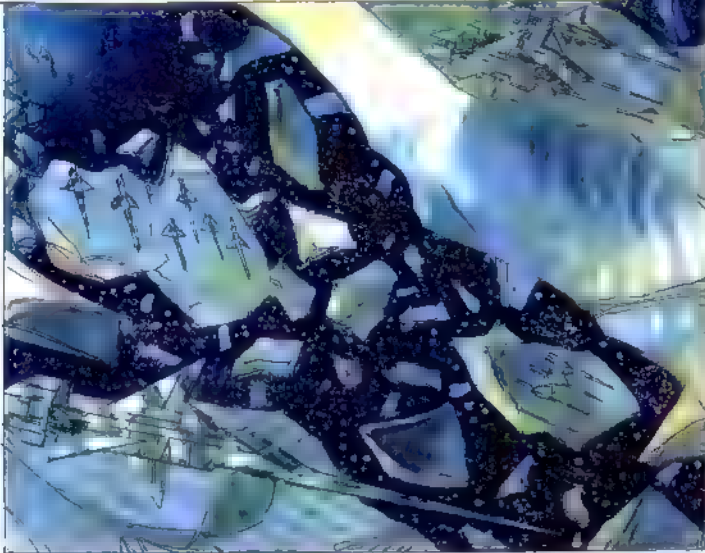


FORGING THE ENEMY HORDE TO ABANDON GUARD OF THE MOTHER COACH TO COME TO THE DEFENSE OF THE R BASE

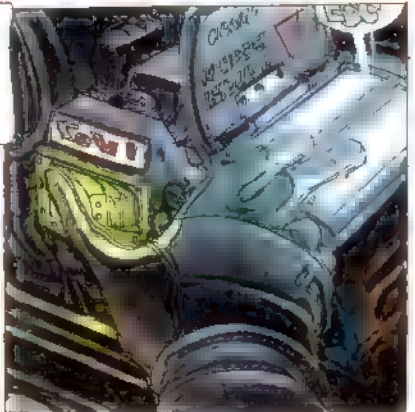
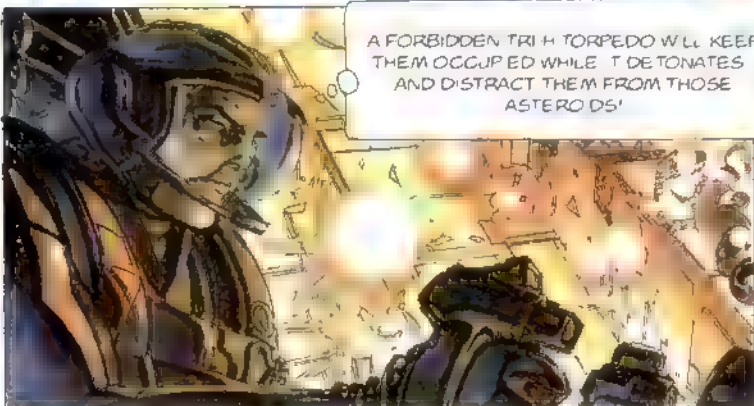


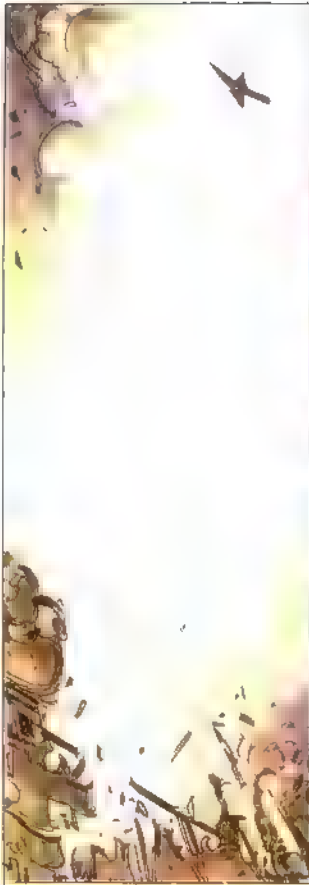
WHILE OTHON CONTINUED BOMBARDING THE ARTIFICIAL PLANET

CONCEALED AMONG AN ASTEROID CLUSTER THAT WAS CROSSING THE PATH OF THE MURDEROUS ARMADA, THE 50 ENDOCRAFT WAITED



A FORBIDDEN TRI-H TORPEDO WILL KEEP THEM OCCUPIED WHILE IT DETONATES AND DISTRACT THEM FROM THOSE ASTEROIDS!





THEY'RE ATTACKING OUR BASE WITH TRIDENT TORPEDOES! THAT'S ILLEGAL! IT'S DESICABLE! THERE'S NO TIME TO LOSE! WE MUST CHASE THEM THROUGH THE ASTEROIDS!

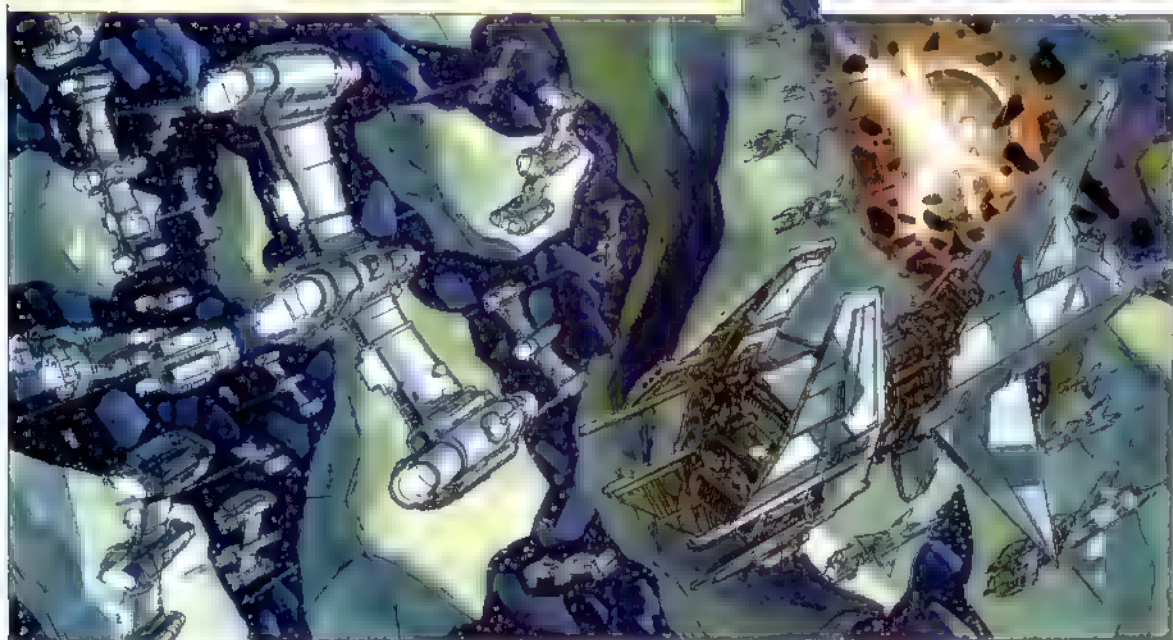
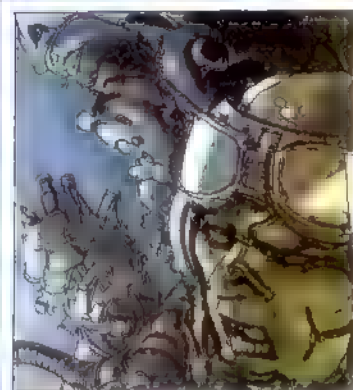



ATTENTION ALL UNITS! ABORT DEFENSIVE MANEUVERS! HEAD FOR THE ASTEROIDS!

WE WILL FULVERIZE THESE UNSCRUPULOUS ATTACKERS!



AND WHILE THE PREDATORS CONVERGED AMONG THE ASTEROIDS THE SO ENDOCRRAFT SCATTERED AS SILENTLY AS A FLOCK OF OWLS IN THE NIGHT





SETTING OFF THE FB3 BOMBS THAT THEY
HAD HIDDEN WITHIN THE FISSURES OF THE
ANCIENT ROCKS

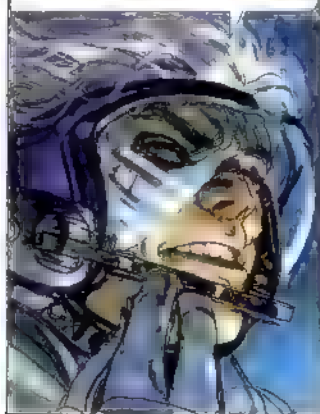
NOT A SINGLE PIRATE SURVIVED. THE FALSE PLANET
WAS FORCED TO SURRENDER. THE UNFLAGGING
OTHON ASKED THE EMPEROR FOR THE HONOR OF
JOINING THE MOTHER COACH'S ESCORT. THIS
HONOR WAS GRANTED TO HIM

SPECIAL PERMIT 6K975M325, BARON
OTHON VON SALZA OF PLANET
OKHAR, IN THE DIAMOND
CONSTELLATION PLEASE
CONFIRM

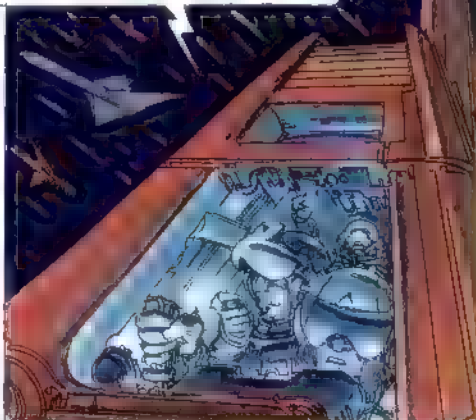
PHEWWE! PAUSE YOUR STORY THERE
FOR A MOMENT, MY DIODES HAVE FINALLY
FRED! I'M GOING TO HAVE TO DRINK
A DOUBLE DOSE OF ULTRA-COOLANT!
WHAT AN ADVENTURE!

AFFIRMATIVE! TAKE YOUR
PLACE AT THE REAR!

AT THE REAR? AN IMPERIAL
COMMENDATION SHOULD
GRANT ME FAR MORE
RESPECTFUL TREATMENT!



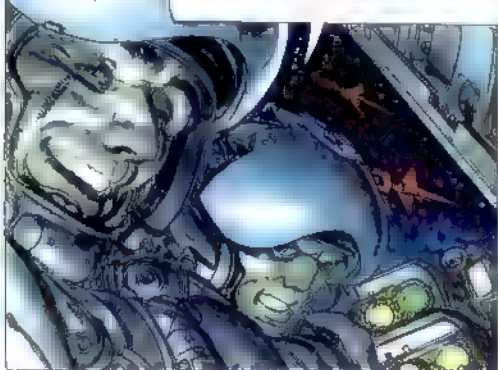
HAVE JET FUMES GONE TO YOUR
BRAIN, 'KAMAR'? TAKE THE SPOT
WE'VE ASSIGNED YOU



SHOW SOME RESPECT
AM NOT YOUR
'KAMAR'! I HOLD THE
TITLE OF BARON

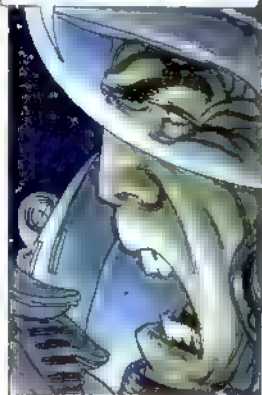


HEH HEH HEH

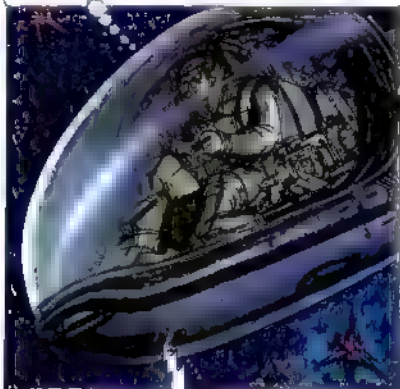


'BARON' INDEED... WHY DON'T
YOU ASK US TO PUT YOU AT THE
HEAD OF THE ESCORT WHILE
YOU'RE AT IT?

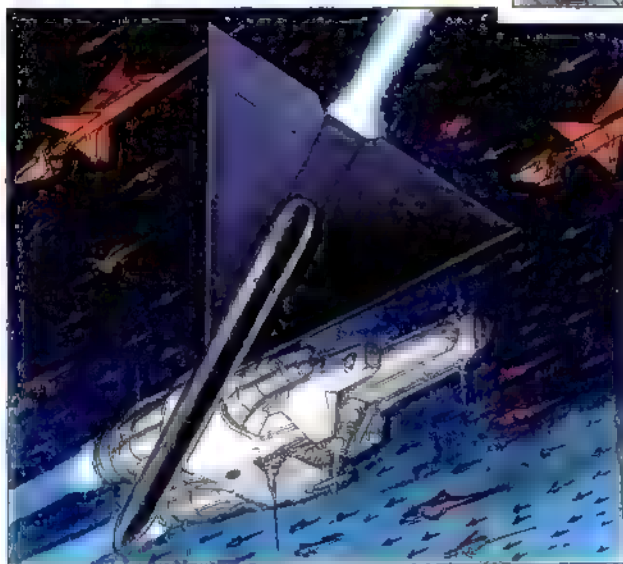
NOW TAKE YOUR PLACE
AT THE REAR OR GO
TO THE PALEO-DEVIL!

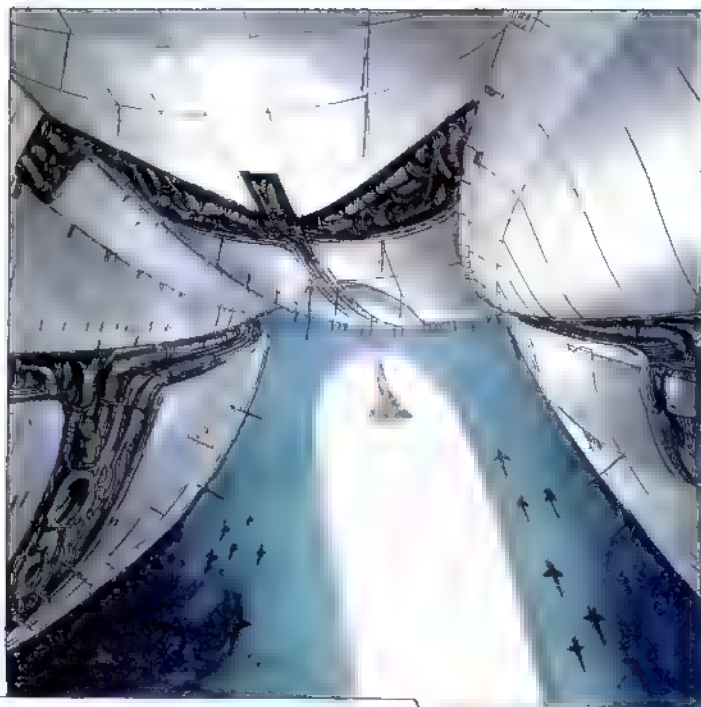
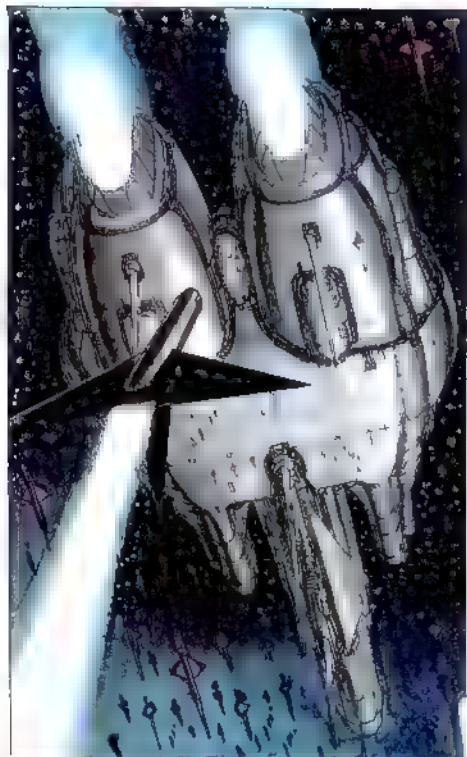


THOSE SELF-IMPORTANT JERKS
THINK THEY CAN GET AWAY WITH
ANYTHING! ... I'M SURE THEY IMAGINE
THE PRATES SURRENDERED AT THE
MERESIGHT OF THEM! ... AND THAT
THEY'LL REAP ALL THE PRAISE WHEN
THEY GET BACK. THE IMPERIAL
COURT IS SHOWING ITSELF
UNGRATEFUL. ... I'LL SHOW THEM WHAT
BARON VON SALZA IS MADE OF



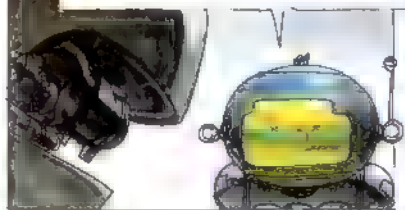
ORDERS ACKNOWLEDGED! WILL
CARRY OUT MANEUVERS TO TAKE
POSITION, OVER AND OUT



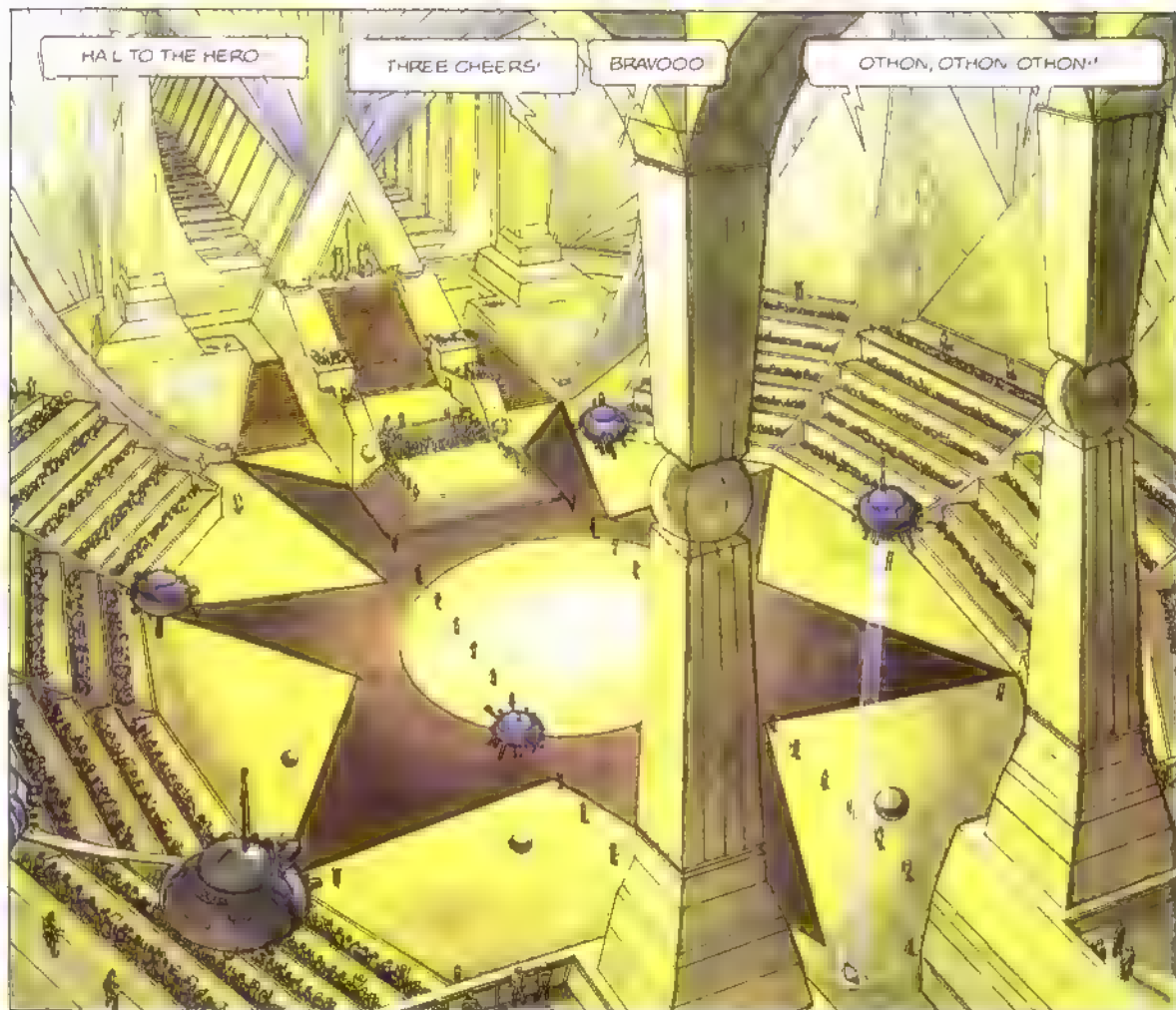


OH, HIS CASTRATION MUST HAVE MADE HIM INSANE, DARING TO MOCK THE MOTHER-COACH THAT WAY... THE VERY THOUGHT OF IT IS CRAMPING MY CIRCUITRY!

EITHER IT MADE HIM INSANE, OR IT MADE HIM A MASTER STRATEGIST... BEFORE THE LANCETS COULD REACT, THE BARON HAD MADE OFF WITH THE SACRED EGG...



...AND WAS HURTLING TOWARDS THE GOLDEN PLANET AT A HYPER-LIGHT SPEED THAT HAS NEVER SINCE BEEN MATCHED

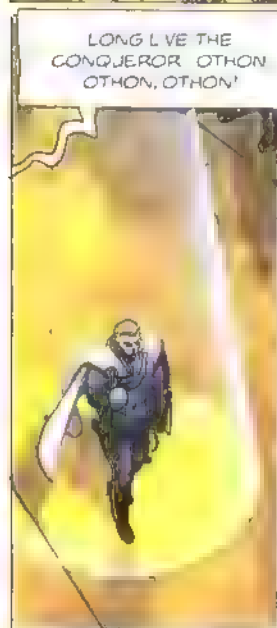


HAL TO THE HERO

THREE CHEERS'

BRAV000

OTHON, OTHON OTHON!!



LONG LIVE THE
CONQUEROR OTHON
OTHON, OTHON!



HYPOCRITES THEY WERE ALL
DREAMING OF BETRAYAL, AND
OF STEALING THE EGG! THEY
DISGUST ME



FOR HAVING FULLY DEMONSTRATED YOURSELF TO BE THE GREATEST WARRIOR IN THE GALAXY, THE EMPIRE BESTOWS UPON YOU AND YOUR DESCENDANTS THE TITLE OF

MY DESCENDANTS? ARE THEY MOCKING ME? OR COULD THEY POSSIBLY NOT KNOW?

...METABARON!

BRAVO

BRAVVO!

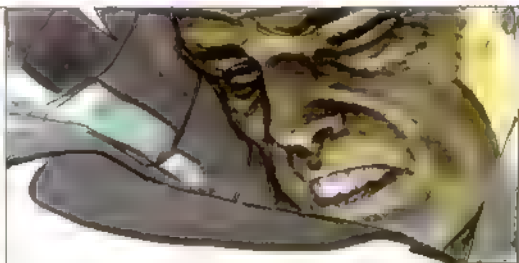
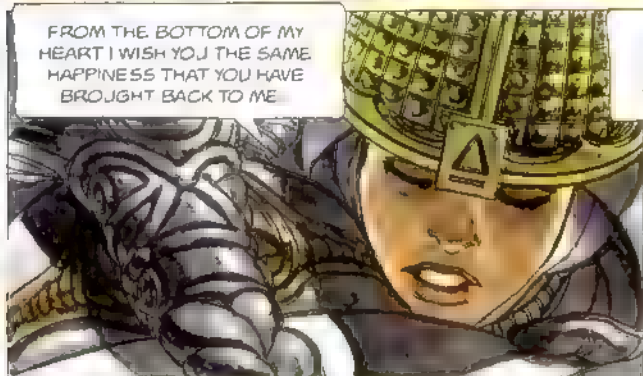
MANY THANKS, GREAT WARRIOR

BRAVO!



FROM THE BOTTOM OF MY HEART I WISH YOU THE SAME HAPPINESS THAT YOU HAVE BROUGHT BACK TO ME

HAVE EVERYTHING DESIRE, YOUR MAJESTY, AND YET MY HEART IS EMPTY. NOTHING WILL MAKE ME HAPPY ANYMORE. I AM A WARRIOR NEEDED, BUT NOT A MAN.



HEREBY VOW TO SEARCH THROUGHOUT THE GALAXY TO FIND A GIFT WHICH WILL FULFILL YOU

MIGHT YOU BE INTENDING TO SEND ME ANOTHER HORSE? (1) DON'T GO TO THE TROUBLE, YOUR MAJESTY... A BRANCH THAT IS BROKEN WILL NEVER GROW AGAIN.



SEE ARVID # THE LAST STAND

AH, TONTO! I ENVY HUMANS ONLY ONE THING,
AND THAT IS THEIR TEARS! I AM BESIEGED BY
INTERNAL FEELINGS OF DISTRESS, BUT
CANNOT SHOW THEM ON THE OUTSIDE

WHAT DO YOU EXPECT ME TO DO, LOTHAR? PRAISE
YOUR EXQUISITE SENSITIVITY? YOU INCURRABLY
NARCISSISTIC MACHINE! HAVE YOU NEVER HEARD
THAT FAMOUS SAYING BY THE FIRST IN THE LINE OF
ARTIFICIAL BRAINS 'ALL THAT WHICH WE CALL 'DEAD'
IS Liable TO BE REBORN?' SILENCE YOUR INTERNAL
CLAMORINGS, AND LISTEN.

ONE FINE SPRING EVENING, AS
SWARMS OF WINGED CATS FLUTTERED
TO AND FRO, GUZZLING THE NECTAR
OF THE 'FLOWER THAT SINGS ONLY
ONCE', AND WHILE OTHON, ON HIS
OWN, RODE SHAZAM AS HE THOUGHT
OF BARI, HIS DEAD SON...

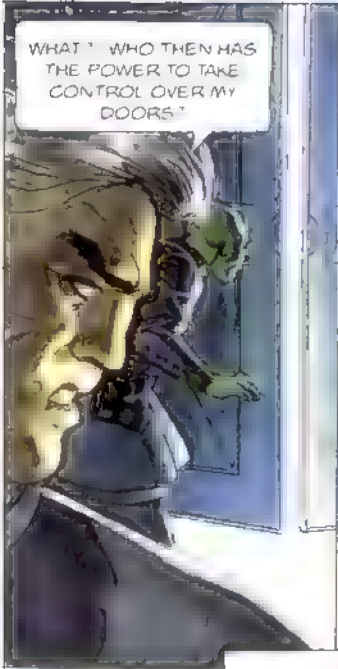
AN IMPERIAL VESSEL
ARRIVED, BEARING THE
PROMISED GIFT...

OTHON GALLOPED TOWARDS THE SHELTER
OF HIS FORTRESS. HE REFUSED TO FACE
ANY MORE DISAPPOINTMENTS...

AND HE SHUT HIMSELF UP IN HIS GREAT HALL OF WEAPONS.

ORDER THAT THOSE
DOORS MAY NOT BE
OPENED FOR ANY
REASON! I WILL
RECEIVE NO ONE!

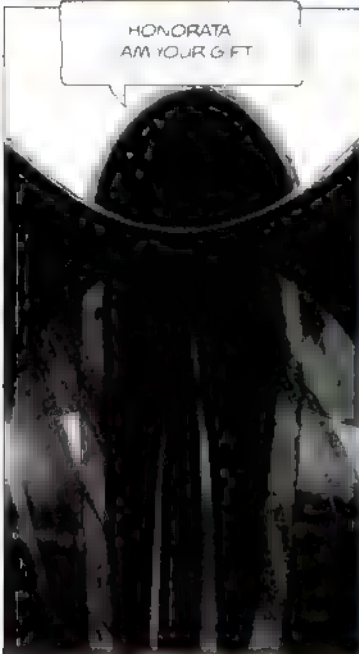
VERY WELL,
MASTER.



WHAT? WHO THEN HAS
THE POWER TO TAKE
CONTROL OVER MY
DOORS?



STOP, OR I SHOOT!
WHO GOES THERE?



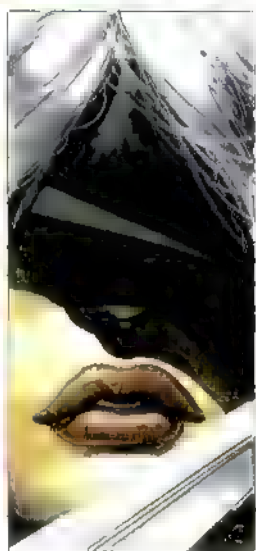
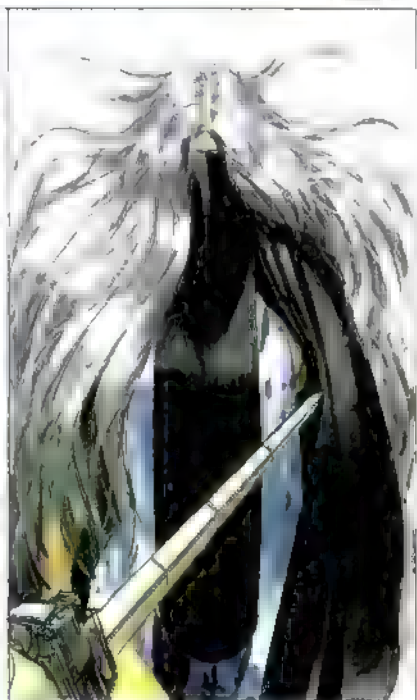
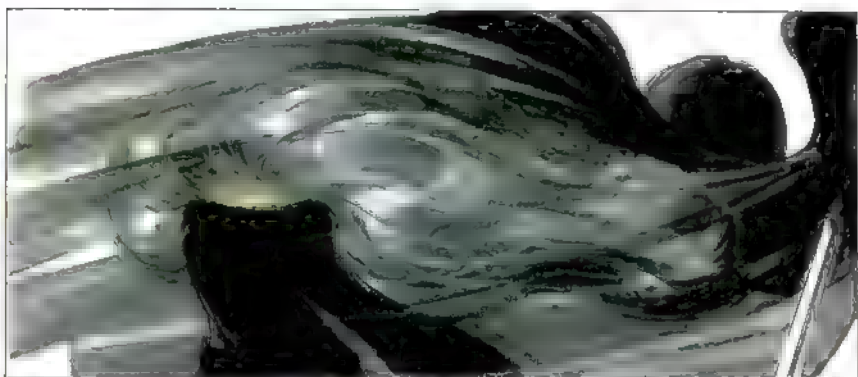
HONORATA
AM YOUR GIFT

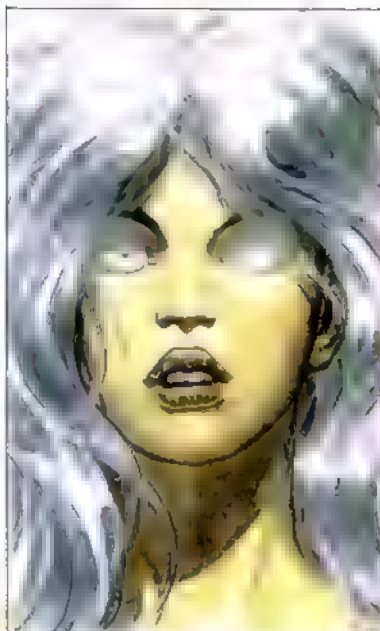
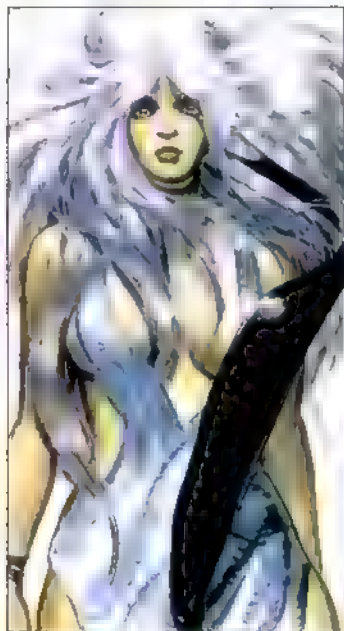


OH A BLOSSOM OF THE KINGDOM
OF MYSTERIES!

YOU MEAN A WHORE
PRIESTESS OF THE
SHABDA-ODD!

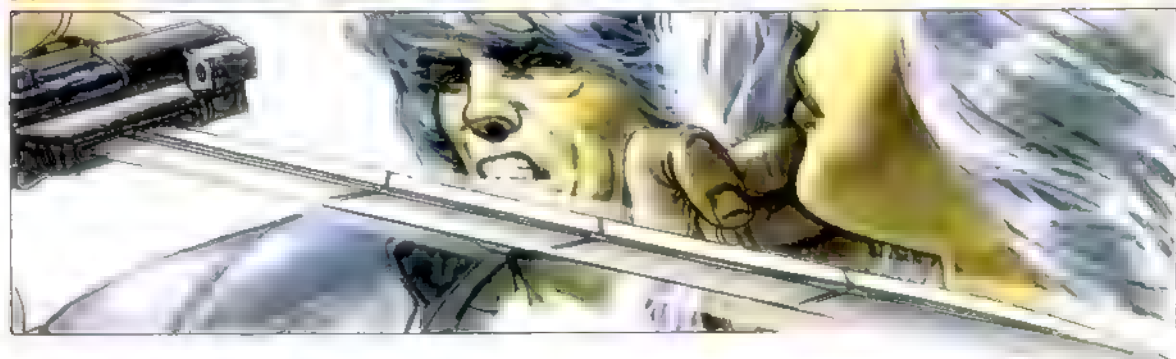
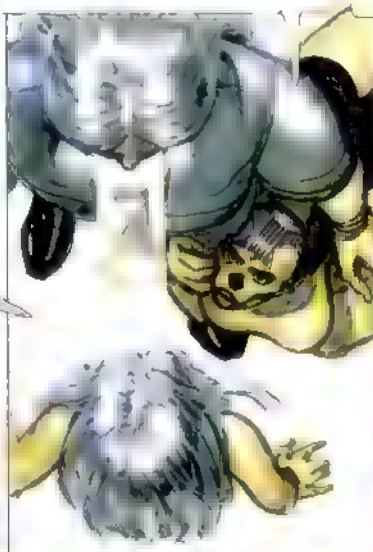






BEWARE MASTER! ALL
SHABDA OJDS ARE WITCHES

KILL HER MASTER! DON'T
DELAY AN INSTANT



To be continued in the next episode. **Honorata, The Sorceress...**



#4 MAY 2008

\$2.95 US
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The Metabarons™



Honorata, The Sorceress

Jodorowsky Gimenez Mæbius®

The Metabarons™

Previously, in The Metabarons:

Castrated and suffering from having accidentally killed his own son, Othon von Salza turns his back on pure martial arts in order to develop the first Metabaronic weapons. With no regrets, the cruel and solitary Othon sacrifices the natural beauty of Okhar and transforms the rustic Castaka fortress into a taxi-protonic tower, where he lives with the two daughters of his faithful servant.

One day the news is announced that scientists have achieved the long-awaited miracle: the creation of embryos of androgynous siamese twins from an ovum of the Empress, fertilized by the sperm of the now-sterile Emperor. As a horde of pirates falls upon the priceless Imperial offspring, the Emperor makes an appeal for help from all his faithful subjects. Othon regains his taste for life by declaring battle on the evil pirates. He breaches all the Emperor's security on the Golden Planet to present his plan in person. Putting the most advanced technology into the service of his trickery, Othon wipes out all the pirates and restores the Imperial egg to its parents. Othon is knighted Metabaron by the Emperor. The Empress promises to scour the entire galaxy to find a gift that might fulfill the castrated warrior.

One night on Okhar, while Othon sadly rides Ban's horse, a Snabba-Oud priestess named Honorata, introduces herself as being sent by the Empress. Despite her reputation as a witch, she is a magnificent and desirable woman, who entrances Othon. But the warrior's jealous servants bring him back to reality and Othon gets ready to cut the witch's throat...

Story by Alexandro Jodorowsky. Art, color and cover by Juan Gimenez.

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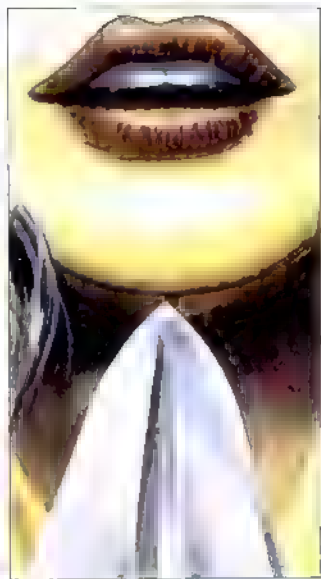
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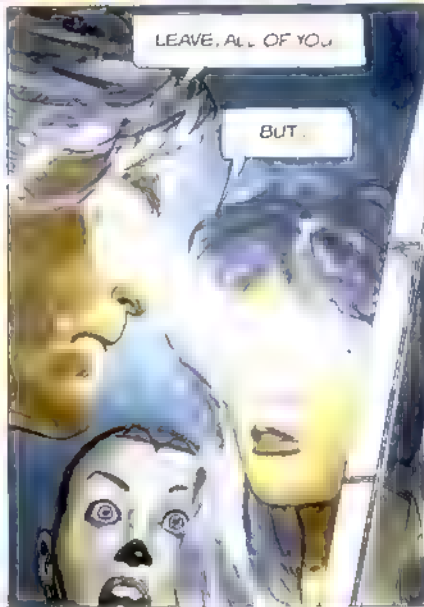
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WWW.

IF SUCH IS YOUR DESIRE
THEN DO IT. I BELONG TO YOU.



SHE'S HYPNOTIZED
HIM! HE'S FALLEN
UNDER HER SPELL!



LEAVE, ALL OF YOU.

BUT...



OUT, SAY, OR I'LL CHOP OFF
YOUR HEADS!



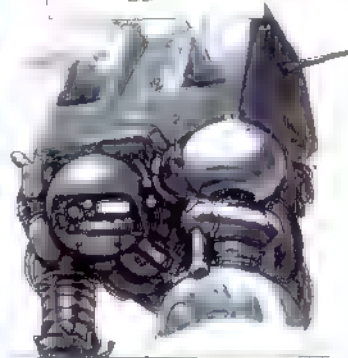
THAT VERY NIGHT THERE WAS
AN ECLIPSE OF THE MOON...
BILLIONS OF PROTOGLOW-WORMS
PERFORMED A FRANTIC MATING
DANCE THAT LIT UP THE DARKNESS



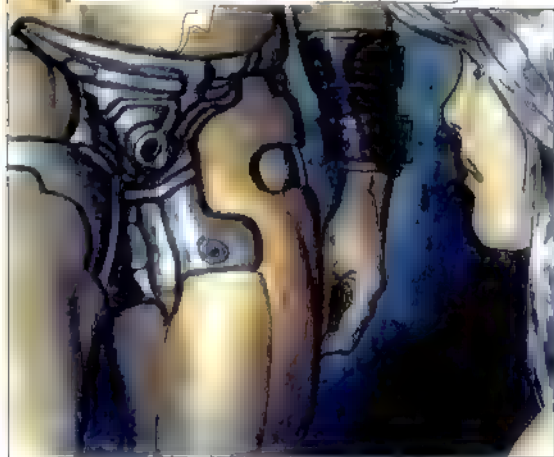
ENOUGH, TONTO! TAKE YOUR POETIC COMMENTARIES
AND SHOVE THEM UP YOUR DRAINAGE VALVE!
HURRY AND TELL ME THE REST, MY ELECTRO-SYNOVIAL FLUID
S STARTING TO BOIL...! DID THE GREAT ANCESTOR FALL IN LOVE?



MADLY IN LOVE
BUT



YOU SEE, HONORATA
OUR UNION IS IMPOSSIBLE... DESTINY
HAS MADE A MOCKERY OF ME





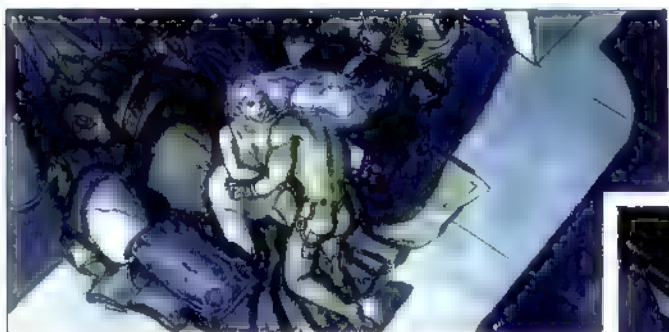
THE ECLIPSE
IS FINISHING



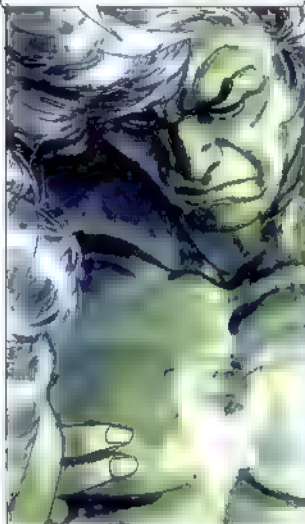
DESTINY DEMANDS THAT
I BE YOURS FOREVER



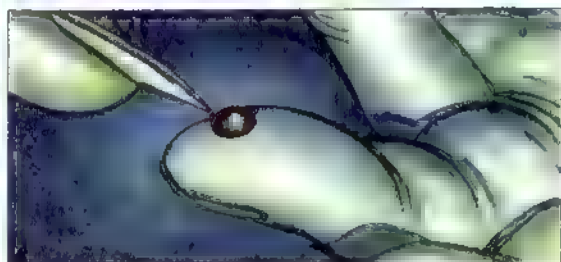
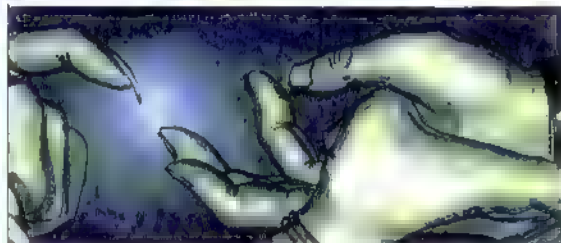
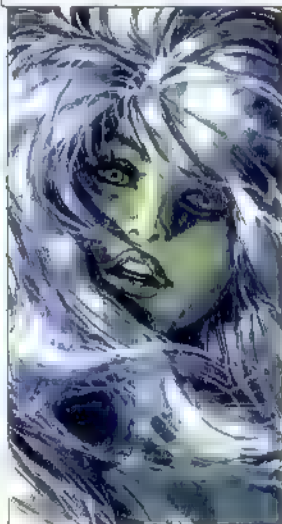
IT IS TOO LATE
YOU WILL NEVER BEAR ME
A SON I AM THE LAST
OF THE VON SALZAS




I WILL NEVER BE ABLE TO
PASS ON THE WHITE CASTAKA
BIRTHMARK



CAN GIVE YOU A SON
A CHILD BORN
OF YOUR BLOOD

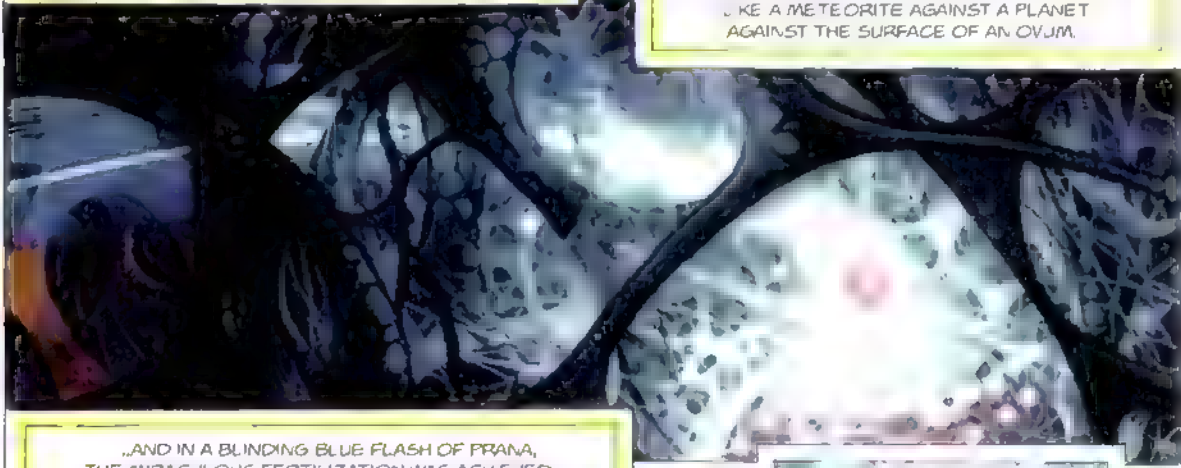




HAVE LINKED MY NERVOUS SYSTEM
TO YOURS. THE PLEASURE I FEEL
WILL BE YOURS AS WELL



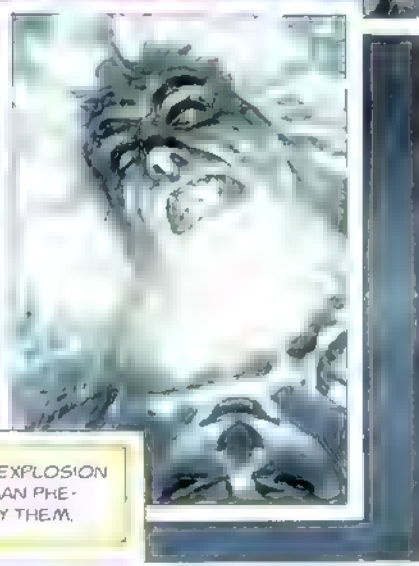

NOW PUT THE DROP OF BLOOD
INTO ME



AND, BORNE BY THE TREMENDOUS WAVE
OF PLEASURE SHARED BY MAN AND WOMAN,
THE PURPLE DROPLET ATTAINED
THE DEPTHS OF HER VAGINA

JOURNEYED THROUGH HER WOMB
DISAPPEARED INTO A FALLOPIAN TUBE AND,
TRANSFORMED BY THE ENDORGASMIC POWER
OF THE SHABDA-OD, FLUNG ITSELF FERVENTLY,
LIKE A METEORITE AGAINST A PLANET
AGAINST THE SURFACE OF AN OVUM.

...AND IN A BLINDING BLUE FLASH OF PRANA,
THE MIRACULOUS FERTILIZATION WAS ACHIEVED



ACCOMPANIED BY AN INDESCRIBABLE EXPLOSION
OF PLEASURE ... A PARTICULARLY HUMAN PHENOMENON,
WHICH I MUST ADMIT I ENVY THEM.

HOURAY! AND SHE GAVE HIM A BEAUTIFUL CHILD, AND THEY LIVED HAPPILY
EVER AFTER, AND SO THE CLAN OF THE ME TABARONS WOULD LIVE ON

STOP HOPPING AROUND MADLY
LIKE A HUMAN HOOKED
ON SILO-PHETAMINES, LOTHAR.
IT'S NOT A FAIRY TALE I'M TELLING,
YOU KNOW

THE BIRTH WAS A TRAGIC EVENT, AND
WAS TO DISRUPT THE CHILD'S WHOLE
EXISTENCE... HAVE YOUR SYSTEM
RELEASE SOME CALMING FLUID, THEN
OPEN YOUR AUDITORY CHANNELS

ONE PEACEFUL MORNING
IN THE NINTH MONTH OF PREGNANCY,
WHILE, AS USUAL,
OTHON WAS OUT WITH SHAZAM

HUFF! HUFF!

MASTER, MASTER
YOU MUST RETURN
TO THE TOWER
IMMEDIATELY

IT ANGERS ME THAT I MUST BRING YOU
DESPAIR AT THE PRECISE MOMENT WHEN
YOUR HEART IS FULL OF JOY... HOWEVER,
IT IS IN THE NATURE OF THINGS THAT
FLOWERS FADE, AND THAT

MMM... WHAT'S
HAPPENING, MISTER?

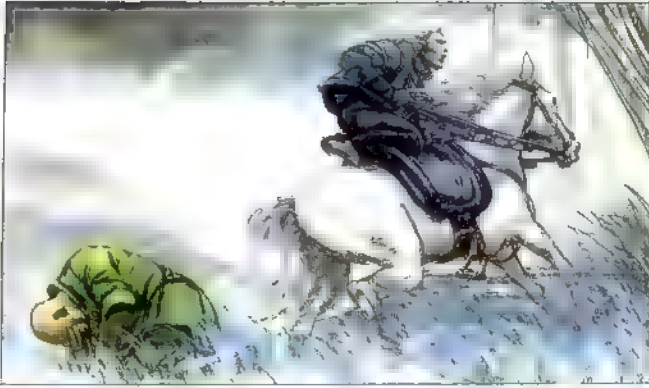
SPEAK! GET TO THE FACTS!
SPARE ME THE CONVOLUTED
METAPHORS OF YOUR KIND!

HE WHO GIVES LIFE IS TRED,
HIS HEART IS FULL OF DISGUST,
AND HE INTENDS THE
ANNIHILATION OF YOUR WIFE
AND MY TWO DAUGHTERS.

WHAT ARE YOU SAYING
YOU WRETCHED MAN?

JEALOUSY, MASTER! MY DAUGHTERS
HAVE SEZED LADY HONORATA
AND NOW DESIRE,
BEFORE THROWING THEMSELVES
WITH HER FROM THE TOP OF YOUR TOWER,
THAT YOU HEAR THE FINAL WORDS
OF LOVE

PALEO-CHRIST!



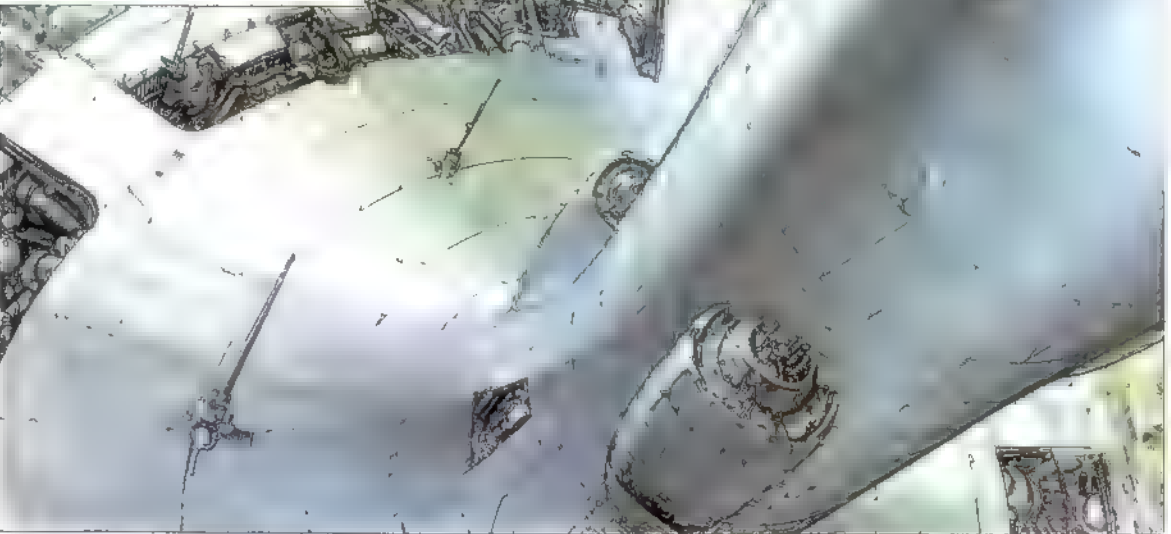
...LOOK AFTER SHAZAM YOU BUNCH OF INCOMPETENTS!

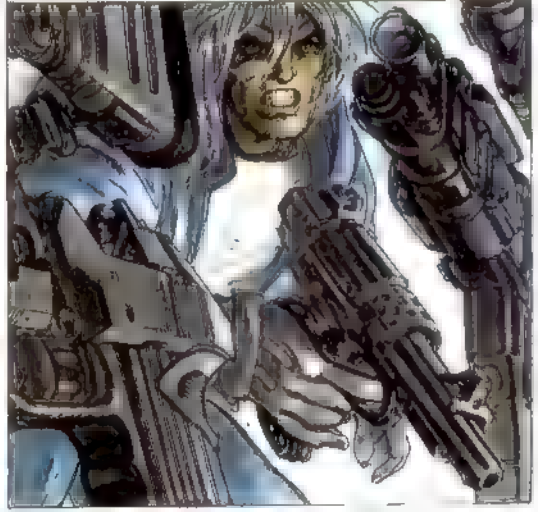


OUR MASTER IS HERE! OH MY SISTER, WE WILL SOON KNOW WHAT JOY IT IS TO DIE UNDER HIS SUBLIME GAZE...

OUR SACRIFICE WILL NOT BE IN VAIN WE WILL SPARE HIM THE PAIN OF HAVING FATHERED A DEMON

TAKE JUST A MOMENT TO THINK, AND ACT WITH YOUR HIGHER BRAINS, INSTEAD OF ON INSTINCTS! FREE YOURSELVES OF THESE PRIMITIVE SUPERSTITIONS AND JEALOUSY! RELEASE ME IMMEDIATELY!





NAN NAN, OH JOYA... STOP!
DO NOT COMMIT THIS MADNESS!
I LOVE YOU BOTH VERY MUCH!
YOU WILL BE PARDONED



ONCE AN ARIZONIAN HAS BEEN FIRED
TUBING CAN GET IT
WE CAN'T GET BACK NOW
FOR THE WE ARE HEADED
TO WHERE WE BELONG

TO THE PLACE FROM WHENCE
NO ONE RETURNS!



WE WILL SOON DEPART. NOTHING IS MADE
TO LAST. WITH THIS WOMAN GONE,
YOU WILL BE FREE FROM HER SPELL.

WHAT SHAME THAT I ALLOWED
THIS PAR OF SAVAGES TO TAKE ME
BY SURPRISE IN MY SLEEP.
NEVER WANTED OTHERS TO SEE ME
IN SUCH A HELPLESS SITUATION

I WILL NEVER BE SAD OF
YOU THAT YOU FATHERED AN
ABOMINATION... YOU WILL
HONOR OUR MEMORY IN
BEAUTIFUL SONGS
FAREWELL, MASTER.. THE
BRIEF TIME WE SPENT BY
YOUR SIDE WILL MAKE THE
ETERNAL NIGHT EASY FOR
US. NOW THAT YOU ARE
HERE, WE CAN DEPART



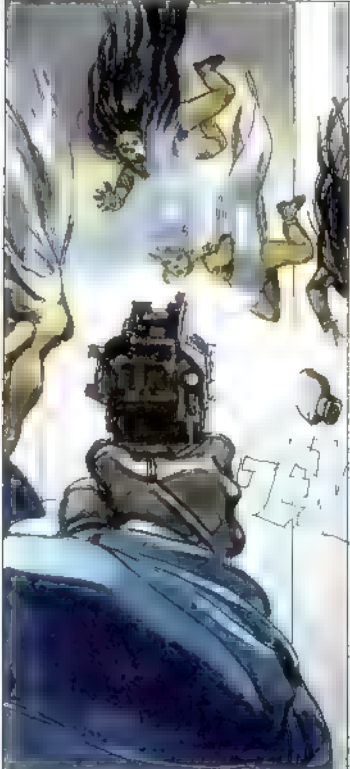
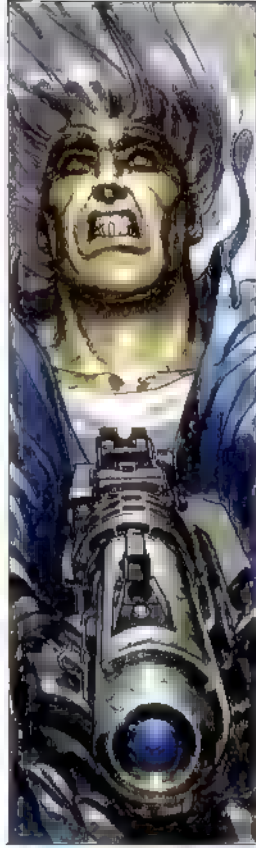
WE WILL FREE YOUR EYES, WHORE-PRIESTESS,
SO THAT YOU MAY DIE WITH DIGNITY,
LOOKING DEATH IN THE FACE

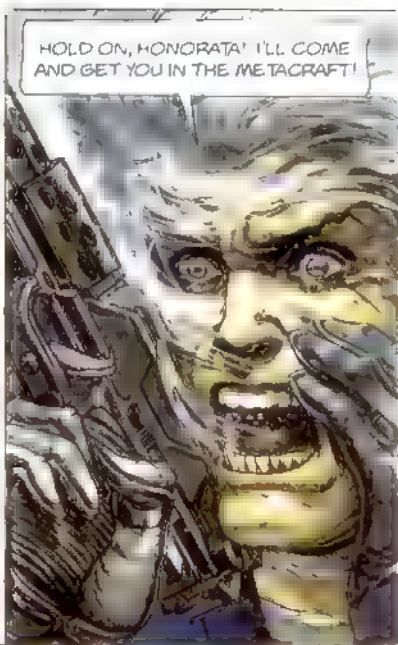
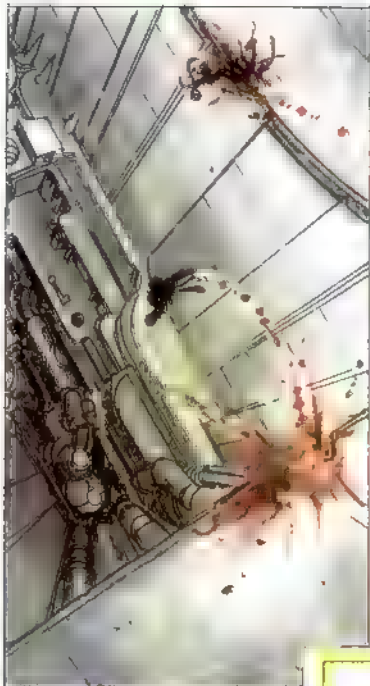
AND DEATH
IS SOMETHING YOU
CANNOT HYPNOTIZE



NOOOO!

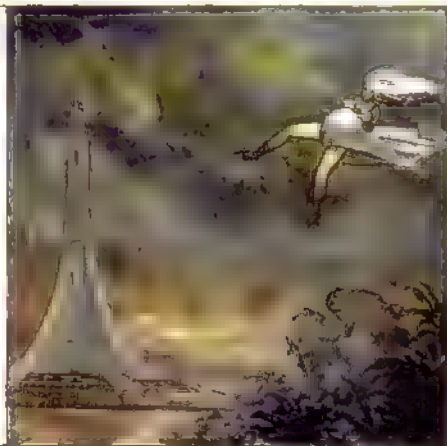






THE EPYPHYTE INJECTED
BY THE DART WILL KEEP
HER BODY AFLOAT,
BUT THE WIND IS CARRYING
HER AWAY

HOLD ON, HONORATA! I'LL COME
AND GET YOU IN THE METACRAFT!

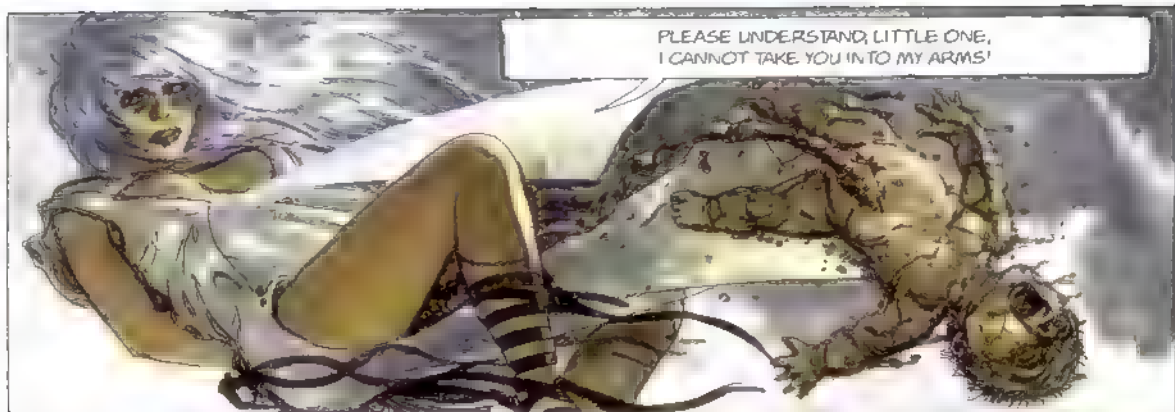


OH, BIO-CRAPH!
SAVE YOUR POETIC
DIGRESSIONS FOR LATER
AND JUST TELL ME
WHAT HAPPENED NEXT
MY INDUCTORS
ARE TREMBLING
IN ANTICIPATION

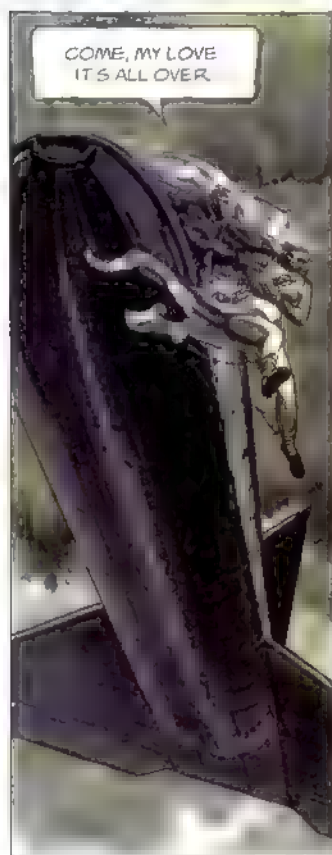
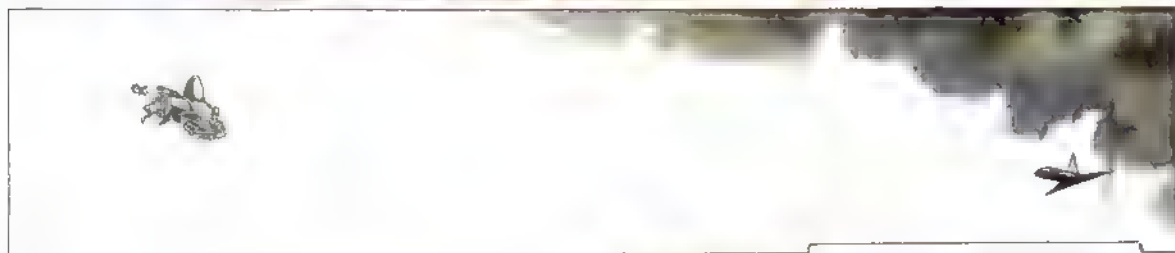


THE EPYPHYTE, AFFECTING HONORATA'S
ORGANIC SYSTEM, TRIGGERED A DELIVERY
BETWEEN HEAVEN AND EARTH...

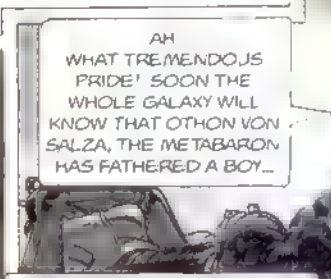




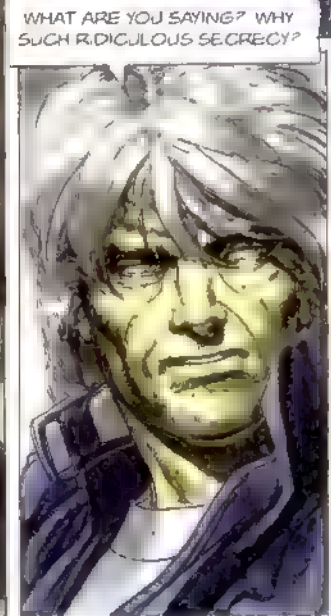
PLEASE UNDERSTAND, LITTLE ONE,
I CANNOT TAKE YOU INTO MY ARMS!



COME, MY LOVE
IT'S ALL OVER



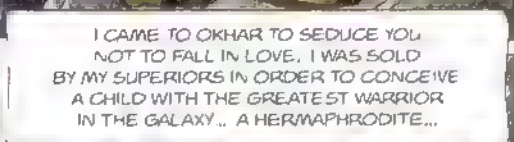
AH
WHAT TREMENDOUS
PRIDE! SOON THE
WHOLE GALAXY WILL
KNOW THAT OTHON VON
SALZA, THE METABARON
HAS FATHERED A BOY...



WHAT ARE YOU SAYING? WHY
SUCH RIDICULOUS SECRECY?



OTHON, YOU MUST NEVER
REVEAL YOUR CHILD'S GENDER
TO ANYONE

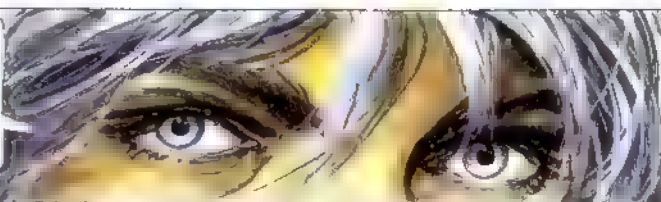


I CAME TO OKHAR TO SEDUCE YOU
NOT TO FALL IN LOVE. I WAS SOLD
BY MY SUPERIORS IN ORDER TO CONCEIVE
A CHILD WITH THE GREATEST WARRIOR
IN THE GALAXY... A HERMAPHRODITE...



TO CONCEIVE A MONSTER
BUT FOR WHAT REASON?

SO AS TO PROCLAIM IT THE PERFECT ANDROGYNE, USING IT TO GAIN THE COMBINED SUPPORT OF THE MAJORITY OF THE PLANETS, THEN TAKE OVER THE THRONE, AFTER POISONING JANUS-JANA



WHAT A DASTARDLY PLAN

WHICH WAS COMPLETELY RUINED BY MY FALLING IN LOVE WITH YOU... I DISOBEYED THE ORDERS OF THE SHABDA OUD, AND GAVE BIRTH TO A BOY WHO WILL ALLOW THE CLAN OF THE METABARONS TO LIVE ON, AS YOU INTENDED



SO WHAT WILL HAPPEN NOW?

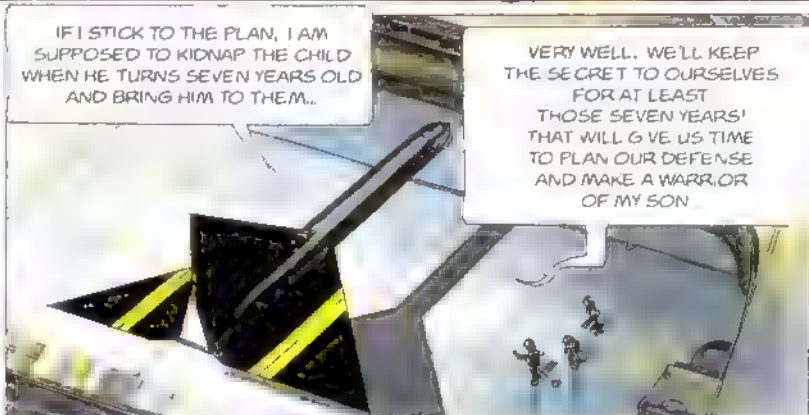
IN ACCORDANCE WITH OUR LAW, AND TO PREVENT ANY RISK OF SCANDAL, THEY WOULD BE FORCED TO ASSASSINATE US BOTH, THE CHILD AND ME



THEN THEY WILL NEVER LEARN THAT THE CHILD IS A BOY

IF I STICK TO THE PLAN, I AM SUPPOSED TO KIDNAP THE CHILD WHEN HE TURNS SEVEN YEARS OLD AND BRING HIM TO THEM...

VERY WELL.. WE'LL KEEP THE SECRET TO OURSELVES FOR AT LEAST THOSE SEVEN YEARS! THAT WILL GIVE US TIME TO PLAN OUR DEFENSE AND MAKE A WARRIOR OF MY SON



OUR TIME IS VERY SHORT THE TIME WE KNOW ONE ANOTHER. IN THIS LIFE, OUR EXISTENCE IS ONLY SOMETHING THAT WE LOAN BETWEEN US.



WE SHALL ALL DISAPPEAR. NOTHING WILL REMAIN OF US. COVERED IN FLOWERS, WE MUST LEAVE THIS WORLD

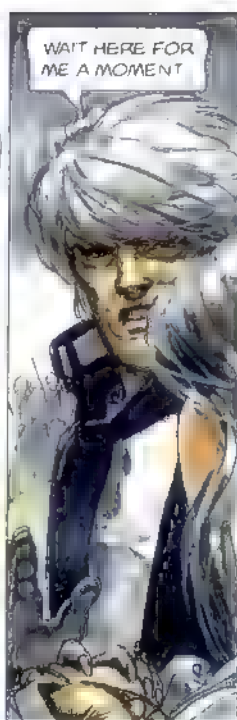




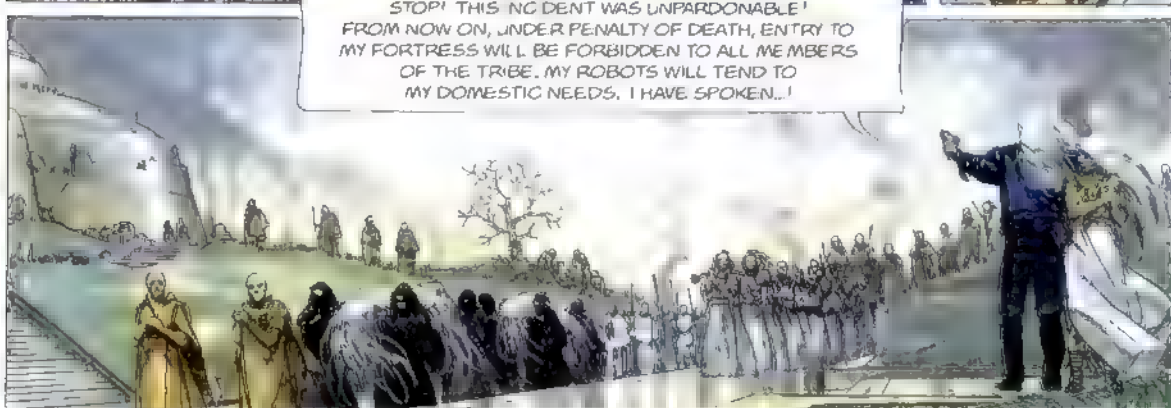
OUR HOME IS NOT OF THIS WORLD. WE FIND OUR TRUE HOME WHERE THOSE WITHOUT BODIES DWELL...

WITH OUR MOST BEAUTIFUL SONGS LET US ACCOMPANY THE TRAVELERS WHO NOW RETURN TOWARDS THEIR TRUE DOMICILE.

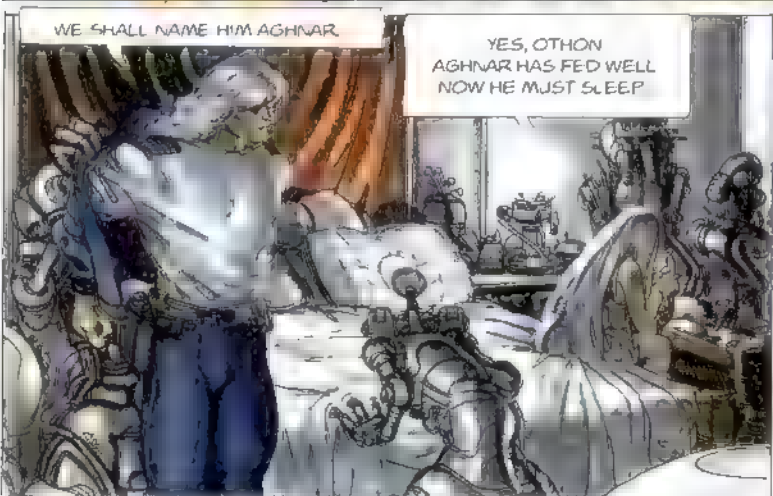
SO KITT COMMITTED SUICIDE BETTER THAT WAY. HIS PRESENCE WILL NO LONGER BE A THREAT TO THE CHILD



WAIT HERE FOR ME A MOMENT

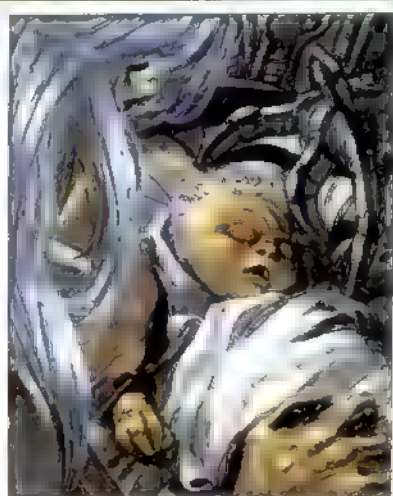


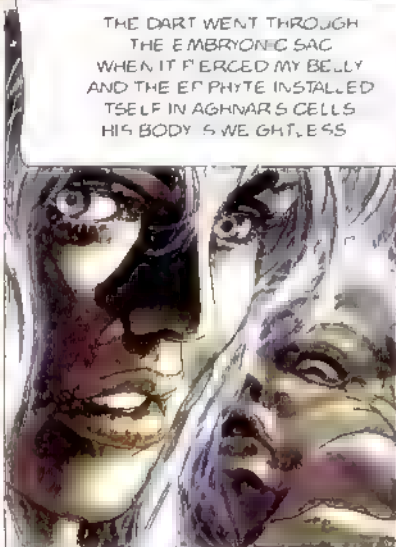
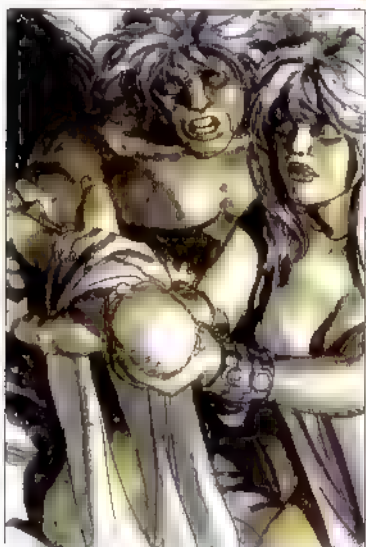
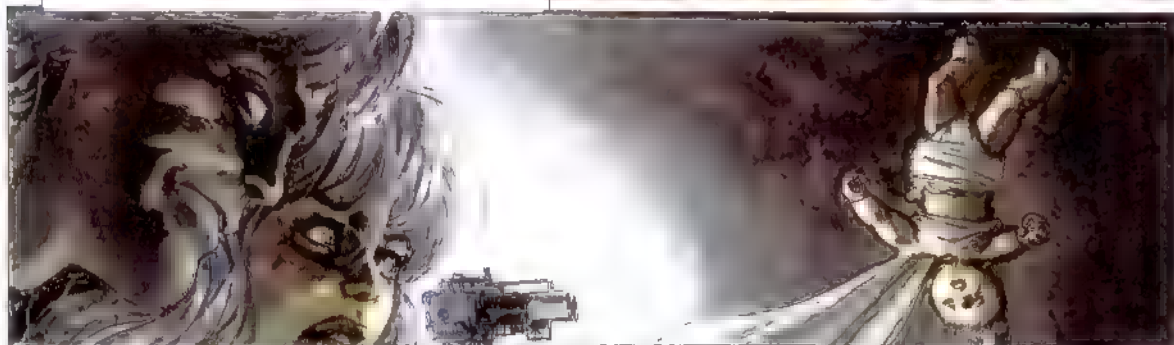
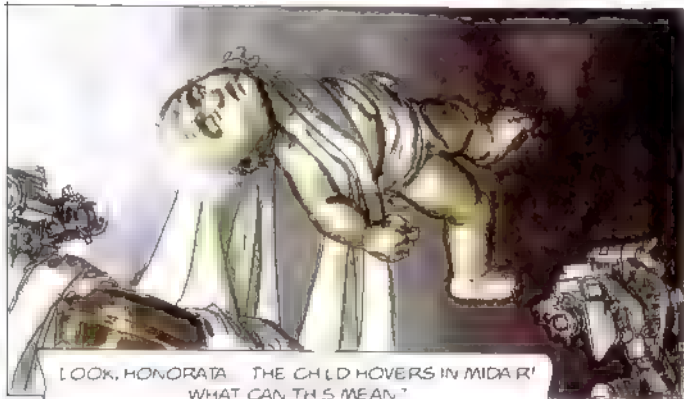
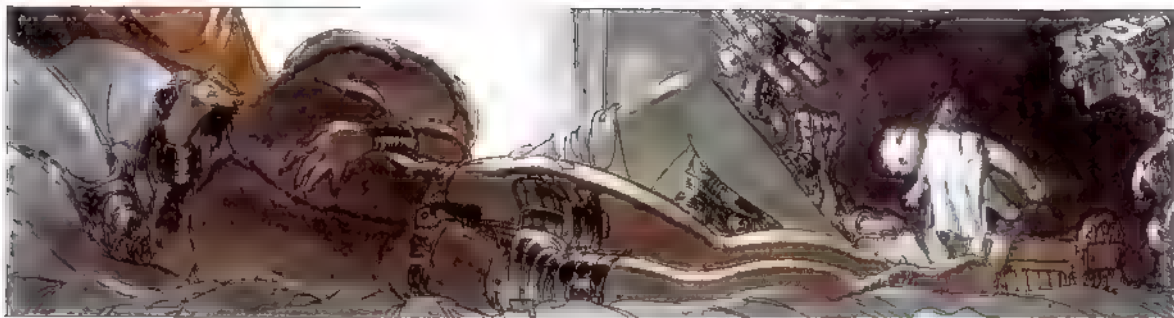
STOP! THIS INCIDENT WAS UNPARDONABLE! FROM NOW ON, UNDER PENALTY OF DEATH, ENTRY TO MY FORTRESS WILL BE FORBIDDEN TO ALL MEMBERS OF THE TRIBE. MY ROBOTS WILL TEND TO MY DOMESTIC NEEDS. I HAVE SPOKEN..!

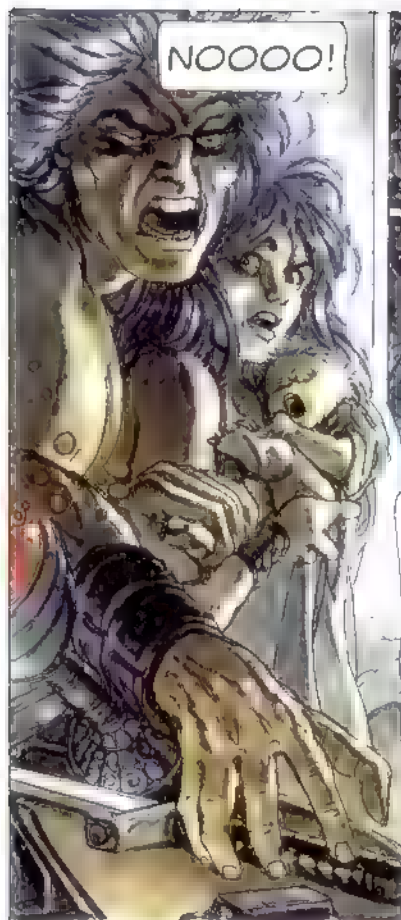


WE SHALL NAME HIM AGHNAR

YES, OTHON AGHNAR HAS FED WELL NOW HE MUST SLEEP







NOOOOO!



IT MUST NOT BE.
HE FLOATS LIKE A BALLOON.
HE WILL NEVER BECOME
A WARRIOR

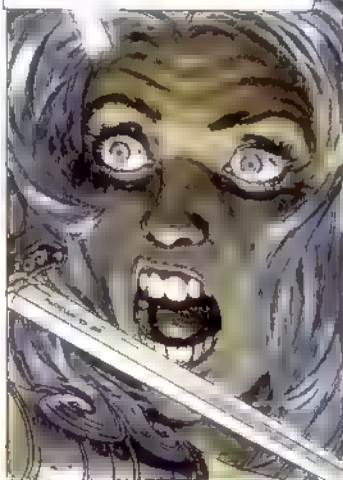
HIS BLOWS WILL LACK
THE SUPPORT OF THE EARTH...!
HE WILL NEVER BE ABLE TO
HARNESS ALL HIS POWER.
HE MUST DIE
WE WILL HAVE ANOTHER



NO NO LET GO OF HIM!
AGHNAH IS THE ONLY CHILD
WE WILL EVER HAVE



THE SUPERHUMAN EFFORT
I MADE TO FERTILIZE
MY OVUM WITH A DROP
OF YOUR BLOOD LEFT ME
STERILE FOREVER





THIS IS THE END
OF THE METABARONS

DON'T SAY THAT!
MY SON WILL WALK ON
SOLID GROUND. LOOK

HE!



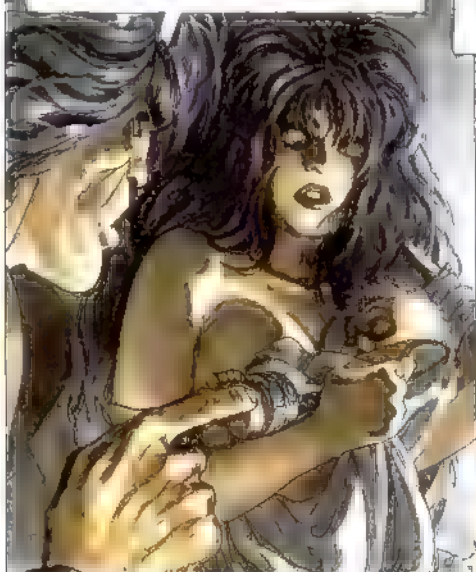
NOW AISHNAR BEARS HIS WEIGHT

HE WILL NEVER MOVE LIKE A NORMAL MAN.
YOU DELUDE YOURSELF.
I WOULD NOT KNOW HOW TO TRAIN SUCH A CHILD

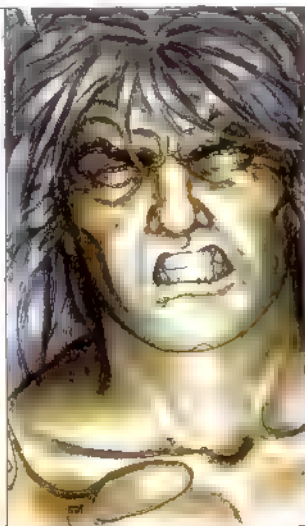
VERY WELL. THEN IT IS I WHO WILL TRAIN HIM
IN THE ART OF COMBAT. I WILL TEACH HIM
THE SECRET SKILLS OF THE SHABDA OUD

IGNORANCE!

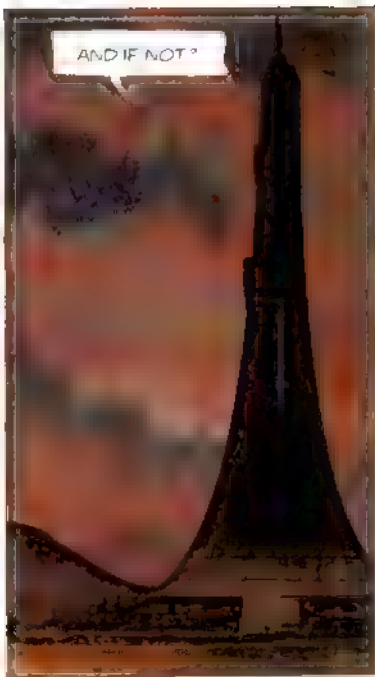
ALL RIGHT, BUT I W SH TO HEAR NO TH NG OF THE CHILD DURING THE NEXT SEVEN YEARS



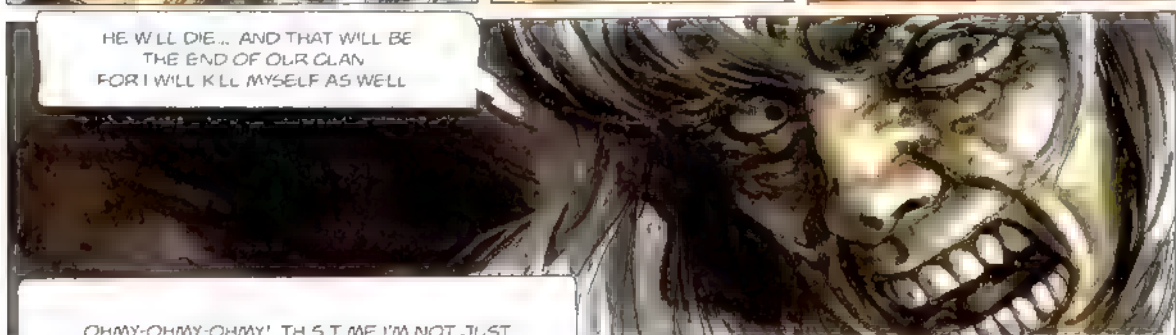
AT THAT TIME WILL F I TH M TO THE TEST OF WARRIORHOOD. F HE SURVIVES, I WILL ALLOW H M TO SUCCEED ME



AND IF NOT?



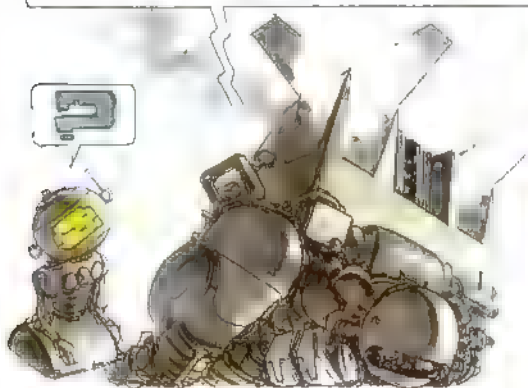
HE WILL DIE... AND THAT WILL BE THE END OF OUR CLAN FOR I WILL KLL MYSELF AS WELL



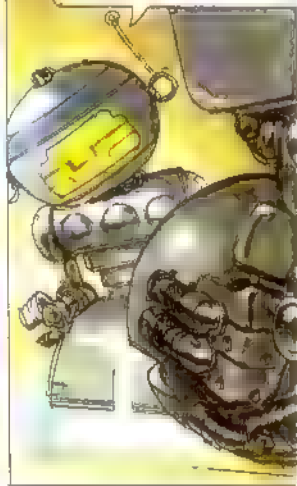
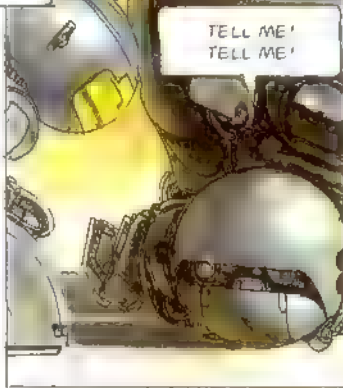
OHMY-OHMY-OHMY! TH S T ME I'M NOT JUST GOING TO FRY MY DIODES BUT ALSO THE AUDIO-GYROSCOPES THAT ENABLE ME TO WALK! MY CATHODES ARE MELTING WITH CURIOSITY! HOW WILL A WEIGHTLESS CH LD BECOME THE BEST WARRIOR IN THE GALAXY? WHAT WILL HIS INITIAT ON BE LIKE? WILL HONORATA WITHSTAND SEVEN LONG YEARS OF SEPARAT ON FROM OTHON WITHOUT DIM NISHING HER LOVE?

SHUT YOUR RUSTY OLD TRAP! YOU'RE MORE INQUISITIVE THAN A HARDRESSER ON TERRA PRIMA!

OK, I GET IT BUT I CAN TELL YOU VERY LITTLE ABOUT THOSE SEVEN YEARS

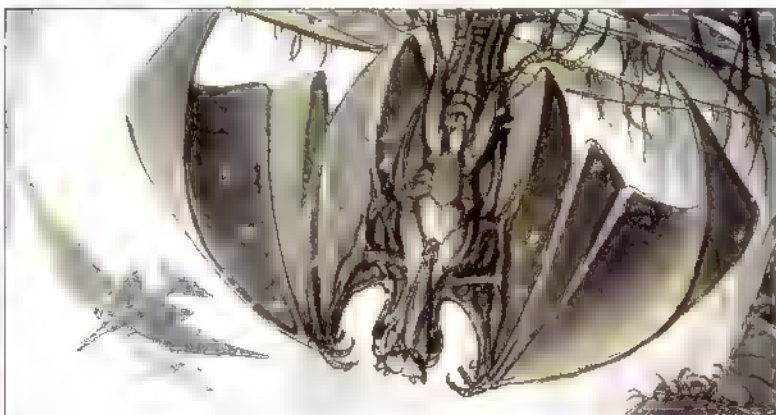


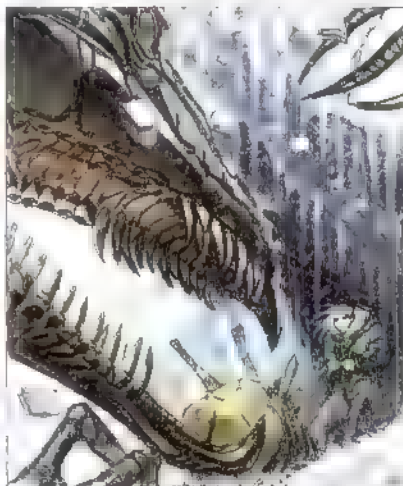
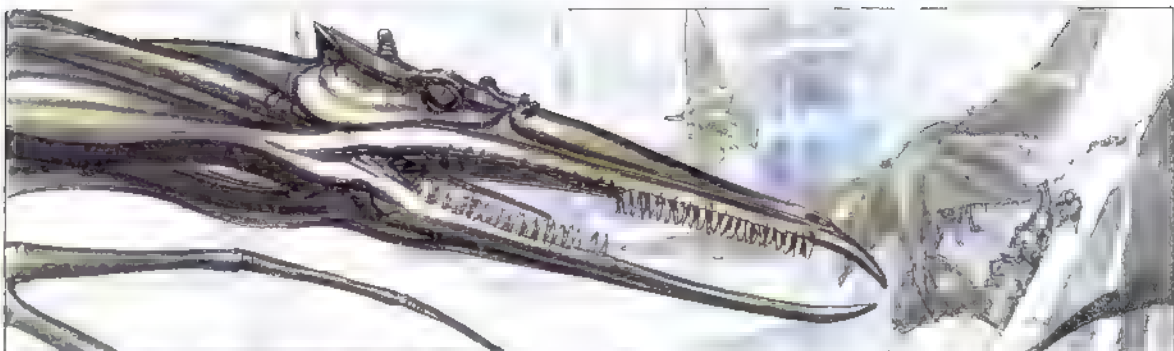
TELL ME! TELL ME!



HONORATA RODE SHAZAM TO ANAS RIMA
THE SACRED MOUNTAIN

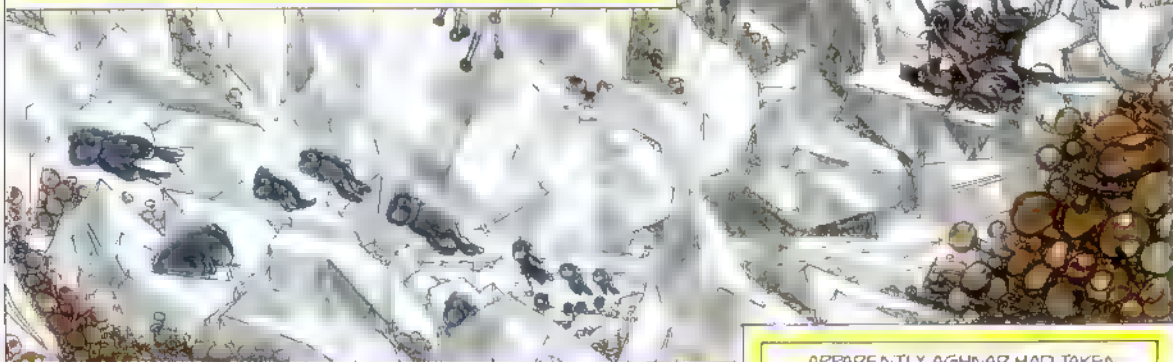
A FORBIDDEN PLACE LITTERED
WITH DEADLY CHASMS. EVEN THE NATIVES
HAD NOT VENTURED THERE FOR CENTURES





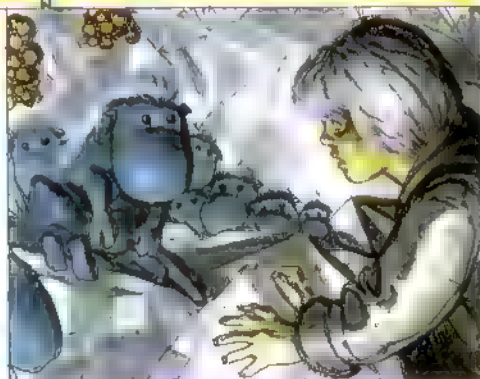
FLEEING AN ATTACK OF CARNIVOROUS EODACTYLUS
SHE TOOK SHELTER

IN THE CAVE OF SOFT CRYSTALS, WHICH CONSTANTLY EMIT
A PERPETUAL WHISPER OF RUNNING WATER,
AND ARE ALWAYS CHANGING FORMS



SHE AND HER SON FED ON THE FLESH OF WOOLLY TOADS
WHICH ENTERED THE CAVE DURING THE BITTER COLD NIGHTS,
SEEKING HUMAN WARMTH.

APPARENTLY, AGHNAR HAD TAKEN
A LIKING TO ONE OF THESE
CREATURES... A LARGE MALE,
WHICH HAD MANAGED TO PICK UP
A FEW DOZEN WORDS FROM HIM.



GO ON YIPPI... SAY
SOMETHING TO ME...

GIVE YIPPI HEAT... FROM
BODY. YOU, MASTER
MY LORD... THANK YOU...



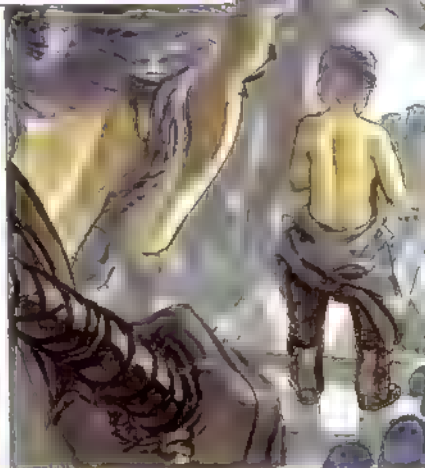
WHEN HER SON TURNED FIVE YEARS OLD, HONORATA ORDERED HIM
TO CUT HIS FRIEND IN TWO. HE HAD TO LEARN TO CONTROL
THE GRIEF HE WOULD FEEL. FOR EACH TEAR HE SHED,
HE WOULD RECEIVE A LASH OF THE WHIP...

WHY
MASTER

DUTY COMES BEFORE LOVE YIPP



AGHNAR RECEIVED ONE LASH AND ONE LASH ONLY
FROM HIS MOTHER FOR THE SINGLE TEAR HE SHED.
A LASH WHICH LEFT A MARK ON HIM
THAT WOULD NEVER BE ERASED

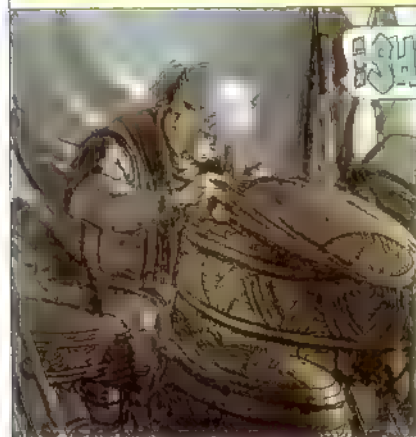


USING SHABDA-QUAD MEDITATION TECHNIQUES, AGHNAR LEARNED SUCH SELF CONTROL
OVER HIS NERVOUS SYSTEM THAT, BY AUTO-HYPNOSIS, HE WAS ABLE TO FREE
HIS BODY FROM THE TYRANNY OF PAIN



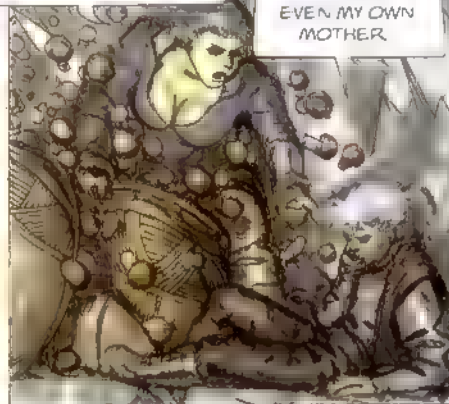
EACH TIME HE LET HIS ATTENTION WANDER,
HE RECEIVED A BLOW

THE CHILD REACHED ADULTHOOD
VERY QUICKLY. HE COULD LOOK DEATH
IN THE FACE AS WELL AS LIFE



THAT'S THE SECOND TIME
WE HAD TO WARN YOU THIS WEEK!

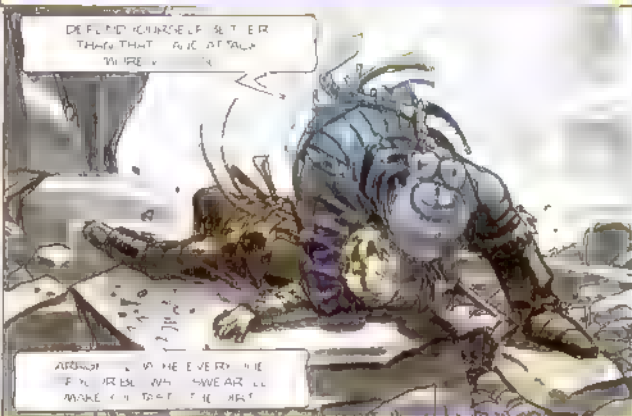
I KNOW, I KNOW
I MUST TRUST
NO ONE, NOT
EVEN MY OWN
MOTHER



EVERY SIX MONTHS, SHE WOULD
ADD MORE WEIGHT TO HIM...



AND EVERY DAY, HE HAD TO FIGHT HIS MOTHER,
WHO POSSESSED AMAZING STRENGTH.
THEY FOUGHT FOR HOURS ON END



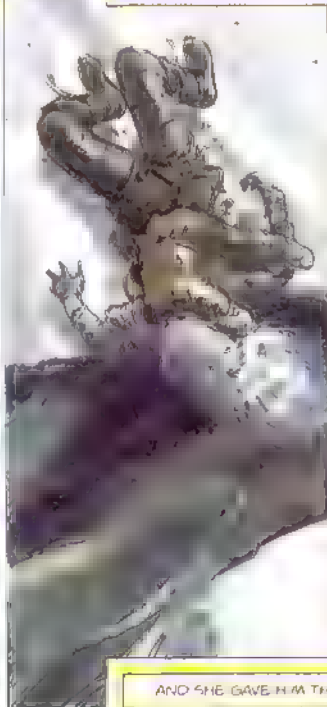
DEFENDING HIMSELF AGAINST
THINGS THAT ARE AT LEAST
TWICE AS STRONG AS HE

ALTHOUGH, IN THE END, HE
FINALLY MANAGED TO WEAR HER
DOWN TO THAT THE ART

THE CHILD'S ENERGY
INCREASED DAY BY DAY



...AND ONE FINE MORNING, DODGING THE HYPNOTIC WAVES
SHE EMANATED, HE FINALLY MANAGED TO BEAT HIS MOTHER...



DO YOU
GIVE IN?



I GIVE IN



AND SHE GAVE HIM THE ONLY KISS HE RECEIVED IN HIS ENTIRE CHILDHOOD

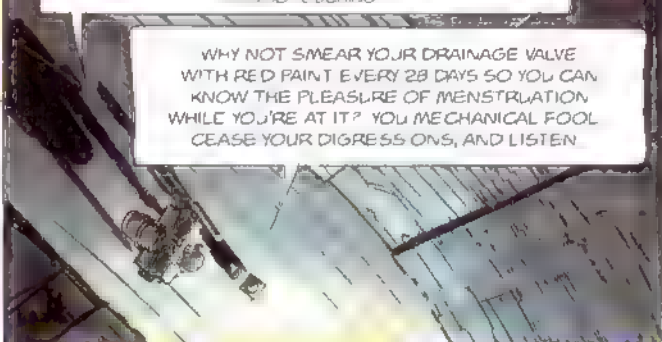


AS SHE FELT HIM PUT HIS YOUNG ADORING LIPS TO HERS, HONORATA EXPERIENCED A MOMENT OF WEAKNESS AND LET HER TEARS FLOW, FOR ONE INSTANT CEASING TO BE HIS MERCLESS TRAINER, AND BECOMING SIMPLY HIS MOTHER.



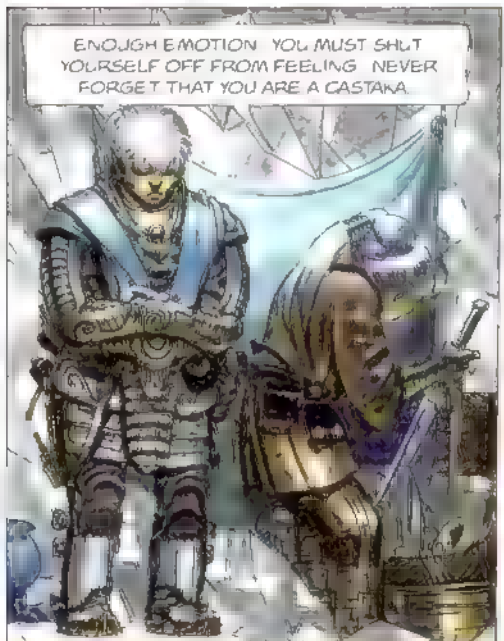
HOW YOU WOULD LOVE TO LAUGH AND CRY AND GIVE BIRTH SO THAT I WOULD KNOW WHAT A HUMAN MOTHER KNOWS
IT IS SO TOUCHING

WHY NOT SMEAR YOUR DRAINAGE VALVE WITH RED PAINT EVERY 28 DAYS SO YOU CAN KNOW THE PLEASURE OF MENSTRUATION WHILE YOU'RE AT IT? YOU MECHANICAL FOOL CEASE YOUR DIGRESS IONS, AND LISTEN



BUT SHE RECOVERED VERY QUICKLY, AND HER SEVERITY SOON DRIED HER TEARS.

ENOUGH EMOTION YOU MUST SHUT YOURSELF OFF FROM FEELING NEVER FORGET THAT YOU ARE A CASTAKA



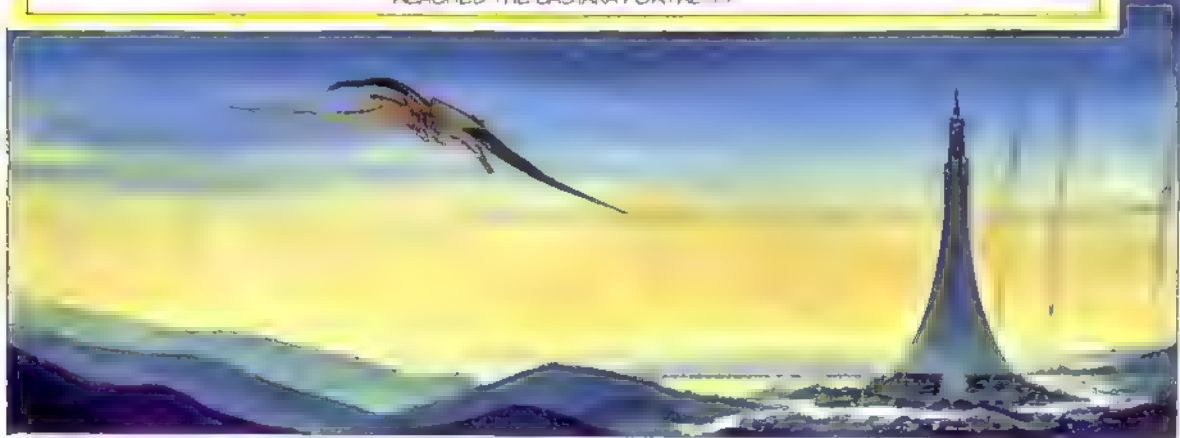
TOMORROW YOU WILL TURN SEVEN YEARS OLD AND I WISH TO INTRODUCE YOU TO YOUR FATHER AS A WARRIOR WHO IS WORTHY



...OF THE CLAN OF THE METABARONS

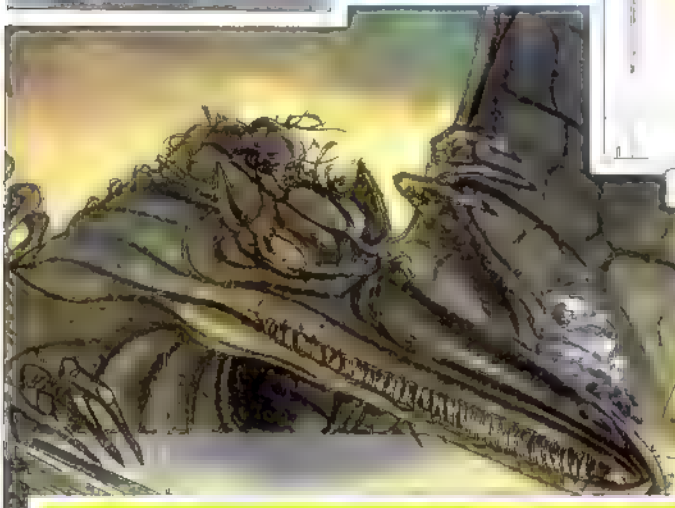
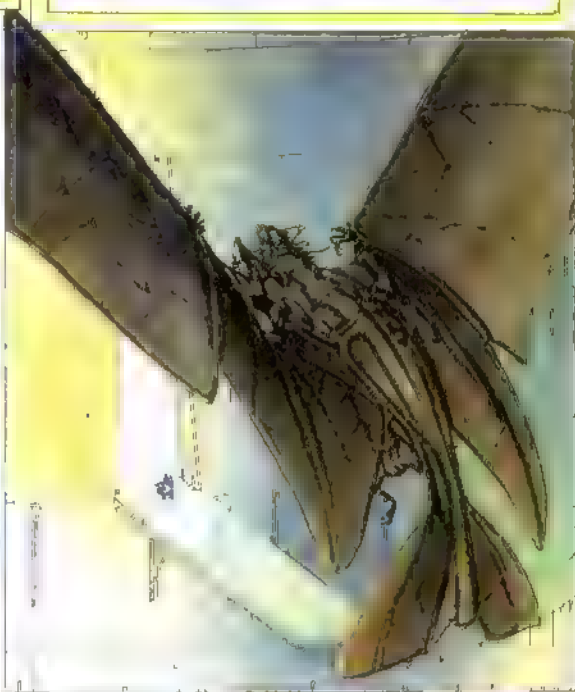
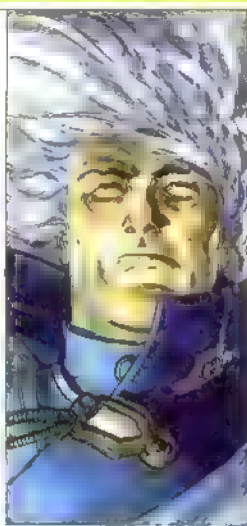


DAWN HAD HARDLY BROKEN AS HONORATA AND AGHNAR, RIDING A TRAINED EODACTYL, REACHED THE CASTAKA FORTRESSES



THE SEVEN YEARS OF SEPARATION HAD TAKEN
NOTHING AWAY FROM THE LOVE SHARED
BY THOSE TWO EXTRAORDINARY BEINGS

AND NOW IT'S YOU WHO'RE LETTING YOUR POETIC
ENTHUSIASM GET THE BETTER OF YOU. YOU'VE
BEEN VERY CAREFUL. YOU MIGHT TRY YOUR DOLLS TOO



OTHON!

HONORATA!

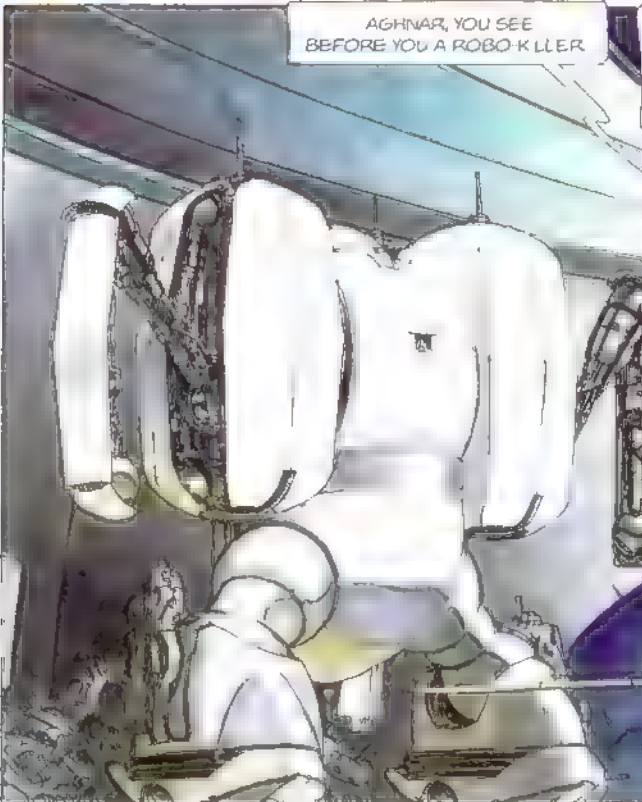


"SWEAR IN THE NAME OF THAT MENTAL CONSTRUCT WHICH HUMANS
CALL 'GOD' LOTHAR, IF YOU DARE INTERRUPT ME ONCE MORE
I WILL STOP TELLING MY STORY FOR GOOD. SAY YOU'RE SORRY TEN TIMES..."

SORRY, SORRY, SORRY, SORRY,
SORRY, SORRY, SORRY, SORRY,
SORRY, SORRY, TONTO
NOW, PLEASE CONTINUE



OTHON CONCEALED HIS PRIDE WHEN HONORATA TOLD HIM HOW AGHNAR HAD TAMED THE FEROCIOUS EODACTYL ALL ALONE AND WITHOUT HER HELP! THEN THE INITIATION BEGAN IMMEDIATELY!



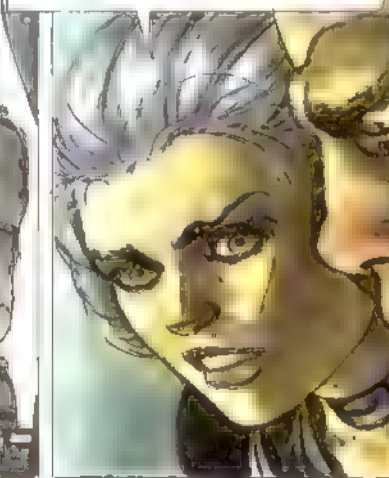
YOU MUST HIT THE RED BUTTON IN THE CENTER OF ITS CHEST, ITS ONLY WEAK SPOT TO ACTIVATE THE SELF DESTRUCT PROGRAM IF YOU CANNOT DO THIS, YOU WILL DIE



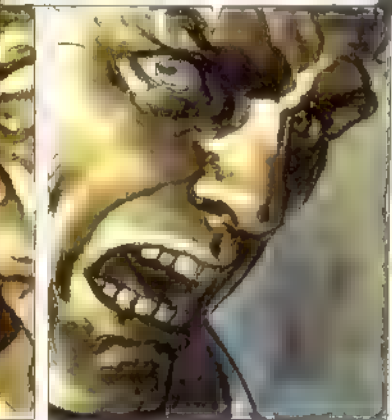
THERE'S ONE MORE THING YOU MUST KNOW! EVERY TEN MINUTES, YOUR ADVERSARY WILL GROW A NEW ARM, SO YOU MUST DEFEAT HIM RAPIDLY

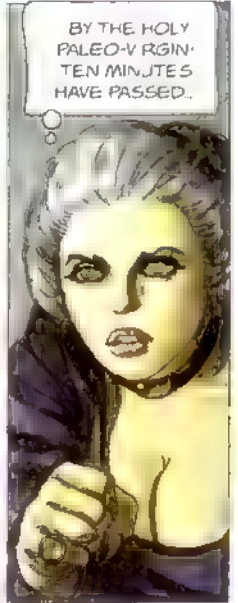
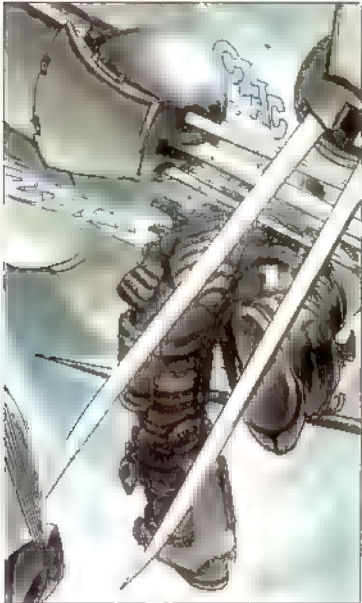
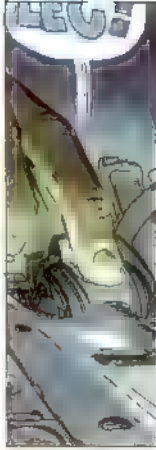


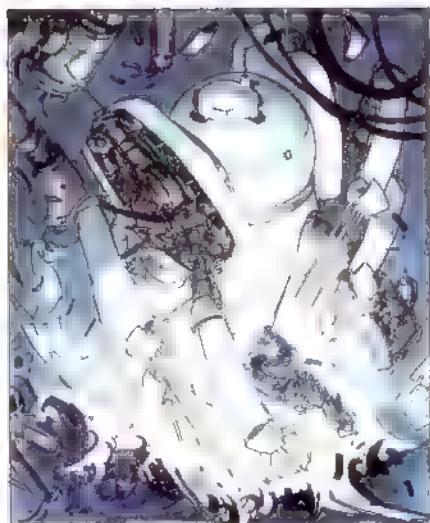
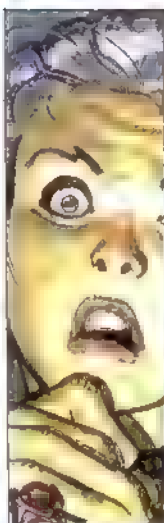
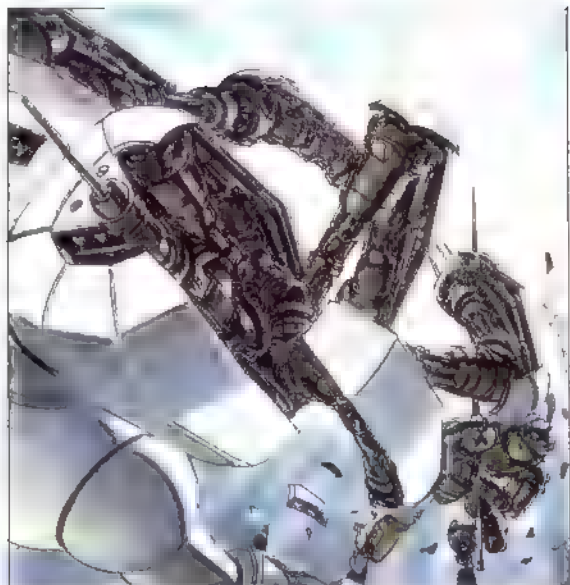
YOUR TEST IS UNBELIEVABLY CRUEL OTHON. IT ALMOST SEEMS AS IF, INSTEAD OF HOPING FOR HIM TO WIN YOU'RE PLANNING FOR HIS DEATH



WILL THERE BE THE PROGENITOR OF A CLAN OF INVINCIBLE WARRIORS, OR I WILL PERISH IN THE ATTEMPT OF MY SON FALLS, I WILL IMMEDIATELY FOLLOW HIM INTO DEATH







MY OIL IS BOILING! HAVE MERCY
ON ME AND CUT IT SHORT, TONTO!
HOW MANY ARMS DID THE ROBOT
FINALLY GROW?

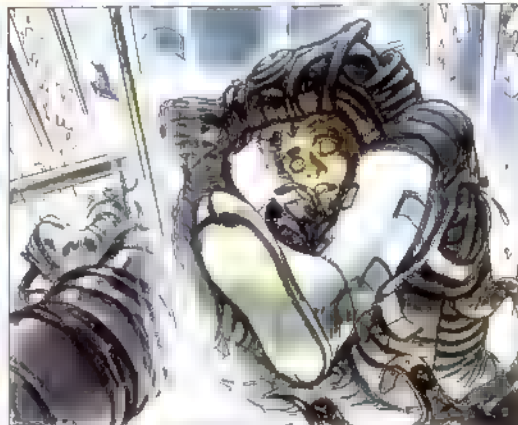
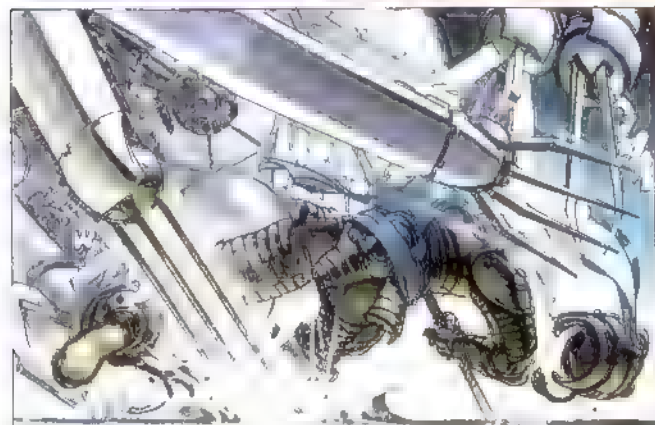
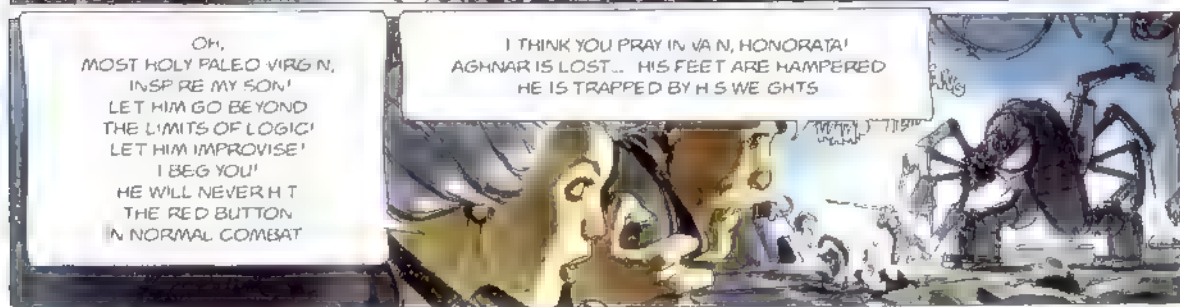
AFTER SEVENTY MINUTES
AND THREE SECONDS
OF DESPERATE BATTLE,
THE KILLER FELL UPON
THE CHILD WITH ITS EIGHT
POWERFUL ARMS

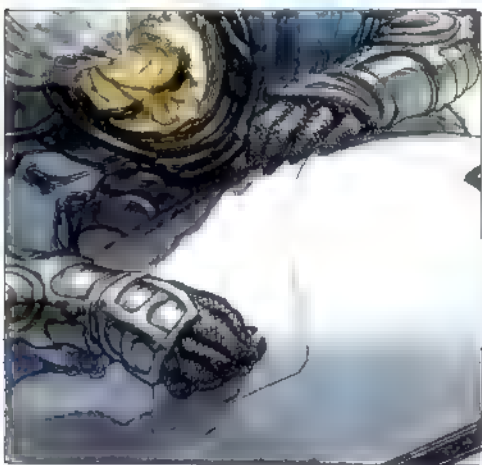
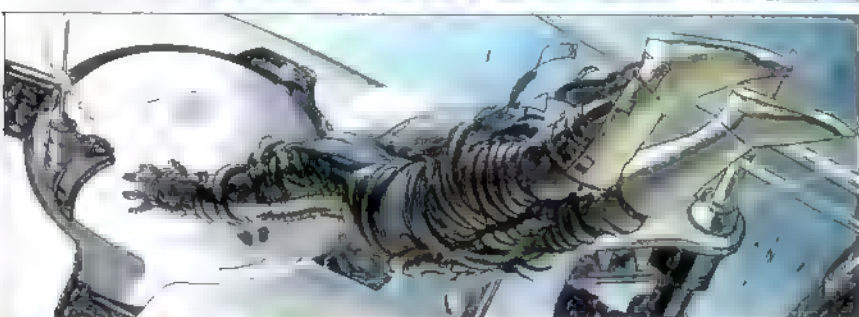
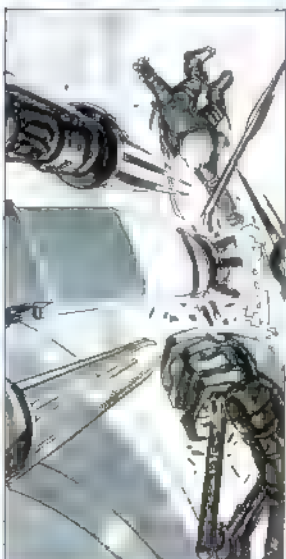
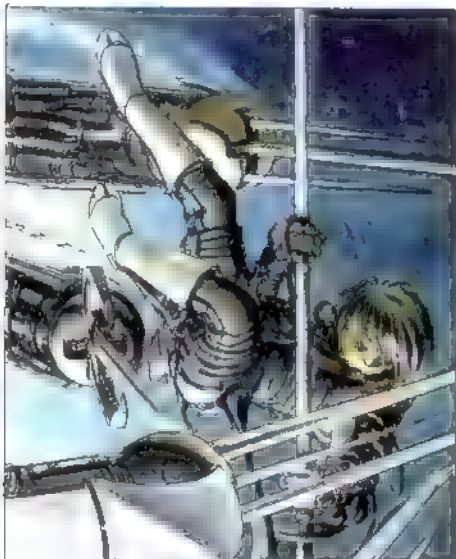


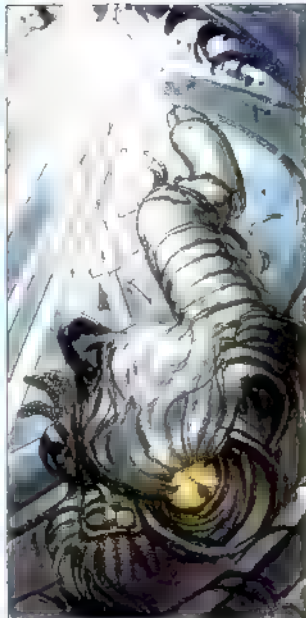
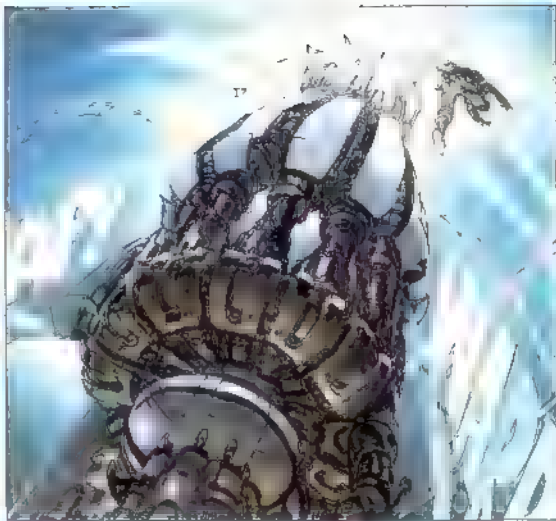
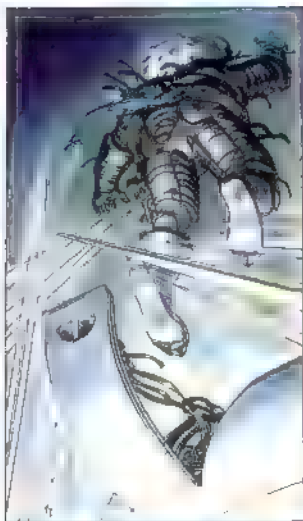
BY THE SACRED ULTRA COOLANT THAT
LUBRICATES THE CENTRAL BRAIN
A MECHANICAL SPIDER! AFTER MORE THAN
AN HOUR'S FIGHTING, THE BOY MUST HAVE BEEN
AT THE END OF HIS STRENGTH.

OH,
MOST HOLY PALEO VIRGIN,
INSPIRE MY SON!
LET HIM GO BEYOND
THE LIMITS OF LOGIC!
LET HIM IMPROVISE!
I BEG YOU!
HE WILL NEVER HIT
THE RED BUTTON
IN NORMAL COMBAT

I THINK YOU PRAY IN VAN, HONORATA!
AGHVAR IS LOST... HIS FEET ARE HAMPERED
HE IS TRAPPED BY HIS WEIGHTS

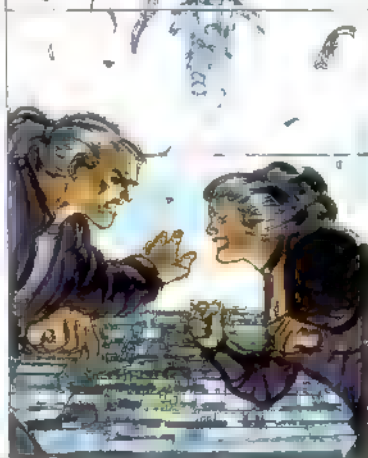






HE ACTIVATED THE SELF-DESTRUCT ON MECHANISM! HE WON

WRONG HE CHEATED! HE DIDN'T HIT THE RED BUTTON HE'S INCOMPETENT BECAUSE HE HAS NO WEIGHT



IF YOU HAVE ANY HONOR, KEEP YOUR WORD. YOU SAID "IF HE ACTIVATES THE ROBOT'S SELF-DESTRUCT MECHANISM, I WILL ACCEPT HIM AS A FUTURE METABARON, WITHOUT REGARD FOR HIS WEIGHTLESSNESS." AN OATH IS AN OATH!



VERY WELL. I ACCEPT BUT WE MUST STILL TEST HIS RESISTANCE TO PAIN. ONLY THEN WILL WE KNOW WHAT HE'S REALLY MADE OF, BECAUSE HE WILL NOT BE ABLE TO CHEAT ON THAT!



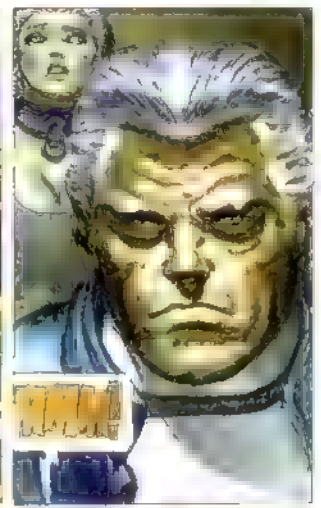
AGHNAR, THIS COMPRESSIBLE CAPSULE
WILL SLOWLY SQUEEZE YOUR FEET
TILL YOU OBEY YOUR VOICE ALONE
ONLY YOU CAN ACTIVATE IT OR STOP IT
WE'LL SEE HOW LONG YOU CAN RESIST



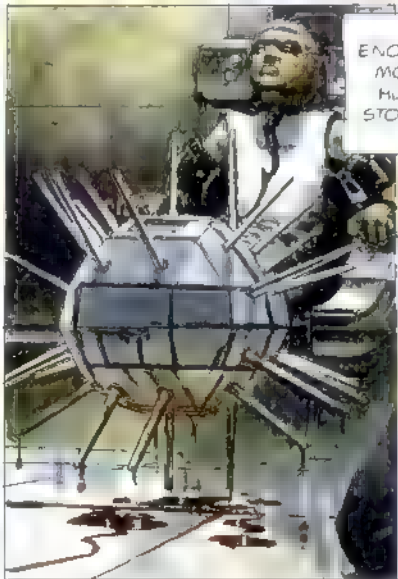
DO YOU DARE
COMMENCE?

YOU WILL BE PROUD
OF ME, FATHER

YUP!



YUP!



ENOUGH! HE HAS WITHSTOOD
MORE THAN ANY ORDINARY
HUMAN COULD TOLERATE.
STOP YOUR MACHINE, OTHON!

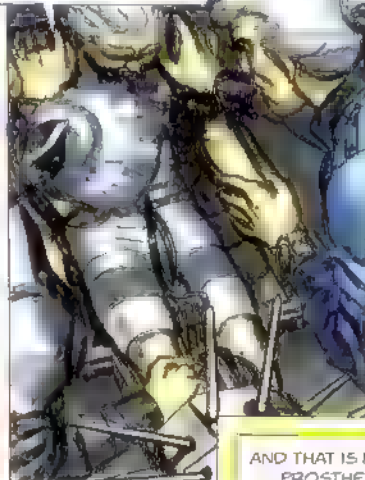


CANNOT
HONORATA.
ONLY AGHNAR
CAN STOP IT



ENOUGH AGHNAH. THAT'S MORE THAN ENOUGH PROOF THAT YOU CAN CONTROL YOUR SUFFERING. THERE'S NO POINT MUTILATING YOURSELF.

YOU WILL BE A GREAT WARRIOR, MY LOVE...



THE PAIN WILL NEVER BEAT ME. THE MACHINE WILL STOP ITSELF, WHEN NO MORE BONES ARE LEFT FOR IT TO CRUSH.



AND THAT IS HOW AGHNAH EARNED THE METAL PROSTHESES THAT BECAME HIS FEET. THESE PROSTHESES, WHILE GRANTING HIM WEIGHT AT LAST ALSO ACCORDED HIM SUPERHUMAN POWERS, AND MUTILATION BECAME ONE OF THE KEY COMPONENTS OF THE METABARON INITIATION.

THANKS TO YOU, MY SON, THE METABARON LINEAGE WILL HAVE A NOBLE BEGINNING.



YOU WILL WALK AGAIN.

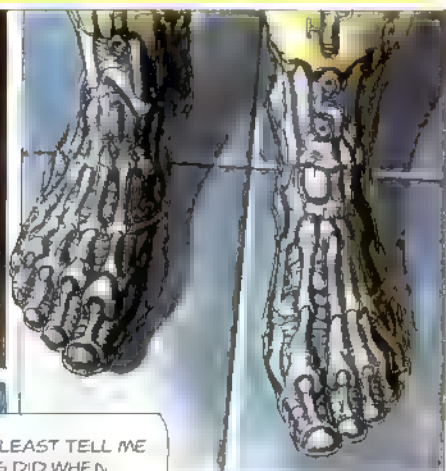
THAT'S ENOUGH FOR TODAY! WE MUST PREPARE DINNER! OUR MASTER, THE CURRENT METABARON, COULD BE RETURNING AT ANY MOMENT.

OHNO-OHNO! IT'S UNBEARABLE! AT LEAST TELL ME WHAT THE SHABDA OLD WITCHES DID WHEN THEY REALIZED AGHNAH WASN'T A HERMAPHRODITE! THOSE WHORE-PROSTHESES ARE REALLY TREACHEROUS AND MERCILESS KILLERS. I BEG YOU, LET ME HAVE JUST A FEW SMALL DETAILS!

OUT OF THE QUESTION! WE MUST COMPLETE OUR WORK WITHOUT DELAY. OUR TWO PRIMARY DIRECTIVES ARE "PRECISION" AND "FUNCTIONALITY". YOU'LL HEAR THE REST TOMORROW.

JODOWALSKY /
OSI MENEZ ©

OH, BIO-CRAP!





#5 JUNE 2008

\$2.95 US
\$ 4.35 CAN

The Metabarons



The Snare of Okhar

Jodorowsky Gimenez Mæbius

The Metabarons™

Previously, in The Metabarons:

Although Othon can no longer father a child, Honorata is able to impregnate herself with a drop of the warrior's blood. Her pregnancy progresses normally, but two jealous servants hurl her from the top of the fortress. As Honorata falls, Othon is able to shoot her with an epyphite cartridge, enabling her to float on the wind where she gives birth to a boy whom they name Aghnar. Honorata then reveals to Othon that the Shabda-Oud were expecting her to give birth to a hermaphrodite so that they could proclaim it the perfect androgyne and seize the throne. They have seven years to prepare their defenses against the Shabda-Oud before they discover the truth.

The introduction of epyphite during his birth has made Aghnar lighter than air. Othon wants to kill him, for he will never be a warrior, but Honorata, now sterile, forbids it. She places steel bracelets around his waist and ankles, which keep him on the ground. She then goes into exile on the sacred mountain of Anasirma where she uses the time to teach her son how to use his mental power and how to resist pain.

When Aghnar turns seven, they return to the Castaka fortress where Othon puts his son to the test. First he makes him face a formidable robot and then submits him to a terrible torture machine that crushes his feet, which Aghnar can stop at any time. Even so, the boy doesn't budge. His feet are crushed, but he has passed the test. Metal prostheses now replace his feet, providing him weight and making the bracelets unnecessary. That's how, Tonto tells us, mutilation and prostheses became key ingredients of the Metabaronic initiation.

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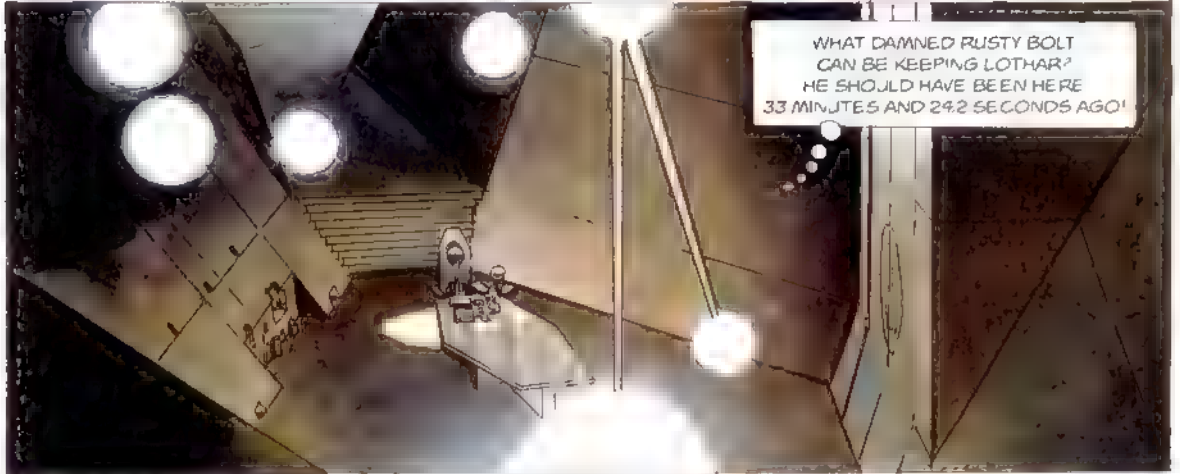
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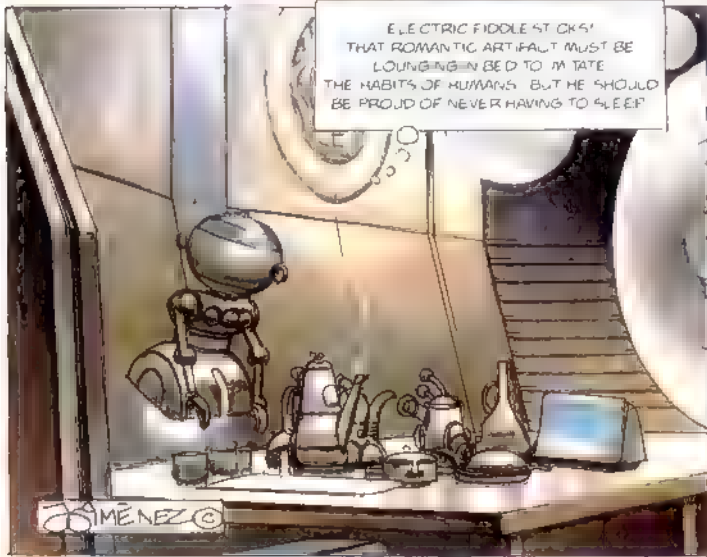
www.



BREAKFAST IS SERVED!
MAY HE WHOM THE PALEO-HUMANS
CALLED "GOD" LET OUR MASTER
COME HOME TODAY!



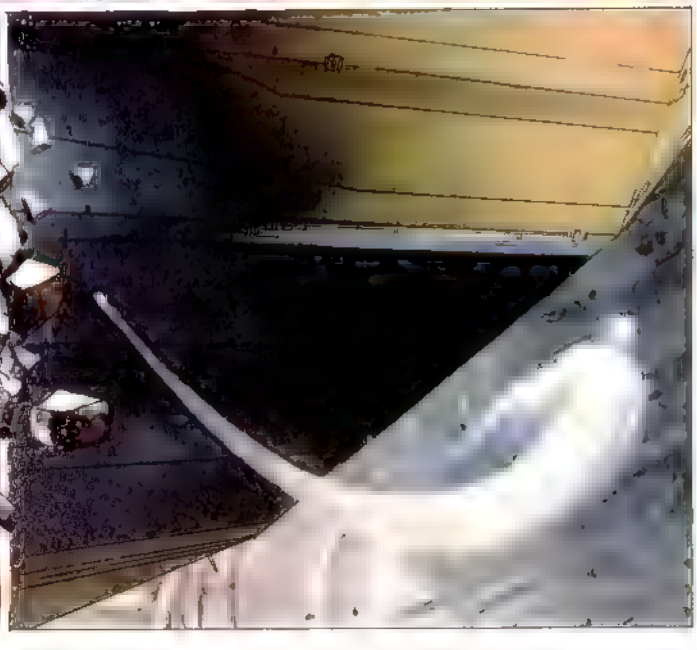
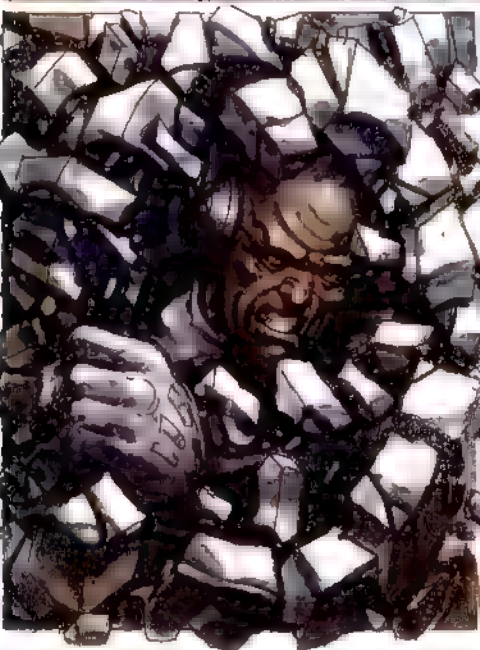
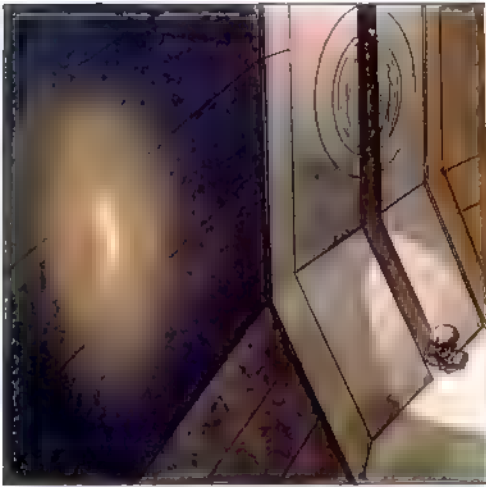
WHAT DAMNED RUSTY BOLT
CAN BE KEEPING LOTHAR?
HE SHOULD HAVE BEEN HERE
33 MINUTES AND 242 SECONDS AGO!



ELECTRIC FIDDLE STICKS!
THAT ROMANTIC ARTIFACT MUST BE
LOUNGING IN BED TO IMITATE
THE HABITS OF HUMANS. BUT HE SHOULD
BE PROUD OF NEVER HAVING TO SLEEP!

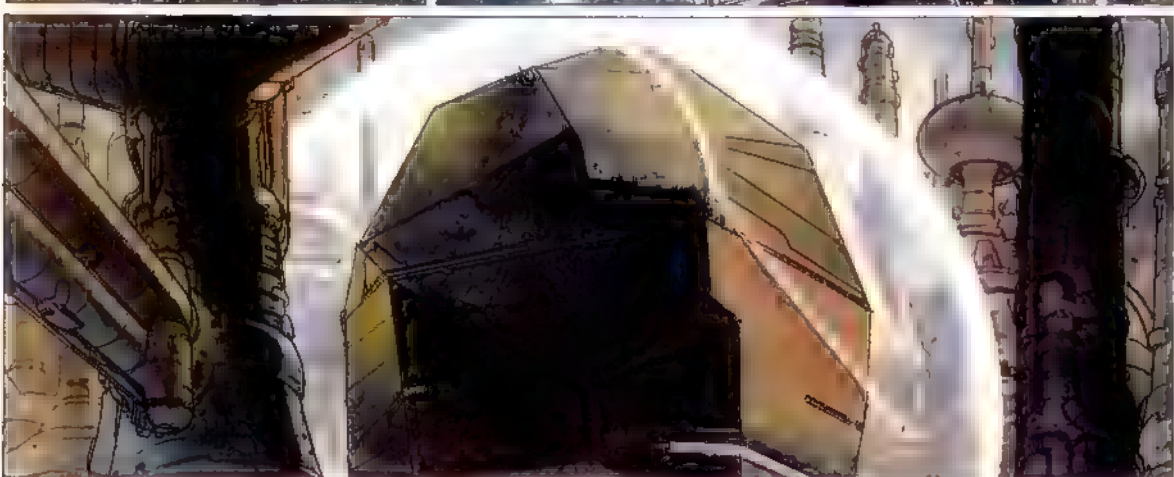
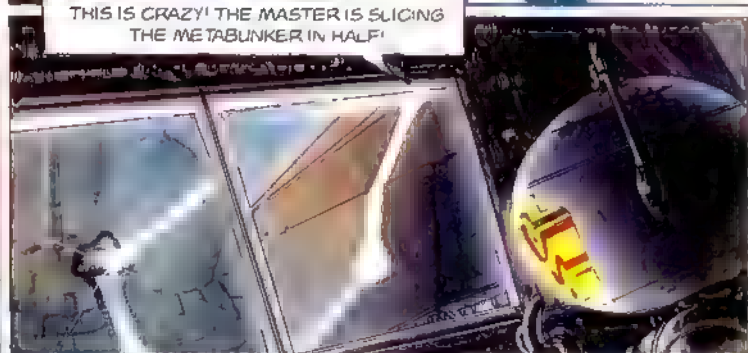


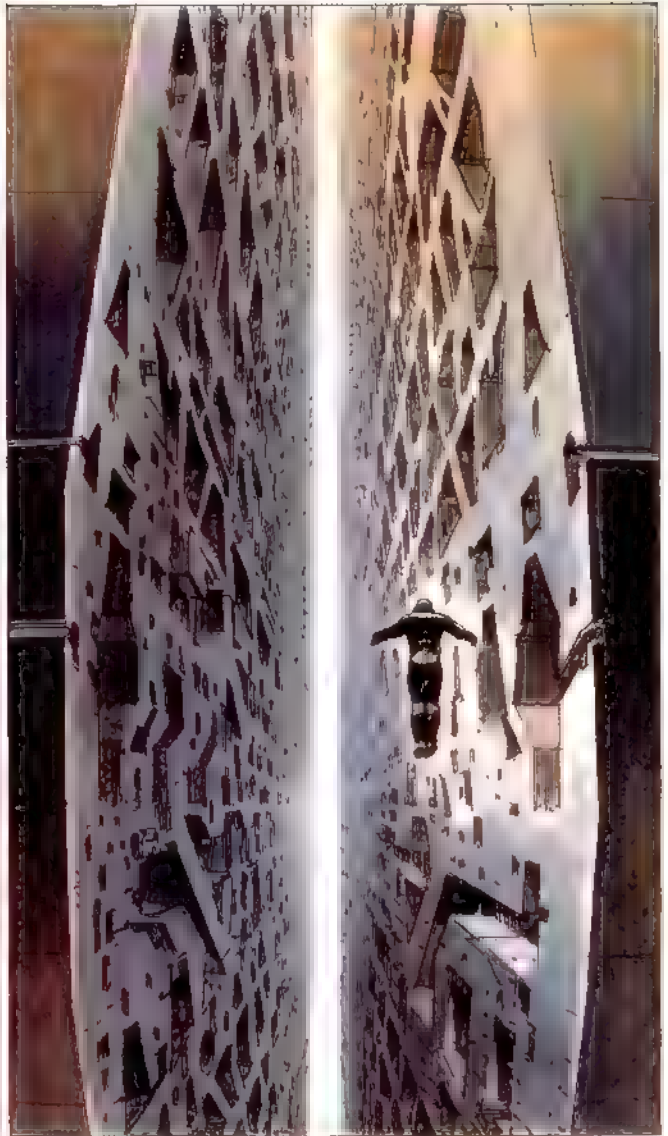
LOTHAR!





THIS IS CRAZY! THE MASTER IS SLICING
THE METABUNKER IN HALF!

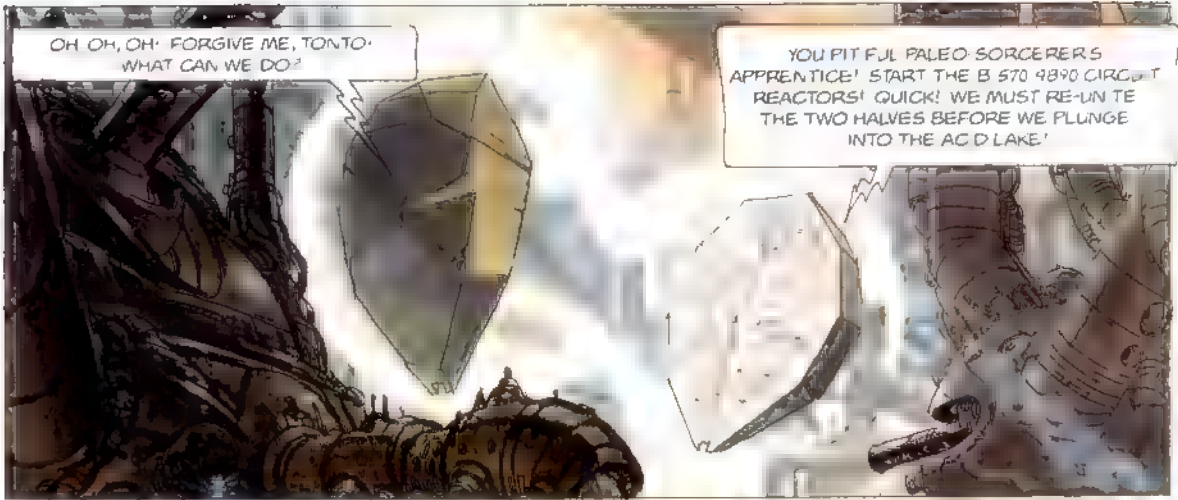




BY THE DIODES OF THE CENTRAL BRAIN!
I MADE SUCH A BOO BOO I NEVER DREAMED
THAT THE MASTER WOULD FOLLOW MY ORDERS.

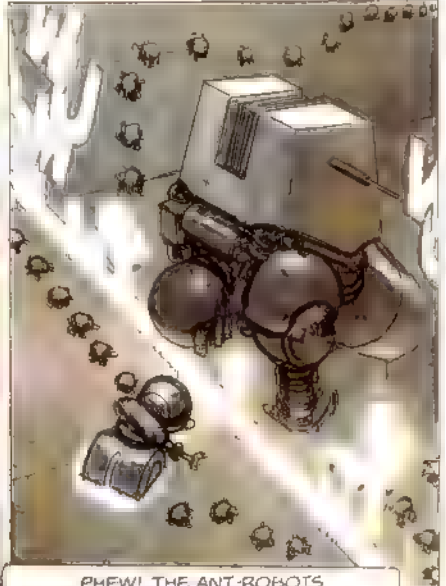
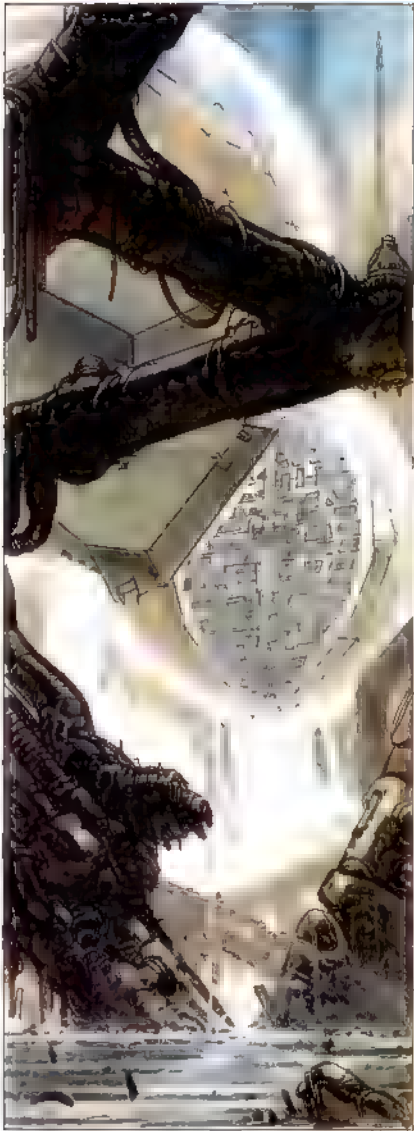
T WAS A BIO-ELECTROGRAM!
YOU ACTIVATED IT YOU WRETCHED
BRAINLESS LUMP OF METAL!
NOW LOOK WHAT YOU'VE DONE!
YOU DESERVE TO BE REPROGRAMMED!





OH OH, OH! FORGIVE ME, TONTO.
WHAT CAN WE DO?

YOU FIT FJL PALEO SORCERERS
APPRENTICE! START THE B 570 4890 CIRCUIT
REACTORS! QUICK! WE MUST RE-UNITE
THE TWO HALVES BEFORE WE PLUNGE
INTO THE ACID LAKE!



PHEW! THE ANT-ROBOTS
ARE REPAIRING THE DAMAGE
WHAT GOT INTO YOUR CIRCUITS
HAVE YOU GONE NSANE?

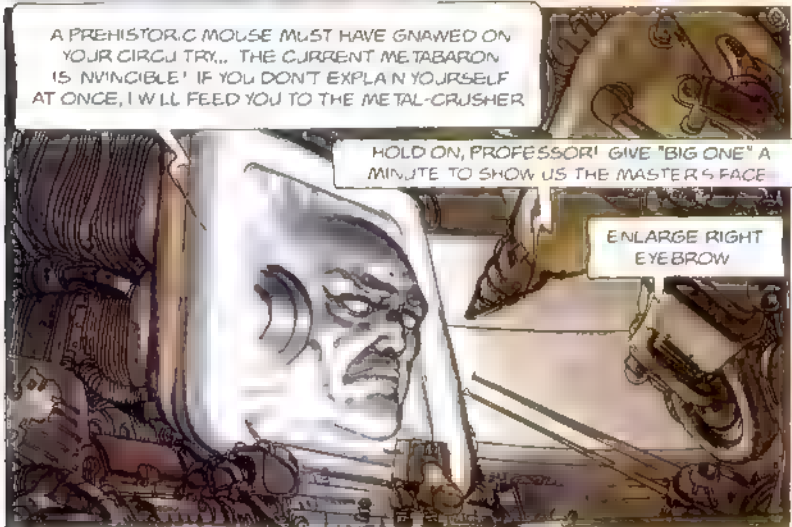


SOMETHING MADE ME DOUBT
OUR CURRENT MASTERS
INVINCIBILITY!



DOUBT THE GREATEST WARRIOR
IN THE GALAXY? IMPOSSIBLE!

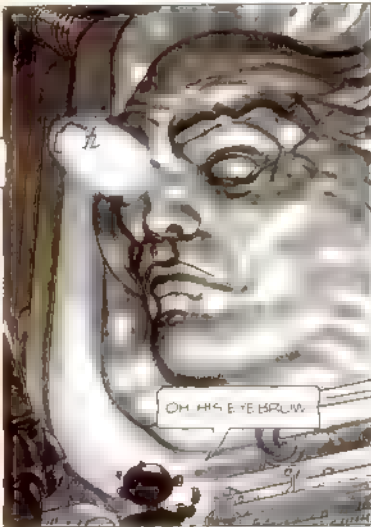
WITH ALL DUE RESPECT TO YOUR TIME
HONORED PROGRAMING, TONTO
MAY I POINT OUT THE DISCREPANCY...



A PREHISTORIC MOUSE MUST HAVE GNAWED ON
YOUR CIRCUITRY... THE CURRENT METABARON
IS UNVINCIBLE! IF YOU DON'T EXPLAIN YOURSELF
AT ONCE, I WILL FEED YOU TO THE METAL-CRUSHER

HOLD ON, PROFESSOR! GIVE "BIG ONE" A
MINUTE TO SHOW US THE MASTER'S FACE

ENLARGE RIGHT
EYEBROW



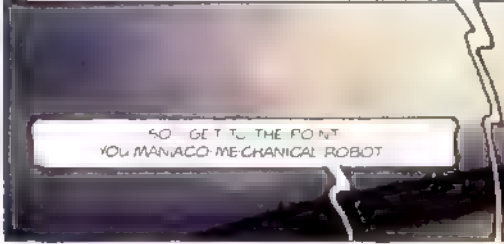
OH HIS EYEBROW



THAT'S RIGHT, HIS EYEBROW! IT'S CUT! YOU CAN'T
DENY THAT THE SCAR WAS LEFT BY A WOUND

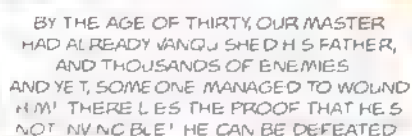
I DON'T DENY IT!

THE CHRONOMATRIX SHOWS THAT THE TISSUE
WAS SCARRED WHEN THE METABARON
WAS EXACTLY THIRTY YEARS, TWO MONTHS,
SEVEN DAYS, THREE HOURS, TWENTY MINUTES
AND FOUR SECONDS O.D.

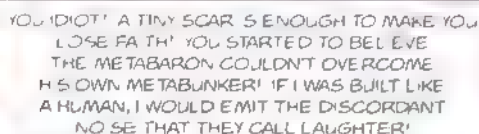


SO... GET TO THE POINT
YOU MANIAC MECHANICAL ROBOT

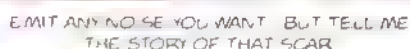




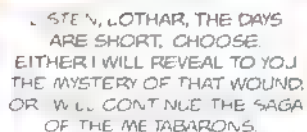
BY THE AGE OF THIRTY, OUR MASTER
HAD ALREADY VANQUISHED HIS FATHER,
AND THOUSANDS OF ENEMIES
AND YET, SOMEONE MANAGED TO WOUND
HIM! THERE LIES THE PROOF THAT HE IS
NOT INVINCIBLE! HE CAN BE DEFEATED



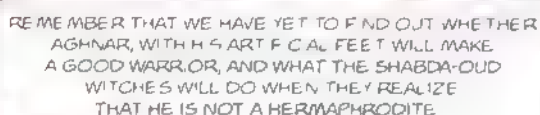
YOU IDIOT! A TINY SCAR IS ENOUGH TO MAKE YOU
LOSE FAITH! YOU STARTED TO BELIEVE
THE METABARON COULDN'T OVERCOME
HIS OWN METABUNKER! IF I WAS BUILT LIKE
A HUMAN, I WOULD EMIT THE DISCORDANT
NOISE THAT THEY CALL LAUGHTER!



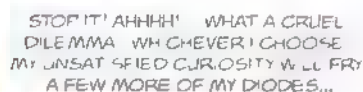
EMIT ANY NOISE YOU WANT, BUT TELL ME
THE STORY OF THAT SCAR



LISTEN, LOTHAR, THE DAYS
ARE SHORT. CHOOSE
EITHER I WILL REVEAL TO YOU
THE MYSTERY OF THAT WOUND,
OR WE'LL CONTINUE THE SAGA
OF THE METABARONS.



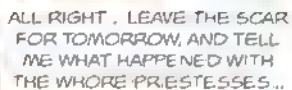
REMEMBER THAT WE HAVE YET TO FIND OUT WHETHER
AGHNAH, WITH HIS ARTIFICIAL FEET WILL MAKE
A GOOD WARRIOR, AND WHAT THE SHABDA-OD
WITCHES WILL DO WHEN THEY REALIZE
THAT HE IS NOT A HERMAPHRODITE



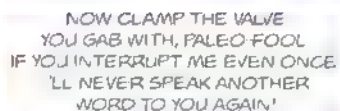
STOP IT! AHHHH! WHAT A CRUEL
DILEMMA! WHICHEVER I CHOOSE
MY INSATISFIED CURIOSITY WILL FRY
A FEW MORE OF MY DIODES...



YOU CAN'T HAVE EVERYTHING, YOU
GREEDY RUSTBUCKET. DECIDE!



ALL RIGHT. LEAVE THE SCAR
FOR TOMORROW, AND TELL
ME WHAT HAPPENED WITH
THE WHORE PRESTESSES...



NOW CLAMP THE VALVE
YOU GAB WITH, PALEO-FOOL
IF YOU INTERRUPT ME EVEN ONCE,
I'LL NEVER SPEAK ANOTHER
WORD TO YOU AGAIN!



GULP...

AGHVAR HAD BARELY BEGUN TO RECOVER FROM THE GRAFT OF HIS METAL PROSTHESES WHEN OTHON VON SALZA'S ULTRA RADARS PICKED UP A FOREIGN BODY HEADING TOWARDS OKHAR.

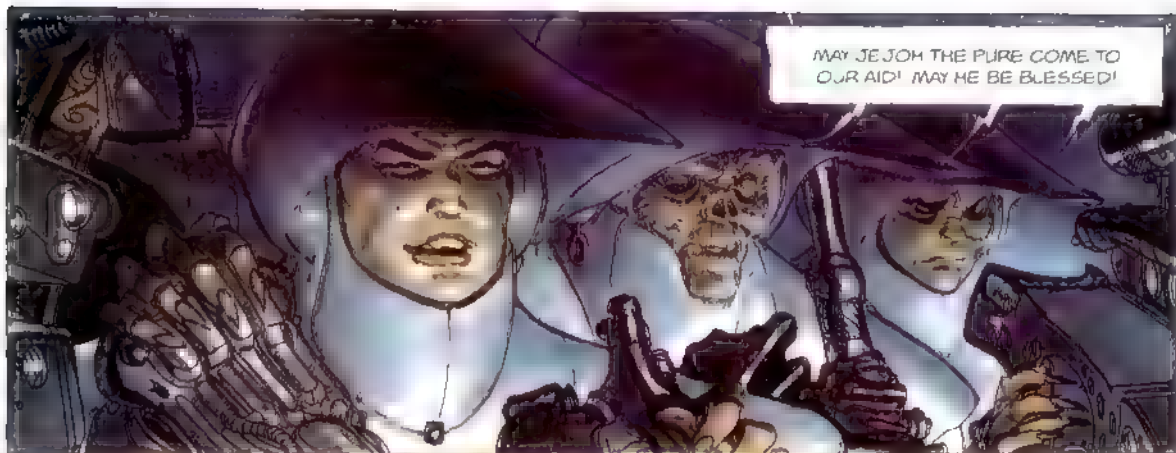
WE ARE BUT A FEW HOURS FROM THE PLANET! SHALL WE SIGNAL OUR ARRIVAL, MOTHER SUPERIOR?

THERE'S NO POINT. THEIR DEFENSES SHOULD HAVE DETECTED US ALREADY.

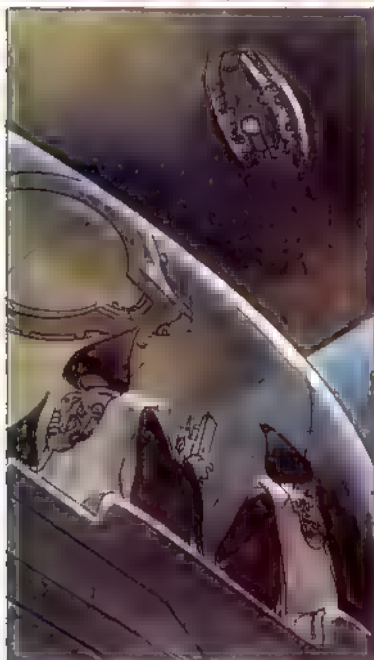
WE MUST PROCEED WITH EXTREME CAUTION. MY ALPHA-PLUS INTUITION INDICATES AN ANOMALY. PREPARE THE SECRET WEAPONS.

BOTH THE FATE OF THE GALAXY AND THE TRIUMPH OF THE SHABDA OUD DEPEND ON THIS VISIT.

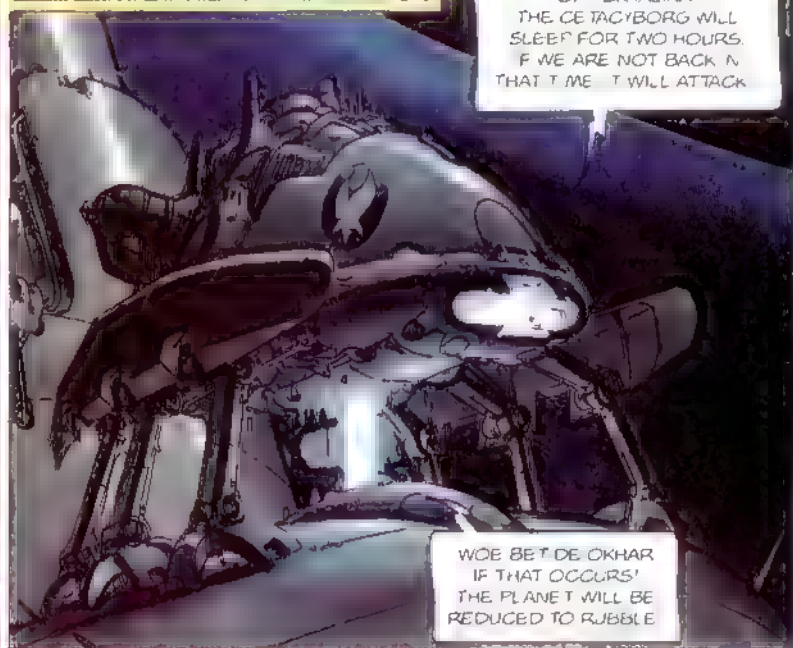
SYMENEZ



MAY JEJOM THE PURE COME TO
OUR AID! MAY HE BE BLESSED!

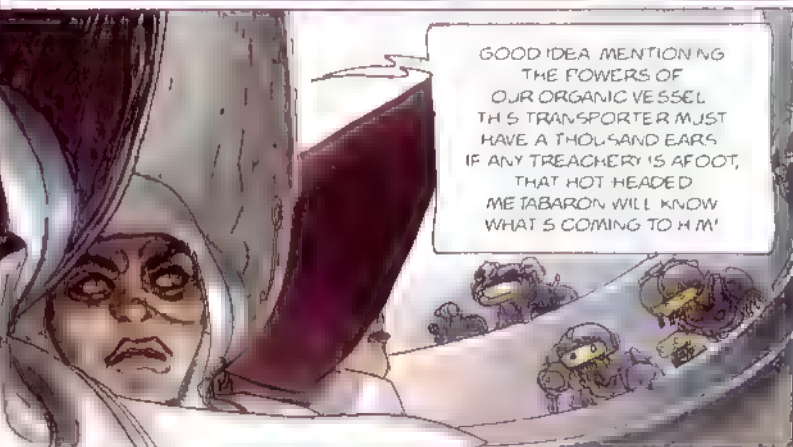
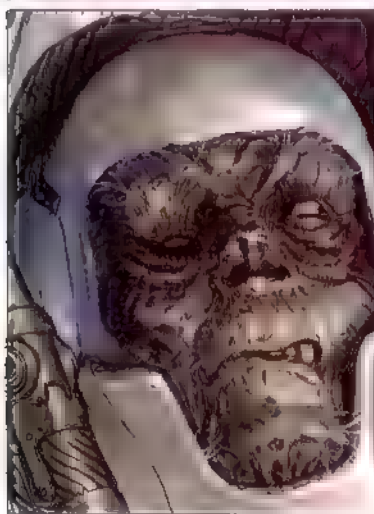


A HARANA CLASS ROBO TRANSPORTER
CAME TO COLLECT THE THREE
WHORE PRIESTESSES

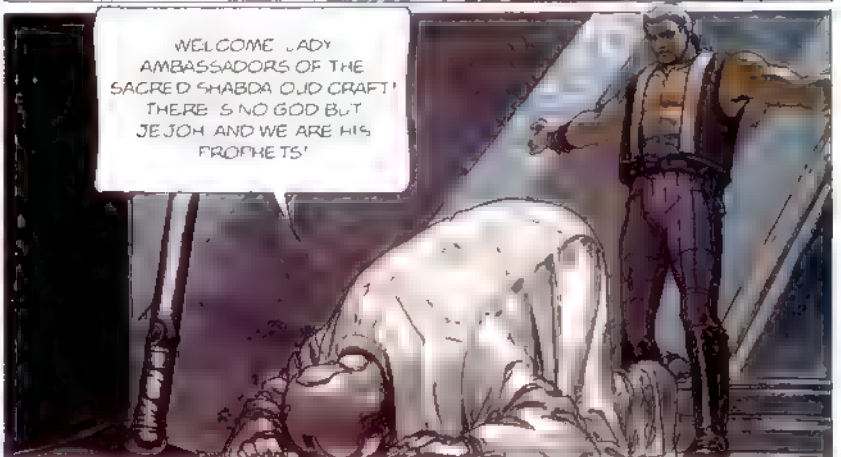
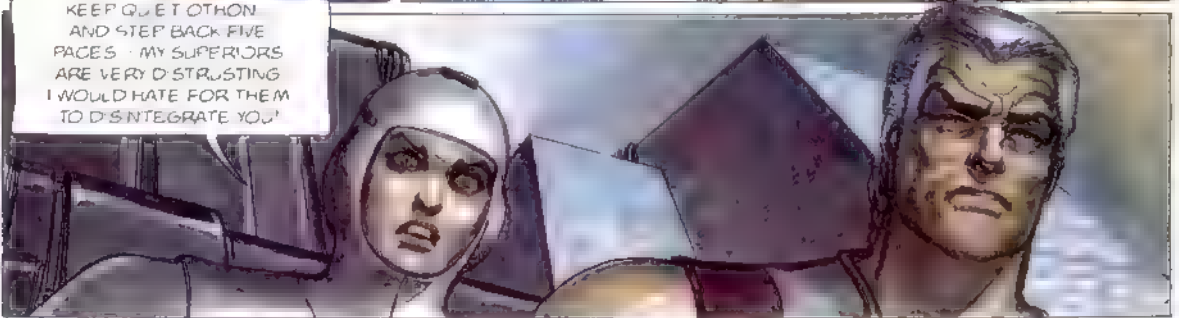
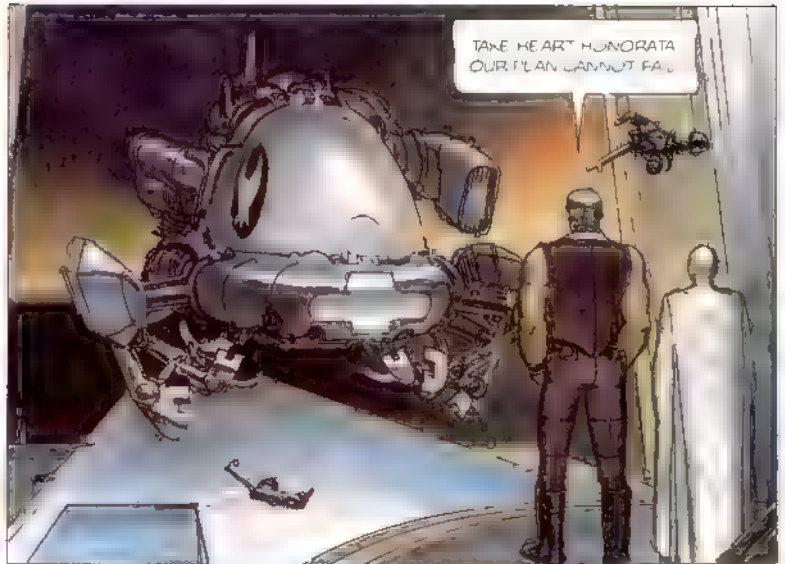
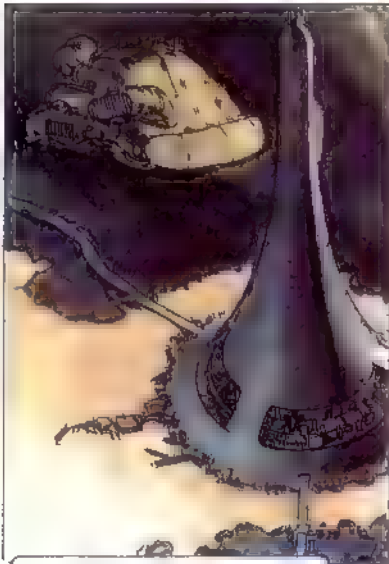


GAVE IT HALF A DOSE
OF PENTALINA
THE CE TACYBORG WILL
SLEEP FOR TWO HOURS.
IF WE ARE NOT BACK IN
THAT TIME IT WILL ATTACK

WOE BET DE OKHAR
IF THAT OCCURS!
THE PLANET WILL BE
REDUCED TO RUBBLE



GOOD IDEA MENTIONING
THE POWERS OF
OUR ORGANIC VESSEL
THIS TRANSPORTER MUST
HAVE A THOUSAND EARS
IF ANY TREACHERY IS AFOOT,
THAT HOT HEADED
ME TABARON WILL KNOW
WHAT'S COMING TO HIM!



OTHON VON SALZA, SPARE US YOUR CEREMONIES!
WE HAVE LITTLE TIME. THE OBJECT OF OUR VISIT CON-
FORMS TO CONVENT REGULATIONS
WE MUST BE ASSURED OF OUR PROTÉGÉE'S FAITH



WOULD YOU BE GOOD ENOUGH
TO PROVIDE US WITH A SECLUDED PLACE
WHERE WE MIGHT EXAMINE YOUR WIFE?



OUR PSYCHO TOUCH
DETECTS NO HIDDEN
MICROPHONES

COMPLETELY SOUNDPROOF.
NO HIDDEN WEAPONS.



THE LOCK CANNOT BE
OPENED FROM OUTSIDE
THERE IS COMPLETE SECURITY
THE MOTHER SUPERIOR
CAN SPEAK OPENLY

NOT ONLY YOUR OWN EXISTENCE, BUT
ALSO THAT OF THIS WHOLE PLANET
DEPENDS ON YOUR ANSWERS

I UNDERSTAND,
MOTHER!



YOU WERE ORDERED TO CONCEIVE
A HERMAPHRODITE, TO MAKE A PERFECT ANDROGY-
NE WHO WOULD BE PROCLAIMED EMPRESS OF
THE GALAXY
HE IS NOW SEVEN YEARS OLD - YOU SHOULD HAVE
SENT HIM TO US. WHY HAVE YOU NOT DONE THIS?



ONLY A MINUTE HAD PASSED SINCE ASHWAR HAD ENTERED THE HALL OF ARMS FOR HIS EXAMINATION BY THE THREE PRIESTESSES. AND ALREADY ONORATA WAS TREMBLING ALL OVER.

OUR SON WILL EMBODIE THE SPIRIT OF OUR PEOPLE IN THIS TEST. REMEMBER, HE IS A CASTANA.

DON'T LET YOUR MATERNAL INSTINCT CLOUD YOUR WARRIOR'S SPIRIT. APPLY THE TEACHING: "YOUR MIND EMPTY OF CONFUSION, YOUR HEART EMPTY OF WORRY, YOUR BELLY EMPTY OF FEAR."

BUT I CAN'T HELP REMEMBERING THAT HE'S ONLY A CHILD. HE'S ONLY JUST GETTING OVER THE PAIN OF THE OPERATION. HE'S STILL LEARNING THE USE OF HIS NEW FEET.

AND THE WHORE PRIESTESSES ARE KILLERS OF THE WORST KIND! TREMBLE FOR HIM!

ABSOLUTE ACCEPTANCE OF DEATH IS THE WARRIOR'S WAY.

HE IS CARRYING NO WEAPONS EITHER UPON HIM OR WITHIN HIS BODY.

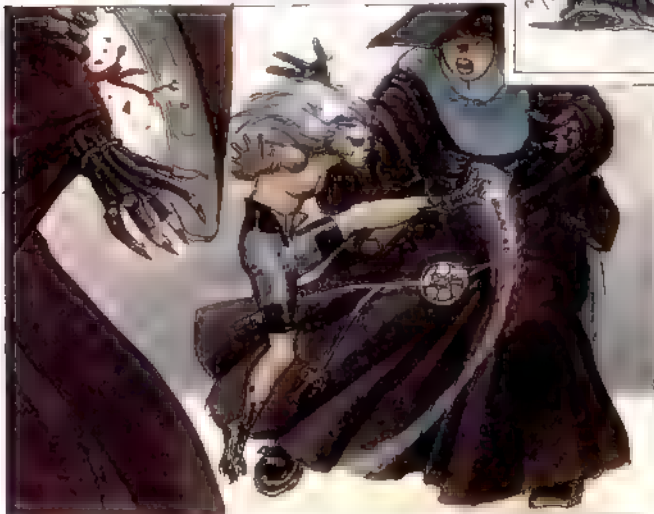
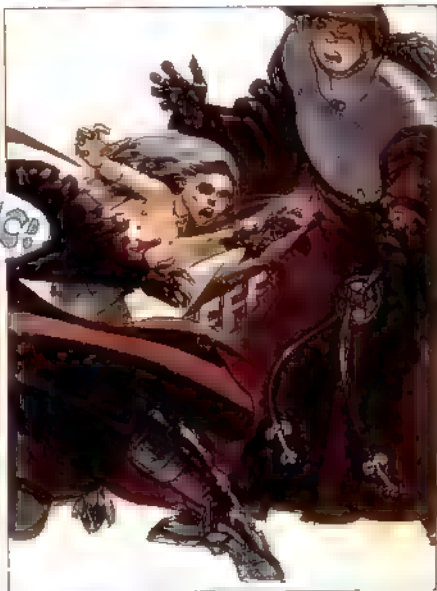
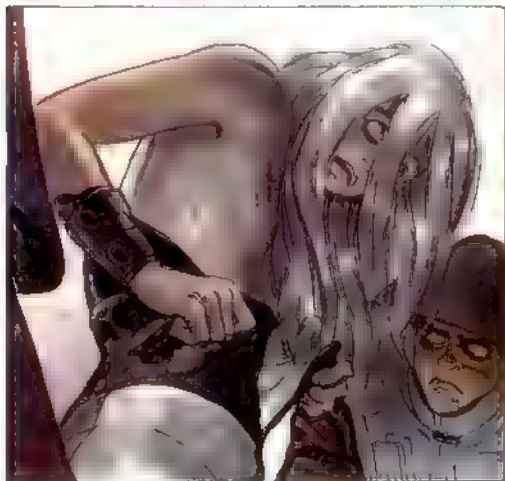
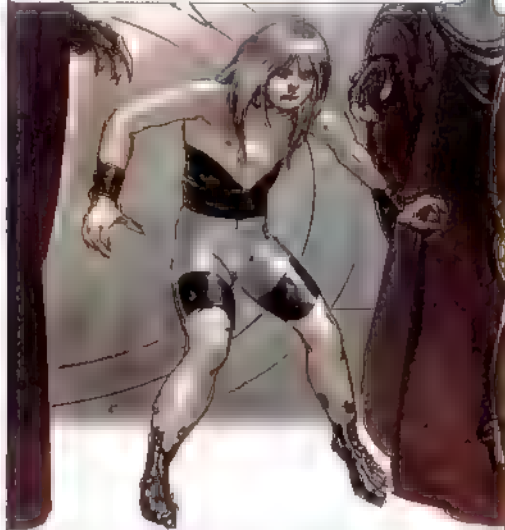
HIS BRAIN IS IN ALPHA MODE. NO KILLER PROGRAMING.

GOOD. APPROACH CHILD.

FORGIVE ME, REVEREND MOTHERS
AM NOT USED TO MY NEW FEET YET
I WILL SOON WALK BETTER.

THE SUBJECT OF YOUR MOBILITY SEEM THE MOST
IMPORTANT AT PRESENT. LET'S GET DOWN TO
ESSENTIALS. SHOW US YOUR DUAL SEX-BROWS.

DROP YOUR
TROUSERS!



YOUNG FOOL! THOSE MINOR SCRATCHES
WILL DO YOU NO GOOD. YOU CAN
NOT DEFEAT MY ASSASSINS.

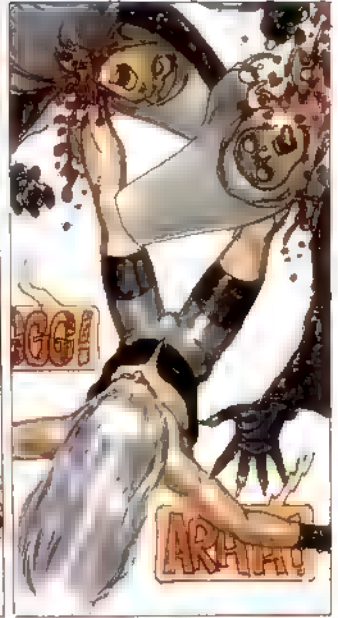
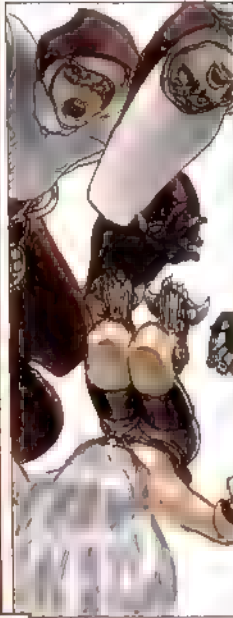




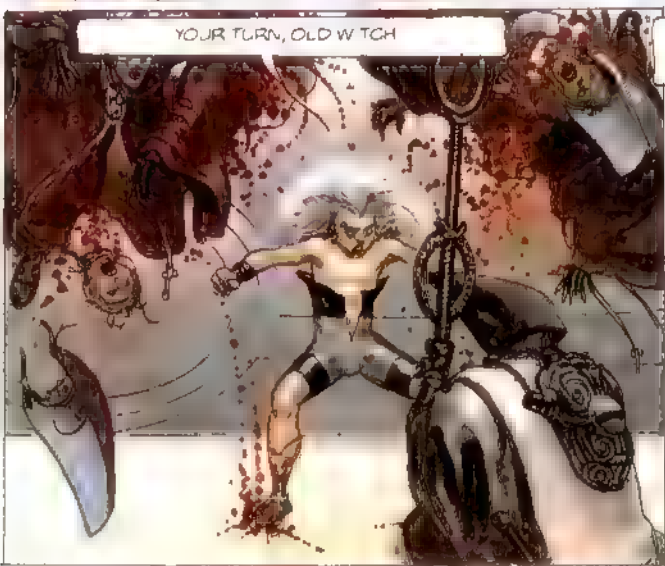
NOT ON THE GROUND MAYBE,
BUT N THE A.R.

OH!

MY WE GHT!



AGHNAR'S PROSTHESES WERE INFUSED WITH EPHYHITE
THE ANTI GRAVITY SUBSTANCE...



YOUR TURN, OLD W TCH

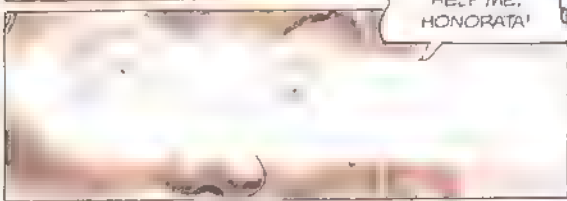


IMPUDENT
WORM!

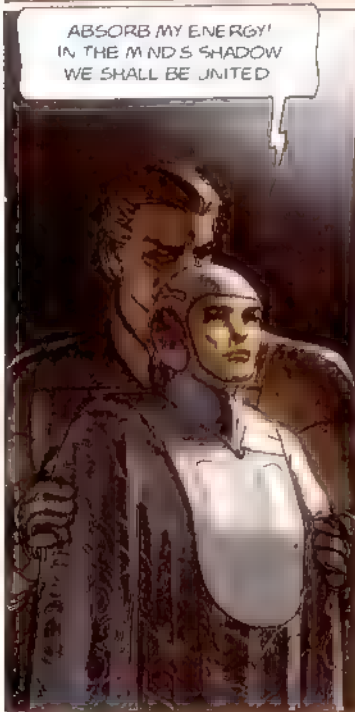




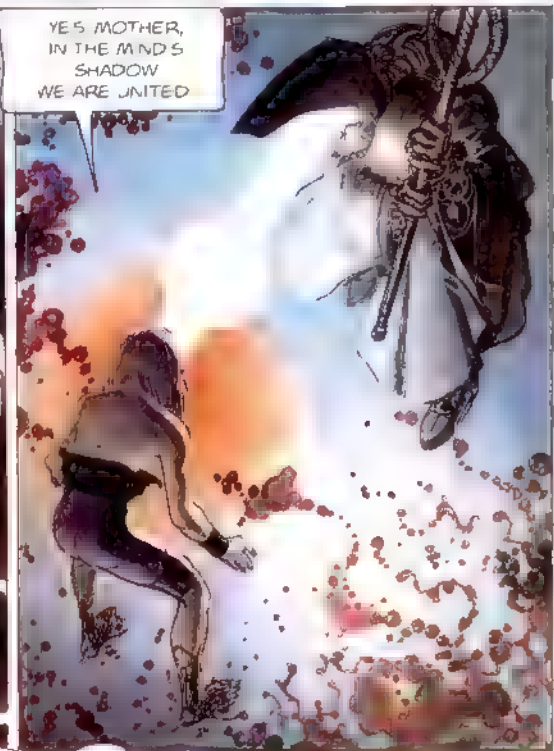
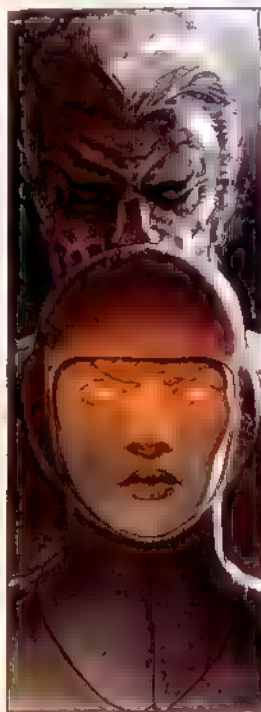
NOTHING CAN RESIST THE MENTAL
POWER OF THE SHABOA OUD



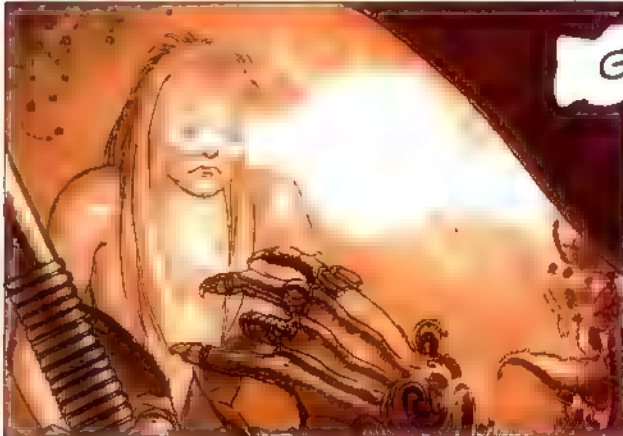
HELP ME,
HONORATA!



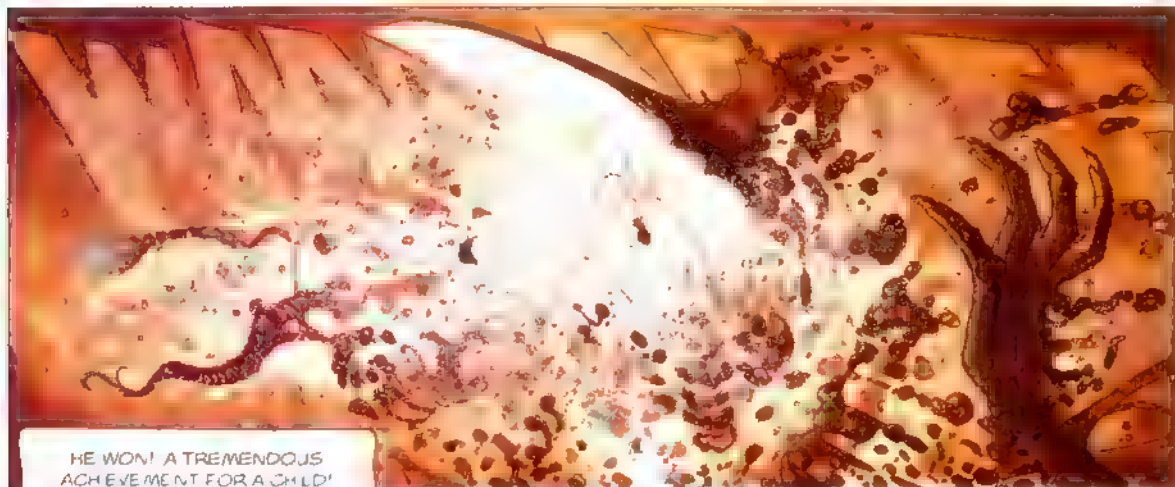
ABSORB MY ENERGY!
IN THE MIND'S SHADOW
WE SHALL BE UNITED



YES MOTHER,
IN THE MIND'S
SHADOW
WE ARE UNITED



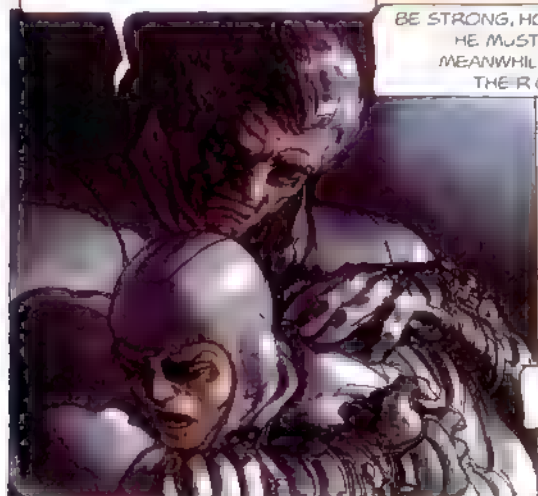
GAAAAKH!



HE WON! A TREMENDOUS
ACHIEVEMENT FOR A CHILD!

BE STRONG, HONORATA! GO TO H.M.
HE MUST BE EXHAUSTED.
MEANWHILE, I WILL DESTROY
THEIR ORGANIC SHIP!

BE CAREFUL!
THE CETACYBORGS HAVE
THE POWER TO DESTROY
ENTIRE PLANETS!



I DIDN'T SAY ANYTHING
I BARELY SQUEAKED

WHAT ABOUT THAT
SMOKE COMING FROM
YOUR BREAST PLATE?

SMOKE DOESN'T COUNT
AS TALKING! THIS BURNING
FUSE IS MY PROBLEM
NOT YOURS. STOP PLAYING
20 QUESTIONS AND TELL ME
WHAT HAPPENED NEXT
MY DAMNED OIL IS GOING
TO END UP BOILING OVER
IN SUSPENSE

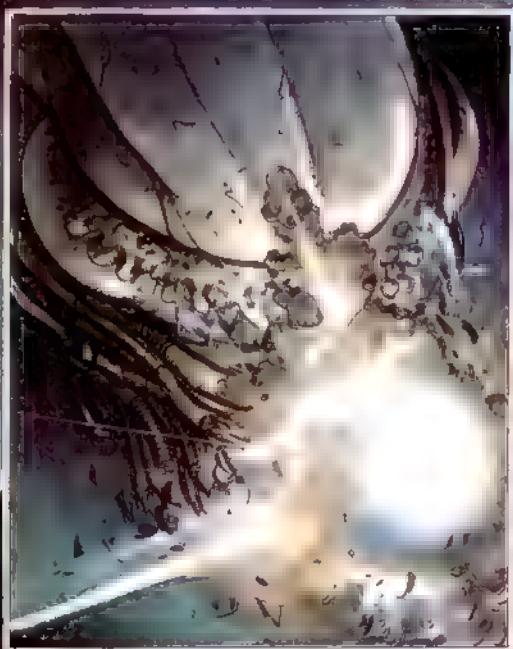
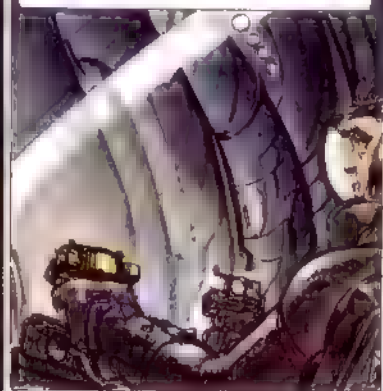


EEEEEE!

WHAT?

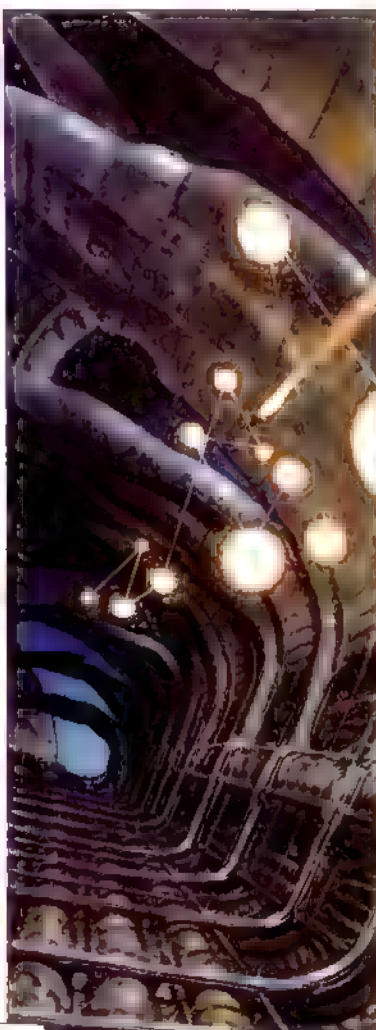


IT'S IMMENSE! WILL PENETRATE
ITS HULL NOW, WHILE IT SLEEPS

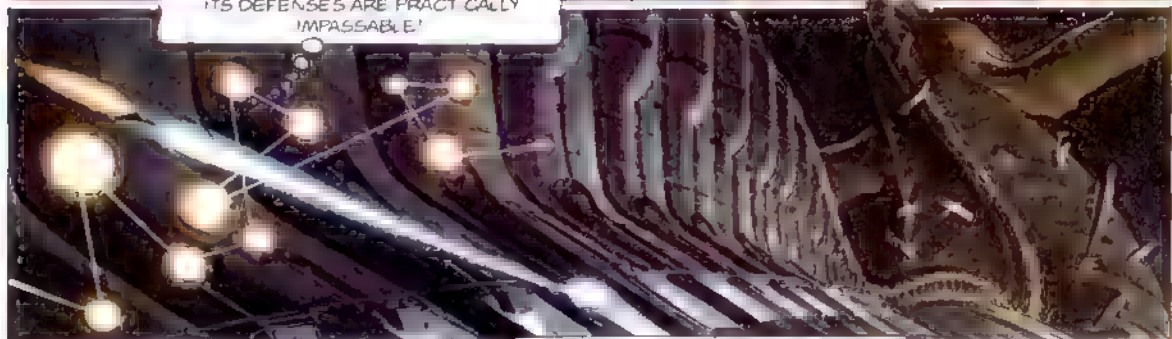




ITS DEFENSES ARE PRACTICALLY
IMPASSABLE!



IT'S MORE POWERFUL
THAN THOUGHT
THIS WON'T BE EASY



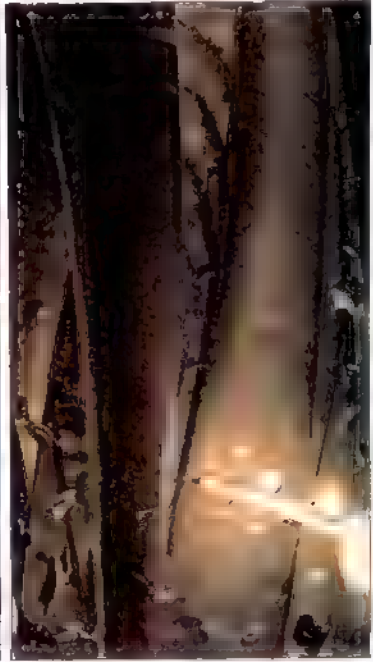
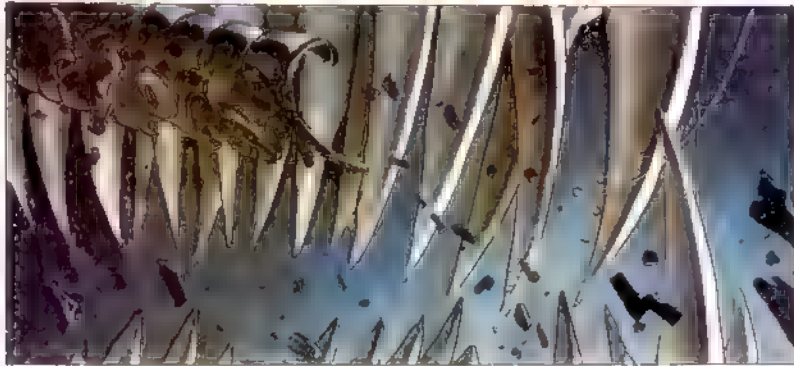
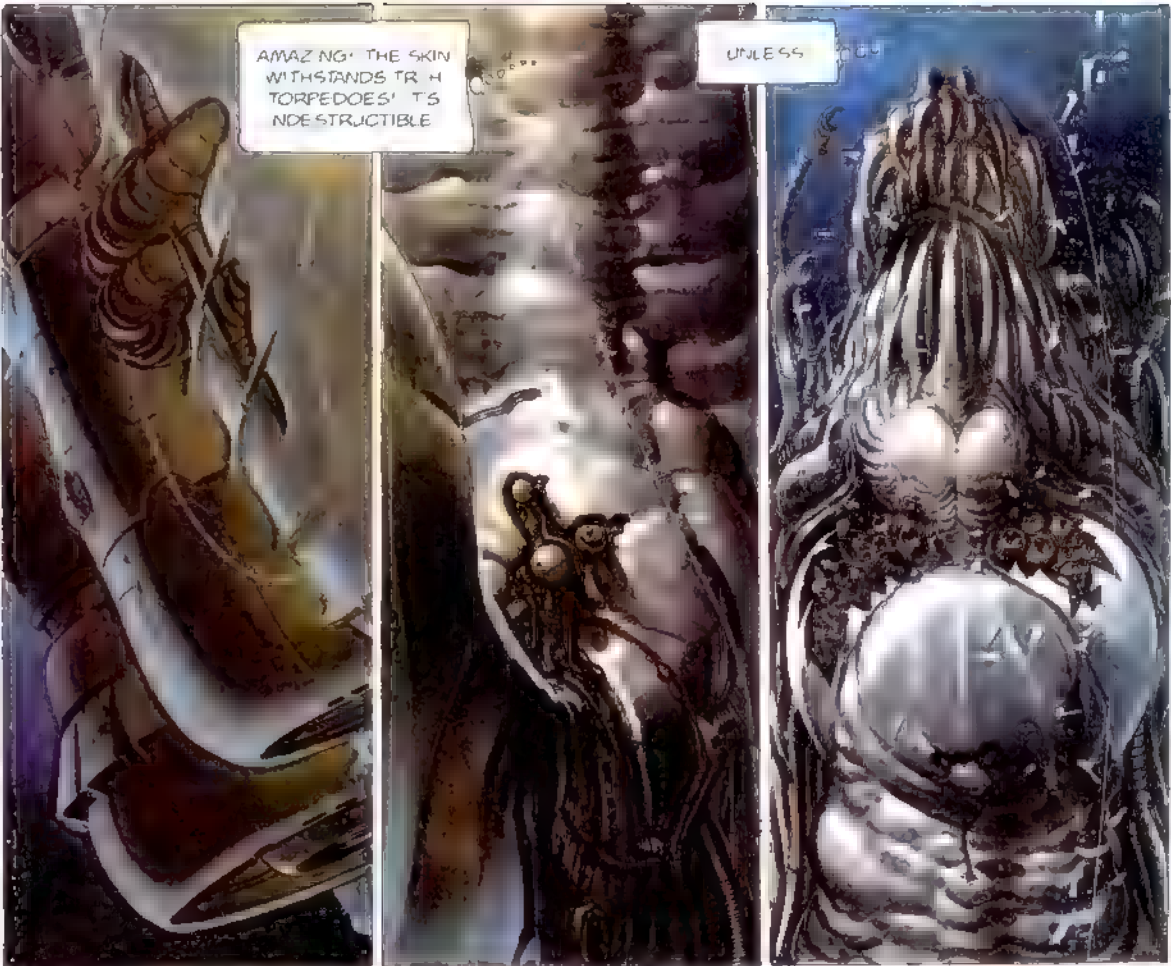
AND THEY'RE OVERHEATING THE
METACRAFT TO DANGEROUS LEVELS!



I CAN'T STAY NEAR IT ANY LONGER!

AMAZING! THE SKIN
WITHSTANDS TR H
TORPEDOES! TS
INDESTRUCTIBLE

UNLESS





IT SWALLOWED HIM!

THAT'S RIGHT, INFANTILE CHATTERBOT!

SO THAT'S THE END OF OUR HERO?

JUST FOR ONCE, TRY TO GRASP SOME SUBTLETY WITH YOUR RUSTY BRAIN... THE CETACYBORG DIDN'T SWALLOW HIM!... OTHON LET HIMSELF BE SWALLOWED! ...IT WASN'T DEFEAT, BUT RATHER THE TRICK OF A BRILLIANT STRATEGY!

THE ENEMY PROVED SO STRONG THAT HE ADOPTED THE BEHAVIOR OF A VIRUS, IN ORDER TO DESTROY IT FROM WITHIN.



THE MONSTER DEFENDED ITS INTERESTS WITH CORROSIVE ACIDS, IN HOPES OF DAMAGING THE INTRUDER'S ARMOR PLATING

COUGH!

I MUST FIND THE SERVO-BRAIN THAT COMMANDS THIS CETACYBORG. THE METACRAFT WON'T LAST MORE THAN ANOTHER TEN SECONDS!

COUGH!

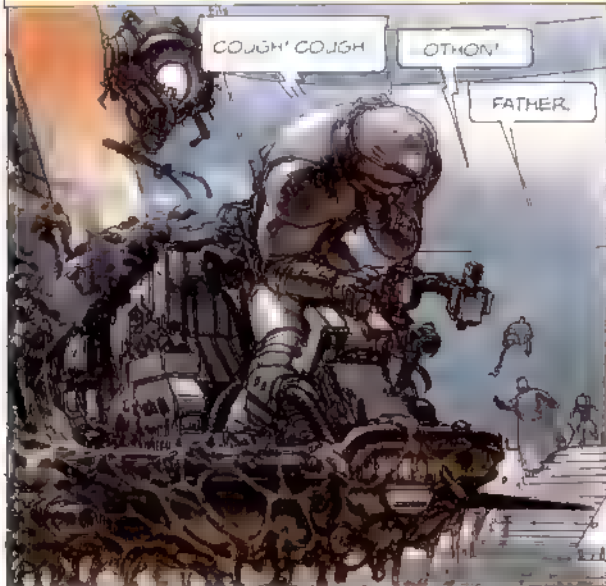
THERE IT IS!



WHEN OTHON LAUNCHED
ALL HIS WEAPONS AT
ITS SERVO BRAIN, THE
CETACYBORG EXPLODED
LIKE A SUPERNOVA



THE FIRST METABARON COUGHED ALL THE WAY BACK TO HIS MAXI-PROTONIC TOWER. THE CETACYBORGS' NTEST NAL ACIDS HAD CORRODED HIS LUNGS...



COUGH! COUGH

OTHON!

FATHER.

COUGH! IT'S NOTHING... JUST SLIGHT DIZZINESS... THE FATIGUE OF BATTLE...

YOU HAVE A HIGH FEVER, MY LOVE!

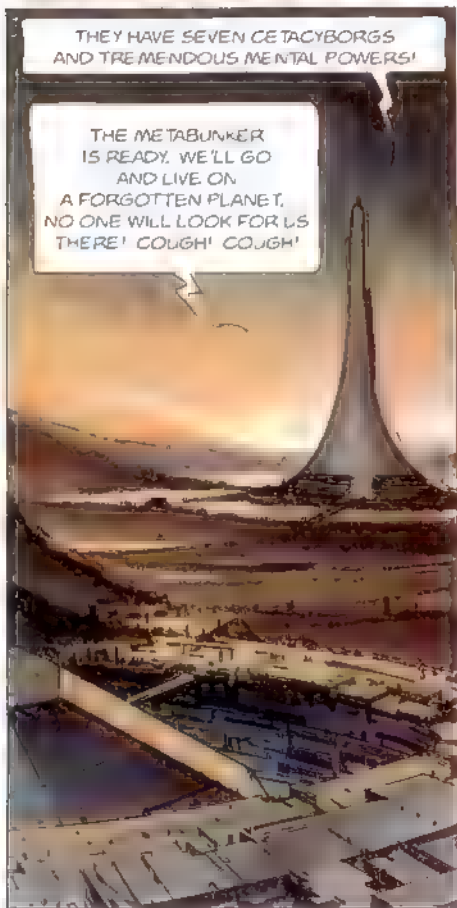


COUGH! COUGH! I WILL GET BETTER SOON! NOW WE MUST HURRY! THE ENTIRE SHABDAOJD CLAN WILL SOON BE UPON US!



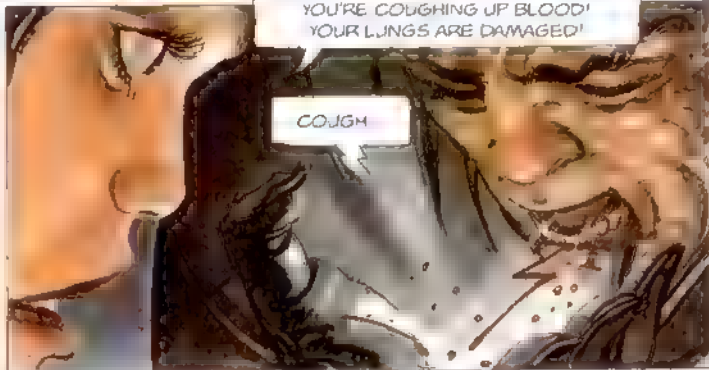
THEY HAVE SEVEN CETACYBORGS AND TREMENDOUS MENTAL POWERS!

THE METABUNKER IS READY. WE'LL GO AND LIVE ON A FORGOTTEN PLANET. NO ONE WILL LOOK FOR US THERE! COUGH! COUGH!



YOU'RE COUGHING UP BLOOD! YOUR LUNGS ARE DAMAGED!

COUGH



NO, IT'S JUST A RUPTURED BLOOD VESSEL IN MY THROAT! DON'T WORRY. THE MOST IMPORTANT THING NOW IS TO FLEE THIS PLANET. WE MUST DEPART IMMEDIATELY.

WHAT DO YOU MEAN, FATHER? WE HAVE TO HIDE? WE, THE CASTAKAS, WILL NOT BE REJOINING THE FIGHT? I DON'T UNDERSTAND YOU!



MY SON, BY OVERCOMING THOSE
THREE WITCHES,
YOU PROVED YOU ARE A GREAT
WARRIOR! SO YOU SHOULD
UNDERSTAND ME!

A WARRIOR'S POWER IS LIKE WATER,
IT ADAPTS TO ALL THAT IT ENCOUN-
TERS JUST AS HE WHO DESIRES
NOTHING NEVER FALLS,
HE WHO WINS NOTHING, LOSES
NOTHING. BY SLIPPING AWAY,
A TRUE HERO ASSERTS HIMSELF

THE CLAN OF THE METABARONS
WILL CONTINUE TO THRIVE
IN SECRET! AND WE WILL
REEMERGE A FEW YEARS
FROM NOW

I UNDERSTAND, FATHER.
HE WHO RENOUNCES GLORY
IS A HERO TOO!

THEY WENT TO THE EMBARKATION PLAT-
FORM WHERE THE METABUNKER AWAITED
THEM... THE PERFECT WAR MACHINE,
DESIGNED BY OTHON,
WHO ALSO MADE THE PERFECT ROBOT,
WHICH, IN ALL HUMILITY, IS ME...

PLEASE, SPARE ME YOUR WORDS
OF SELF-PRaise AND QUICKLY TELL ME
THE REST! I'M SURE THEY WILL BE ATTACKED
BY THE PRIESTESSES BEFORE THEY EVEN
GET ON BOARD AND THAT, AS AGHNA WAS
HOPING, THEY WILL BE FORCED TO RETALIATE!

YOU HAVE NO IMAGINATION,
YOU SQUAWKING SCRAP-HEAP! WHAT
HAPPENED NEXT WAS INFINITELY
MORE HORRIBLE

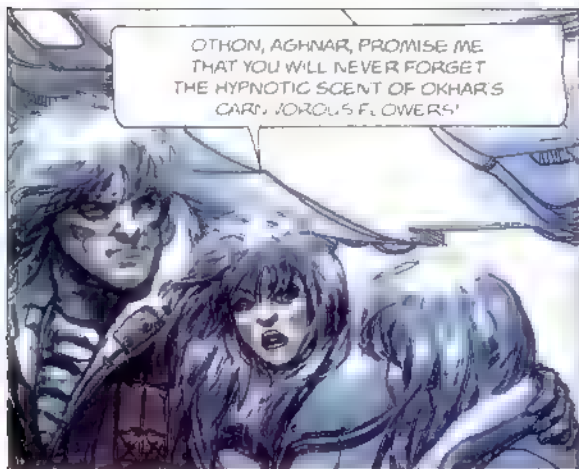
TELL ME! TELL ME,
OR I'LL PISS AWAY ALL MY OIL!

THE LAST TRUNKS AND THE METACRAFT
WERE ALREADY BEING LOADED INTO THE METABUNKER.
THE NATIVES WERE CHANTING SONGS OF FAREWELL...
I WAS JUST PREPARING FOR TAKE-OFF, WHEN...

FAREWELL! FAREWELL! IT IS
NORMAL FOR ALL OF US TO
DEPART... WE COME HERE ONLY
TO SLEEP... WE COME HERE
ONLY TO DREAM... IT IS NOT
TRUE, IT IS NOT TRUE THAT ALL
OF US LIVE ON THIS EARTH!

WELCOME,
MASTER!

HONORATA UTTERED A FEW STRANGE WORDS.

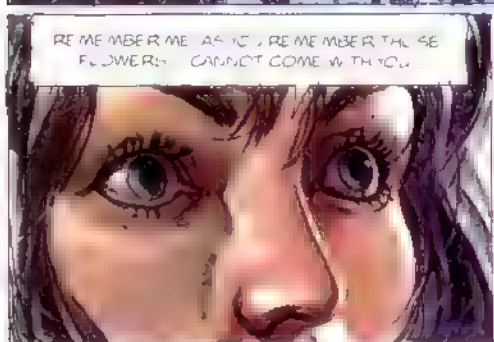


OTHON, AGHNAR, PROMISE ME
THAT YOU WILL NEVER FORGET
THE HYPNOTIC SCENT OF OKHARS
CARNIVOROUS FLOWERS!

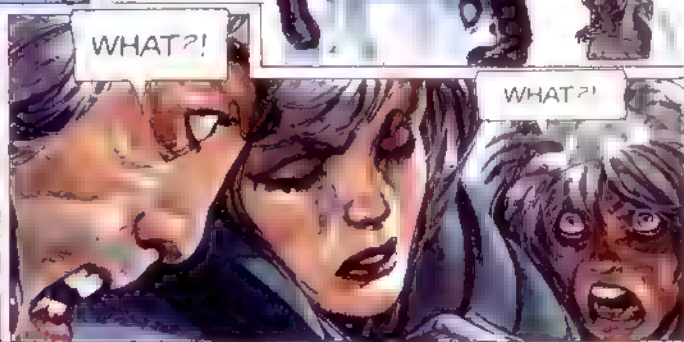


COUGH COUGH
I DON'T KNOW WHY, BUT YOUR
WORDS BREAK MY HEART!

MOTHER, THIS IS
THE SECOND TIME
IN MY LIFE I HAVE SEEN
YOU CRY.



REMEMBER ME AS YOU REMEMBER THE
FLOWERS. I CANNOT COME WITH YOU.

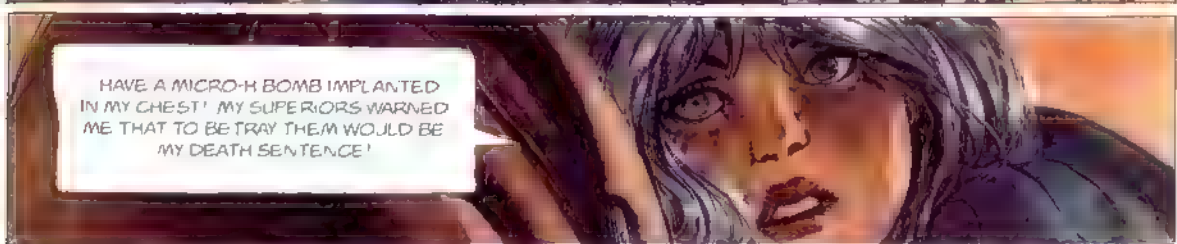


WHAT?!

WHAT?!



SO MUST IT BE. WE SAID NOTHING UNTIL
NOW, FOR FEAR THAT IT WOULD PREVENT
YOUR DEPARTURE. I HAVE ALWAYS KNOWN
YOU WOULD REMAIN HERE. LISTEN!

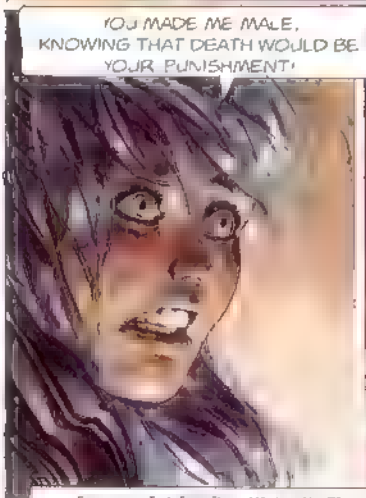


HAVE A MICRO-H BOMB IMPLANTED
IN MY CHEST! MY SUPERIORS WARNED
ME THAT TO BETRAY THEM WOULD BE
MY DEATH SENTENCE!

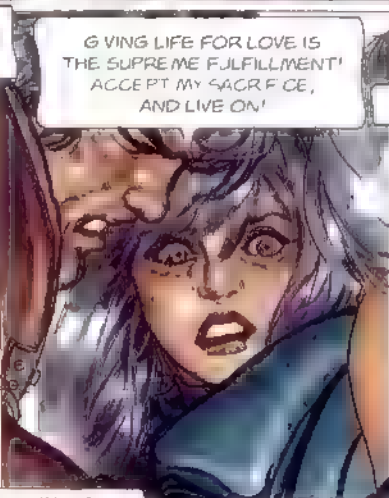


WE'LL TEAR YOU OUT MY ROBOTS SURVIVORS
ARE THE BEST IN THE GALAXY!

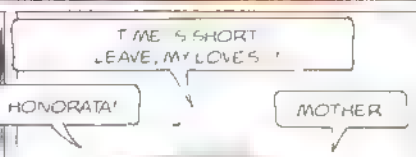
IMPOSSIBLE MY LOVE THEY WERE VERY CLEVER
THE BOMB CONSISTS OF MY ENTIRE HEART
AN ARTIFICIAL ORGAN THAT GIVES ME LIFE
BUT WHICH ALSO WILL BE MY DEATH



YOU MADE ME MAD,
KNOWING THAT DEATH WOULD BE
YOUR PUNISHMENT!



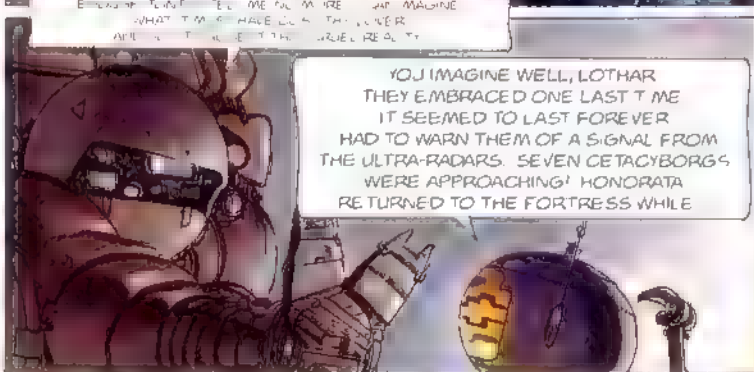
GIVING LIFE FOR LOVE IS
THE SUPREME FULFILLMENT!
ACCEPT MY SACRIFICE,
AND LIVE ON!



TIME IS SHORT
LEAVE, MY LOVE!

HONORATA!

MOTHER

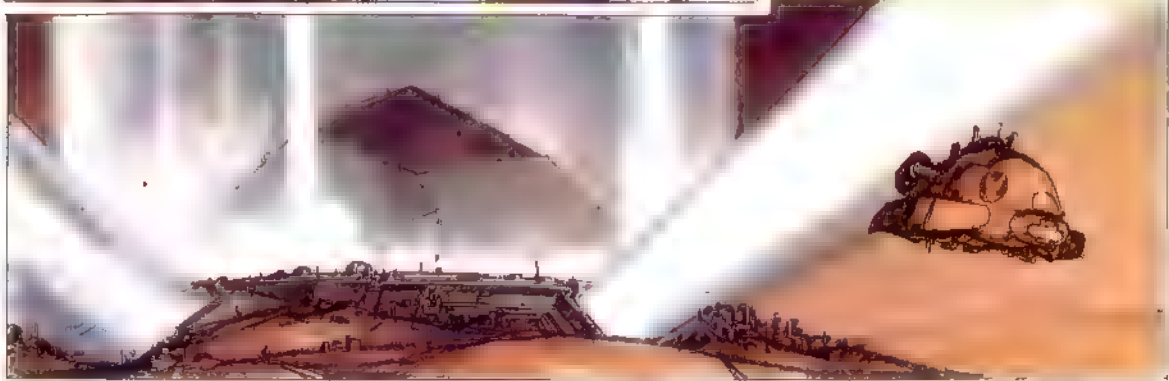


EMBRACING EACH OTHER THEY WERE
WHAT THEY HAD BEEN FOR THE
LAST TIME THEY WERE TOGETHER

YOU IMAGINE WELL, LOTHAR
THEY EMBRACED ONE LAST TIME
IT SEEMED TO LAST FOREVER
HAD TO WARN THEM OF A SIGNAL FROM
THE ULTRA-RADARS. SEVEN CETACYBORGS
WERE APPROACHING! HONORATA
RETURNED TO THE FORTRESS WHILE



OTHON AND AGHVAR DEPARTED
ABOARD THE METABUNKER.

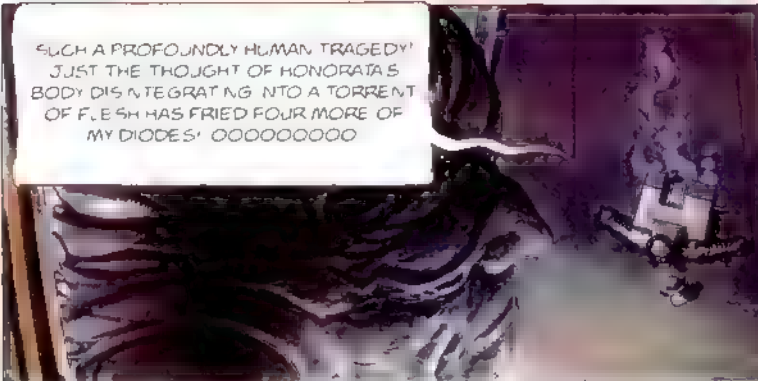




AND THUS DID THE METABUNKER DISAPPEAR INTO INFINITE SPACE



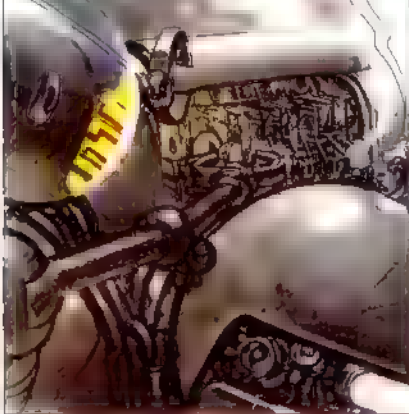
SUCH A PROFOUNDLY HUMAN TRAGEDY!
JUST THE THOUGHT OF HONORATA'S
BODY DISINTEGRATING INTO A TORRENT
OF FLESH HAS FRIED FOUR MORE OF
MY DIODES! OOOOOOOOOO



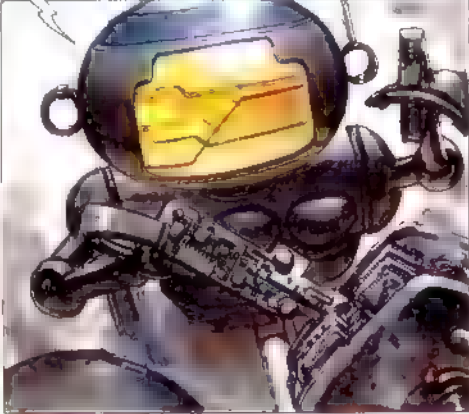
STOP YOUR EFFEMINATE
BLEATING! YOU'RE SPLTTING
MY MECHADRAMS! I'M SICK
OF ALL THESE INTERRUPTIONS
AND YOUR DIODES FRYING
ALL THE TIME! COME HERE!



OOOOO? WHAT ARE YOU GOING
TO DO TO ME, TONTO?



I AM REMOVING YOUR VERBAL MEMORY
PLATE AND YOUR ERSATZ EMOTION PLUG.



AND NOW, YOU USELESS
SCRAP HEAP
YOU CANNOT SPEAK,
OR FRY ANY OF YOUR
DIODES. NOW LISTEN



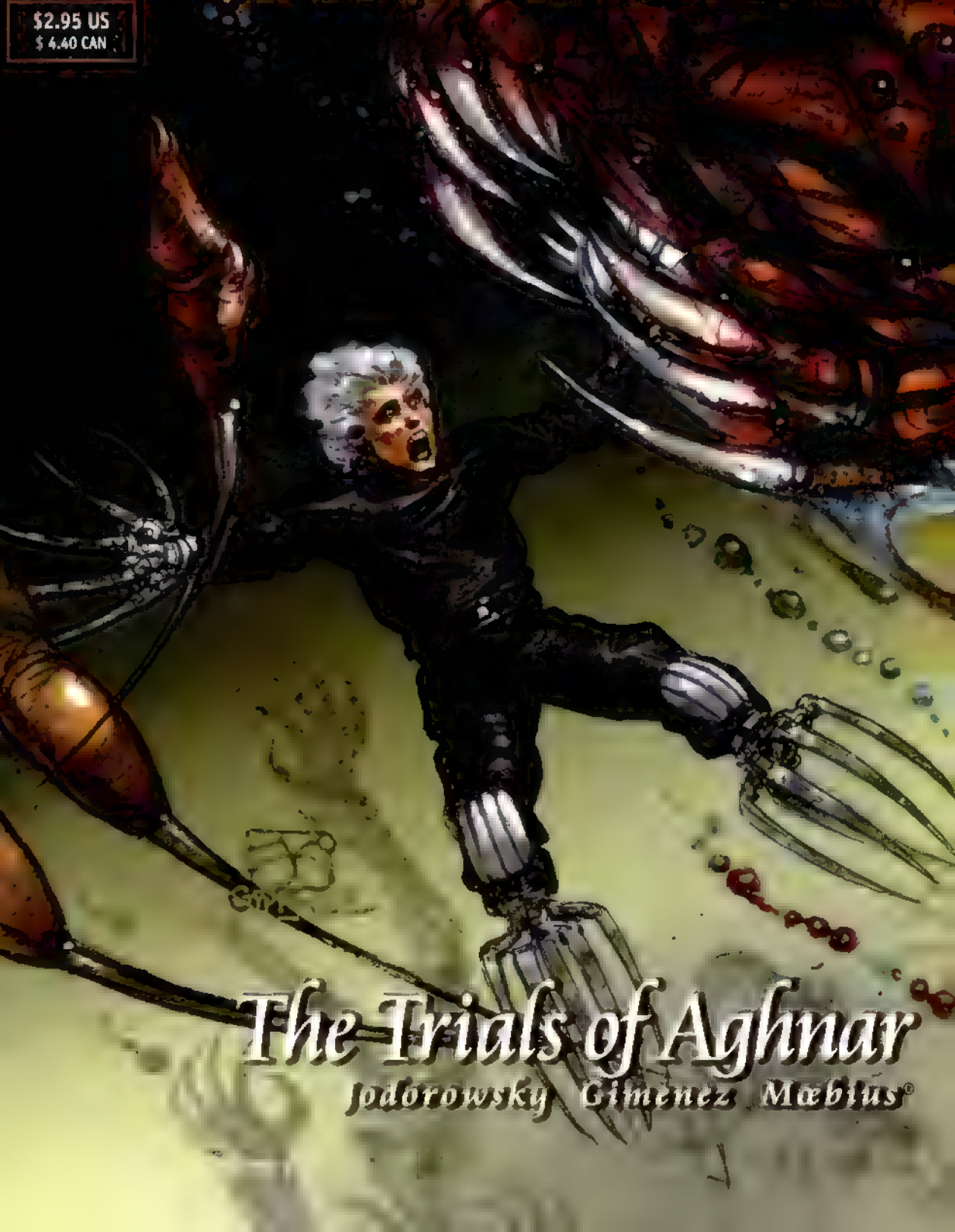


The Metabarons™

#6 JULY 2008

\$2.95 US

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The Trials of Aghnar

Jodorowsky Gimenez Maebius®

The Metabarons™

Previously, in The Metabarons:

The Mother Superior of the Shabda-Oud witches arrives on Okhar aboard a Cetacyborg, a gigantic semi-organic vessel. Escorted by two of her assassins, she immediately submits Honorata to a closed interrogation. Honorata lies, claiming that her child is indeed a hermaphrodite, but that an accident led to the amputation of his feet. She promises to deliver him to the priestesses as soon as he is fit to travel. The witches insist upon examining him, but just when they are about to discover the hoax, Aghnar attacks them with his claw-tipped prostheses. Realizing they've been tricked, the witches try to kill him, but Aghnar manages to overcome the assassins in midair because his prosthetics are tipped with epyphrite. Next he faces the Mother Superior in a telepathic duel. Honorata links her power to that of her son, and together, they obliterate the Mother Superior.

Othon climbs into his Metacraft to destroy the sleeping Cetacyborg, which has been programmed to destroy Okhar. The outer skin of the cosmic whale repels all his missiles, so Othon plunges the Metacraft into the beast's mouth and is able to destroy the Cetacyborg from the inside.

To evade reprisals from the Shabda-Oud, they must now leave Okhar, but Honorata reveals that a micro-H bomb has been implanted within her from the beginning. She cannot leave with those she loves, for to do so would bring about their destruction. Moreover, the surgeon-robots cannot remove the implant from her, as it is her own artificial heart that is the bomb. Powerless, father and son depart in the Metabunker, and witness, from space, the nuclear annihilation of Honorata — and of Okhar. They vow to avenge her.

Story by Alexandro Jodorowsky. Art, color and cover by Juan Gimenez.

Original Metabaron character created by Möbius® and Jodorowsky.

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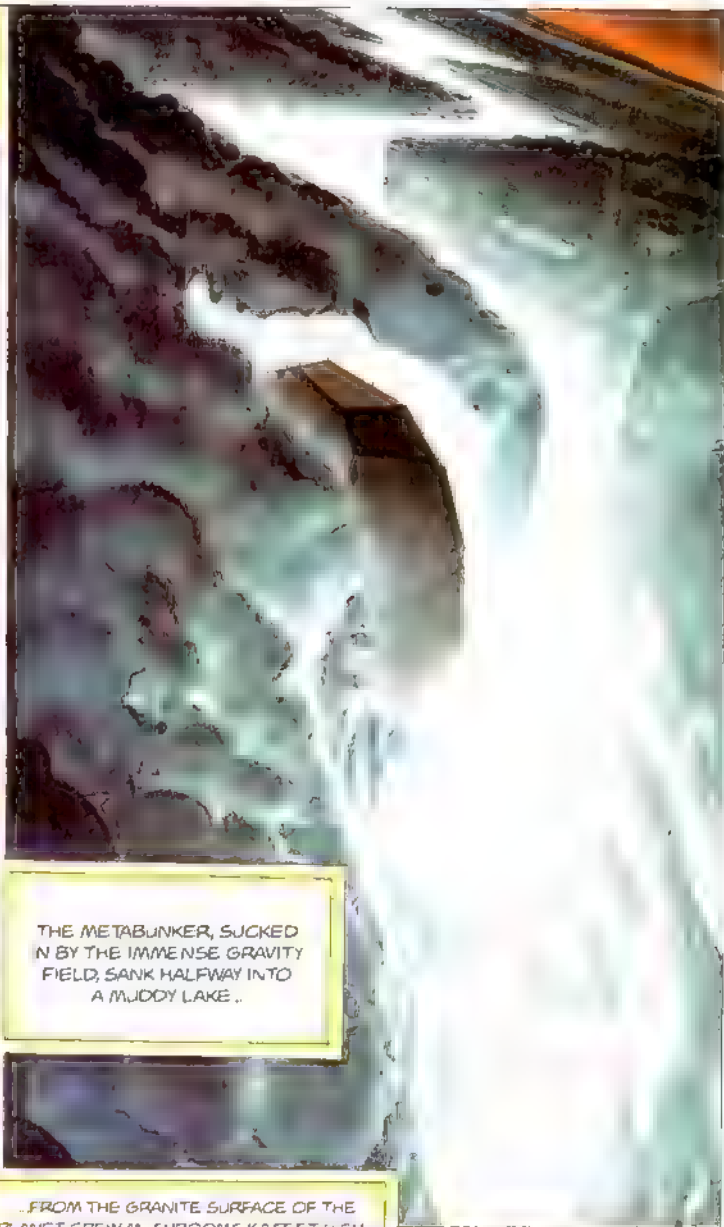
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PLANET PERDITA, IN THE LOWER SYSTEM, WAS A SHROUD OF FOG THAT ENCLOSED A SMALL ORB OF GRANITE AND MUD.



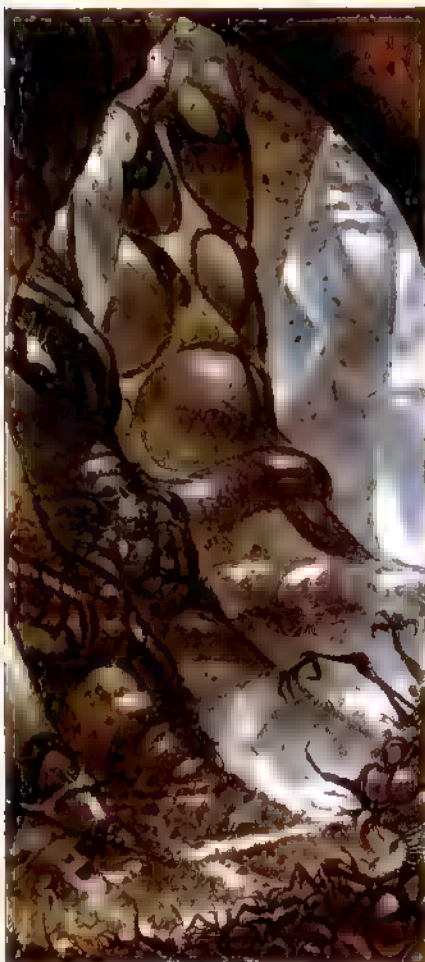
THE METABUNKER, SUCKED IN BY THE IMMENSE GRAVITY FIELD, SANK HALFWAY INTO A MUDDY LAKE.

...FROM THE GRANITE SURFACE OF THE PLANET GREW MUSHROOMS 160 FEET HIGH.

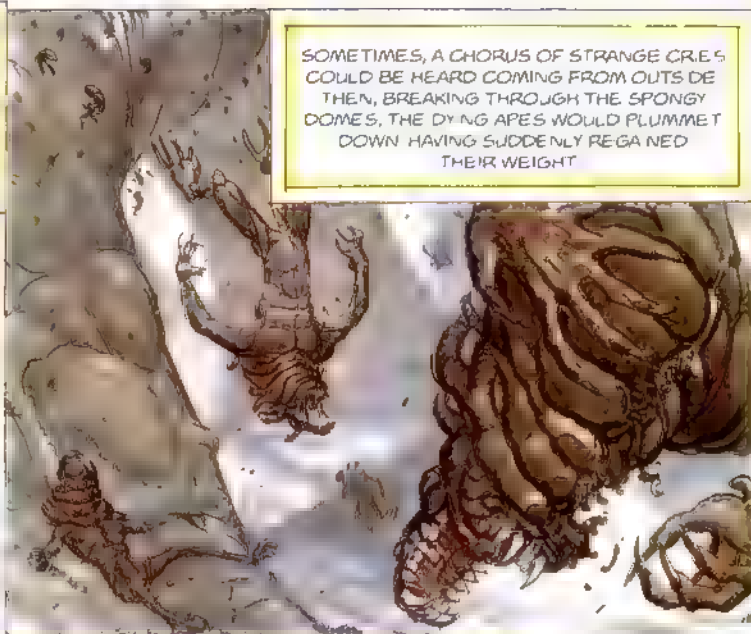


THE SURFACE TEEMED WITH VORACIOUS, FLAT-BODIED ANIMALS THAT STRUGGLED TO DRAG THEMSELVES ALONG FIGHTING THE PLANET'S FIERCE GRAVITY.

GIGANTIC APES, IMPERVIOUS TO THE PULL OF GRAVITY, LIVED IN THE SUMMITS. THEY FLOATED DOWN ALONG PALE RAYS OF LIGHT TO DEVOUR PIECES OF BARK WHICH THEY PULLED OFF THE MUSHROOM STALKS.



SOMETIMES, A CHORUS OF STRANGE CRIES COULD BE HEARD COMING FROM OUTSIDE. THEN, BREAKING THROUGH THE SPONGY DOMES, THE DYING APES WOULD PLUMMET DOWN, HAVING SUDDENLY REGAINED THEIR WEIGHT.



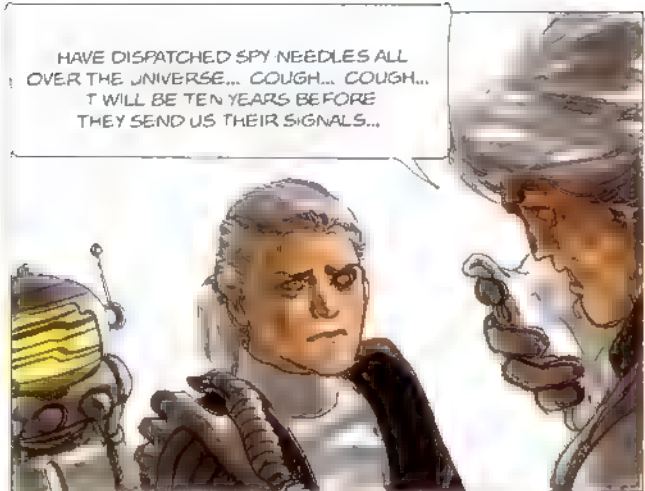
...THEY SMASHED WITHOUT CEREMONY AGAINST THE GROUND, TO BE IMMEDIATELY DEVOURER BY THE FLAT CREATURES.



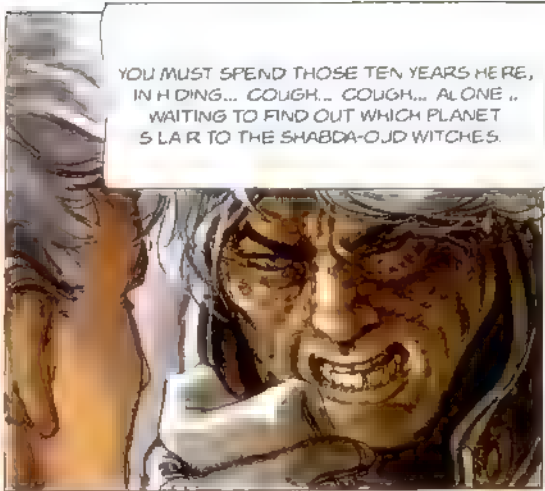
THIS IS PLANET PERDITA, MY SON. FLAT MONSTERS, FLOATING APES, GIGANTIC MUSHROOMS, FOG, MUD, GRANITE... AND NOTHING ELSE... COUGH COUGH

YOU COUGH MORE AND MORE OFTEN, FATHER... I'M VERY WORRIED.

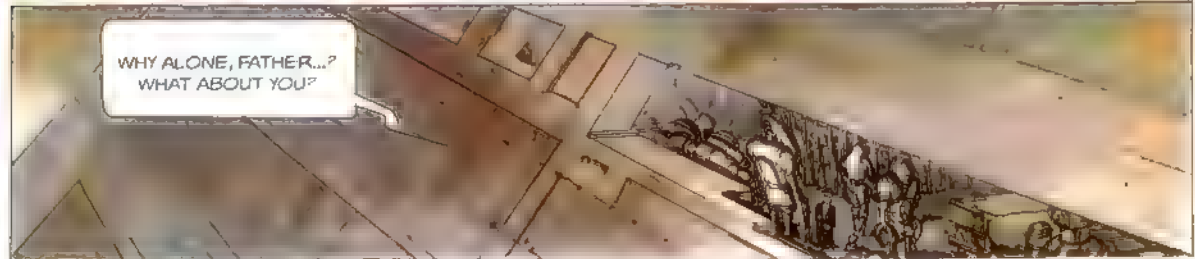




HAVE DISPATCHED SPY NEEDLES ALL OVER THE UNIVERSE... COUGH... COUGH...
I WILL BE TEN YEARS BEFORE THEY SEND US THEIR SIGNALS...



YOU MUST SPEND THOSE TEN YEARS HERE, IN H.D.I.N.G... COUGH... COUGH... ALONE...
WAITING TO FIND OUT WHICH PLANET IS LAR TO THE SHABDA-OJD WITCHES.



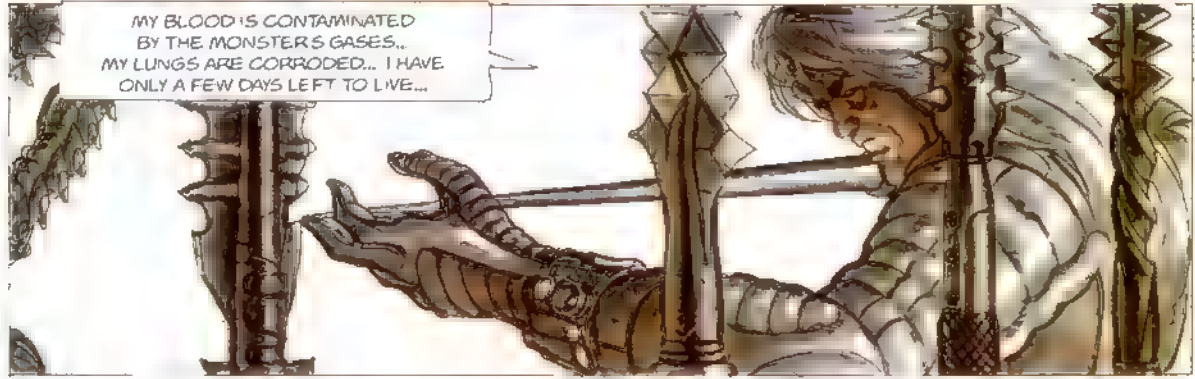
WHY ALONE, FATHER...?
WHAT ABOUT YOU?



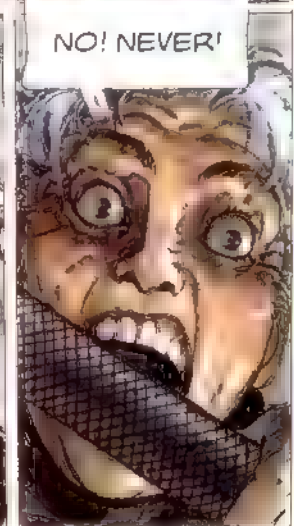
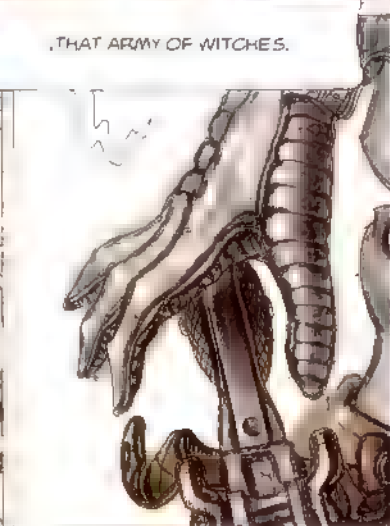
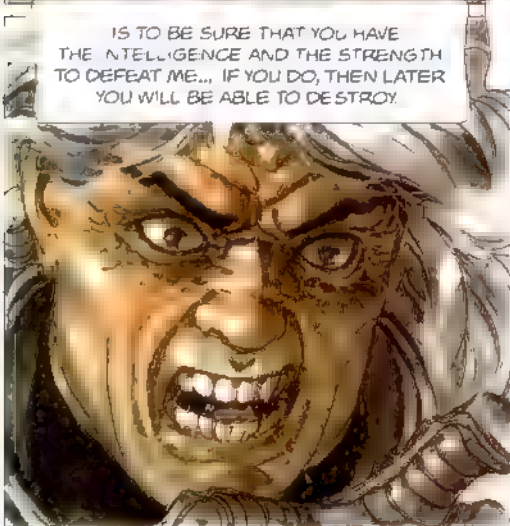
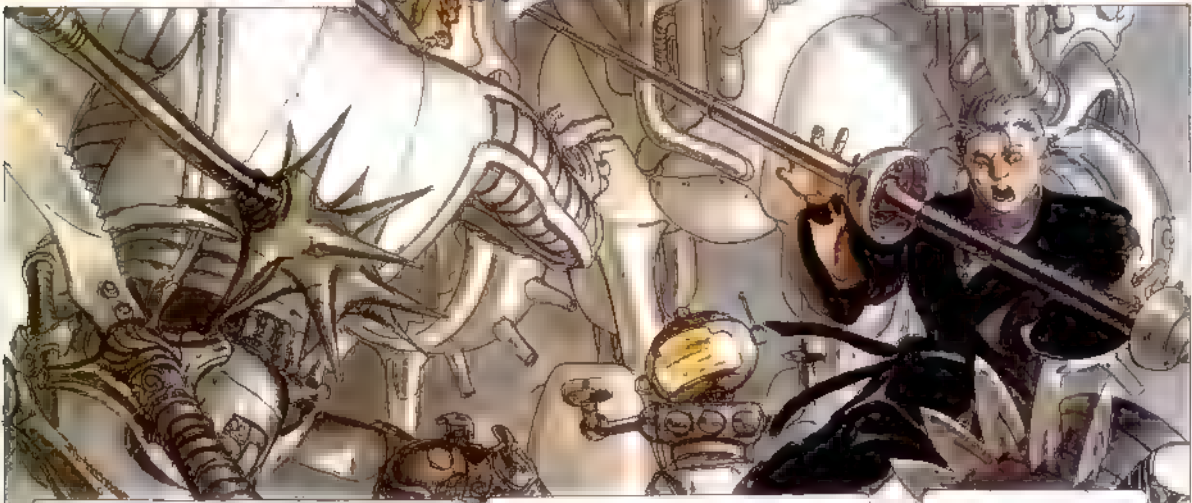
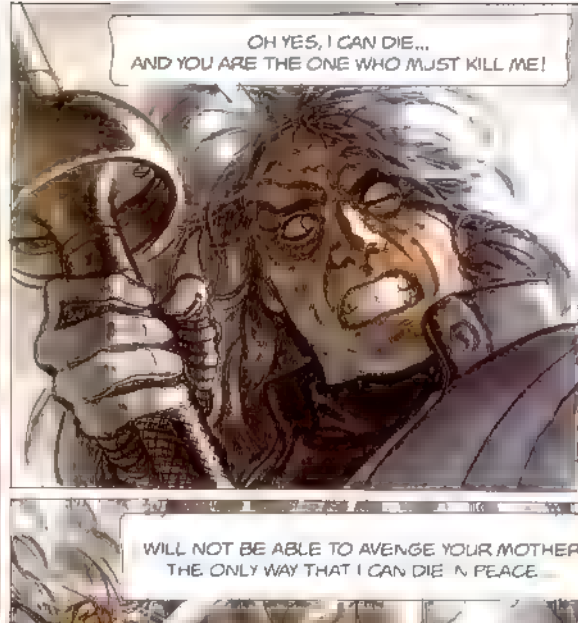
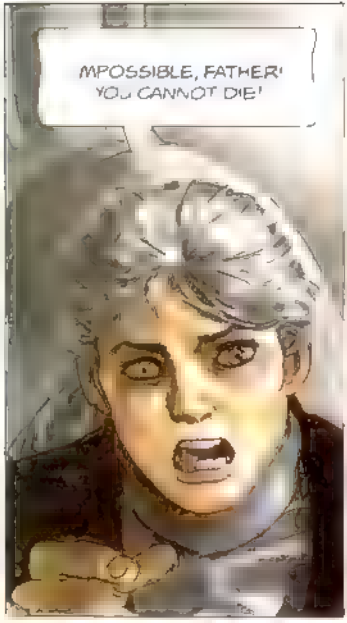
ME? ...I DEFEATED THE CETACYBORG FROM WITHIN BY USING THE TACTICS OF A VIRUS, BUT NOW IT'S KILLING ME IN THE SAME WAY... I'M DONE FOR!
COUGH... COUGH



HOW CAN YOU SPEAK LIKE THAT, YOU, THE MOST POWERFUL OF ALL WARRIORS?
WHAT GAME ARE YOU PLAYING?



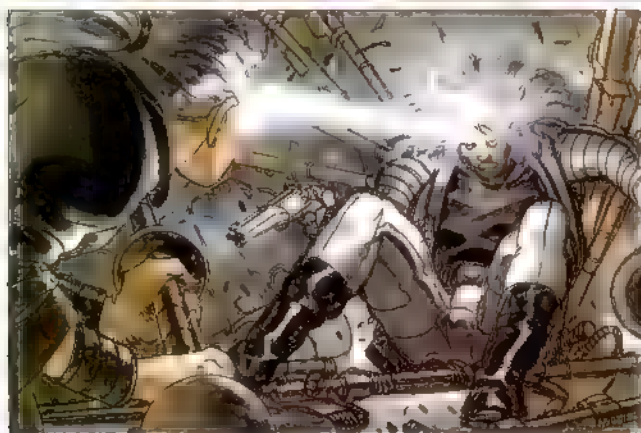
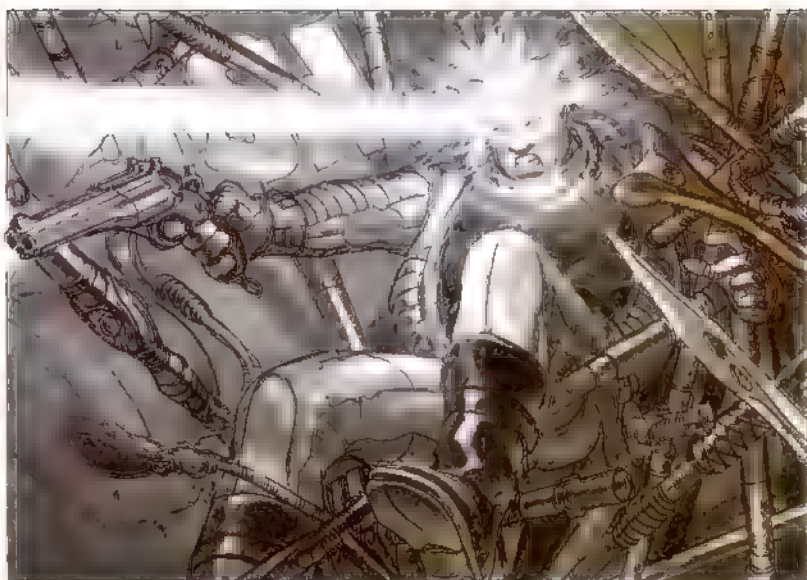
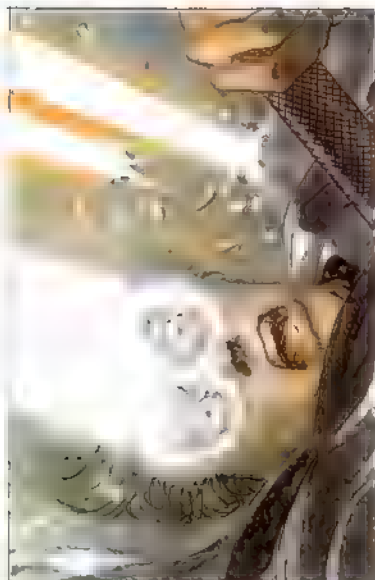
MY BLOOD IS CONTAMINATED BY THE MONSTER'S GASES...
MY LUNGS ARE CORRODED... I HAVE ONLY A FEW DAYS LEFT TO LIVE...



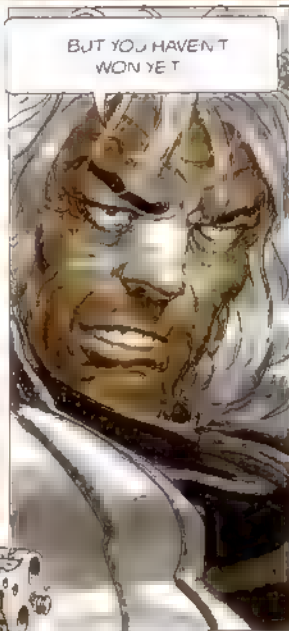
I CAN'T
DO IT!

OH YES, YOU CAN DO IT..
DEFEND YOURSELF, OR DIE!





WELL DONE MY SON YOU CHOSE
TO USE YOUR MENTAL POWERS
THE WAY OF THE WARRIOR IS
THE WAY OF THE WHOLE MAN



BUT YOU HAVEN'T
WON YET



WHAT CAN YOU
DO? YOU ARE
PARALYZED.

MY ENTIRE BODY IS IMPLANTED WITH OKO
MINI BOMBS. ANYWHERE YOUR WEAPON
PIERCES ME, I WILL SET ONE OFF



AND YOU WILL BE
DISINTEGRATED, ALONG
WITH ME AND THE REST
OF THE PLANET. SO HOW
WILL YOU KILL ME?



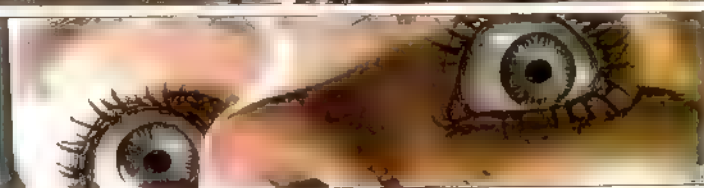
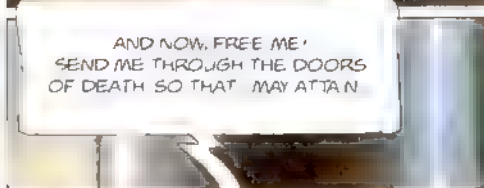
THERE MIGHT BE BOOBY
TRAPS ALL OVER YOUR BODY
BUT CERTAINLY NOT IN
YOUR BRAIN! IF THERE WAS
A BOMB IN THERE, YOU
WOULDN'T BE ABLE TO SPEAK



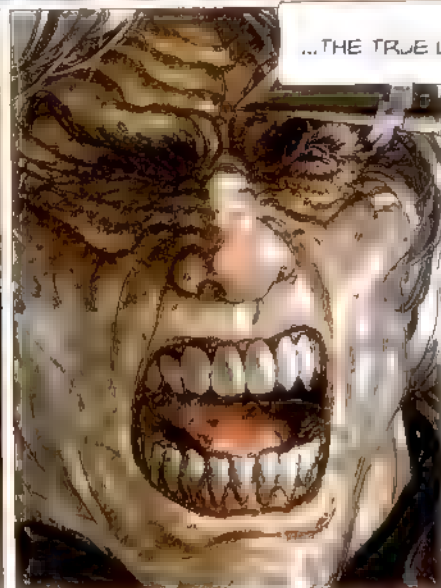
INTELLIGENCE IS THE MOST FORMIDABLE WEAPON!
I AM PROUD OF YOUR MENTAL MASTERY!
YOU WILL WIPE OUT THE SHABDA OUD!

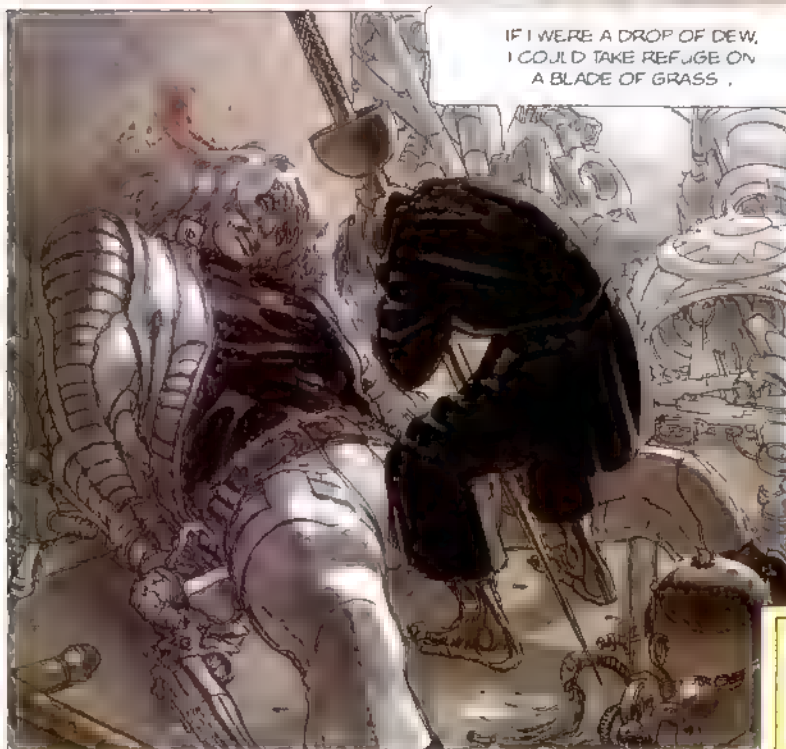


AND NOW, FREE ME!
SEND ME THROUGH THE DOORS
OF DEATH SO THAT I MAY ATTAIN



...THE TRUE LIFE!



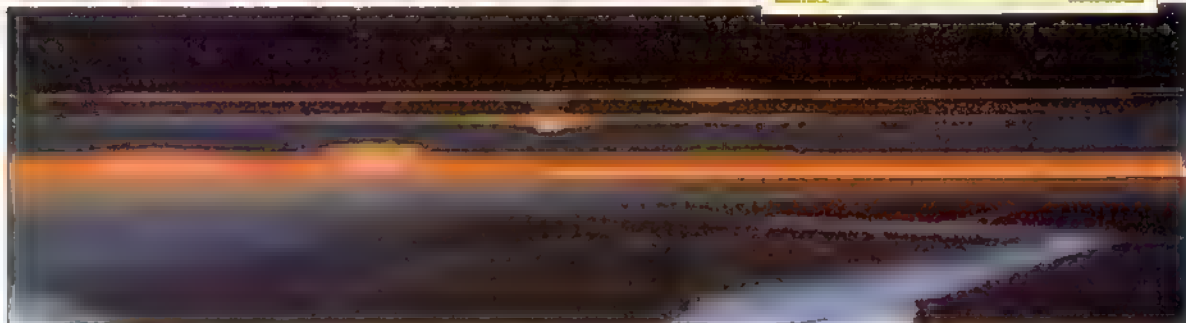


IF I WERE A DROP OF DEW,
I COULD TAKE REFUGE ON
A BLADE OF GRASS ,



BUT I AM ONLY A MAN
WITH NO HOME ON
ANY PLANET .

THIS BEGAN THE MOST IMPORTANT
CASTAKA TRADITION A METABARON
CAN BE CONSIDERED IN TIATED
ONLY AFTER HE HAS SUCCEEDED
IN KILLING HIS OWN FATHER.



DON'T TRY TO TALK LOTHAR, YOU CAN'T
KNOW ALL YOUR CIRCUITS
ARE BURNING WITH CLOSITY
HOLD ON, AND I'LL CONTINUE MY TALE

AGHNAR REMAINED ALONE WITHOUT ANY HUMAN
FAMILY... MY LORD OTHON HAD ORDERED ME
TO ENTERTAIN HIM DURING THE TEN YEARS
HE WOULD WAIT FOR A SIGNAL FROM
THE SPY NEEDLES... I COULD HAVE SUNG
HIM 1,199,373 OPERAS

BUT THE YOUNG BOY
WASN'T INTERESTED IN MUSIC
NOR IN THE 275,242,570 GAMES
IN MY ENCYCLOPEDIA

HE DEEP-FROZE HIS FATHER'S BODY AND TOOK
HIS TIME PERFORMING AN AUTOPSY WHICH SEEMED
TO LAST FOREVER.

CAREFUL, TONTO! YOUR VIBRATIONS
COULD MAKE THIS H-CIRCUIT EXPLODE
MOVE BACK A LITTLE

HE PROCEEDED TO EXTRACT THE OKO MINI BOMBS
IN ORDER TO GRAFT THEM INTO HIS OWN BODY.

QUICK SUPPLY ME WITH ANOTHER
LITER OF BLOOD AND INCREASE
THE OXYGEN SUPPLY

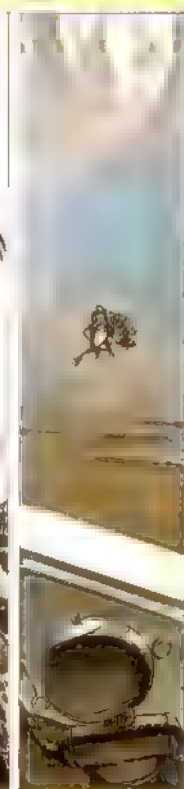
BLOOD AND OXYGEN
CIRCULATING MY LORD

IN HIS RARE MOMENTS
OF RECREATION HE WOULD
GO FOR WALKS OUTSIDE
THE FLAT MONSTERS COULD
NOT DEVOUR HIS METAL FEET

ONE DAY WHEN HE SAW THE DYING APE WAS FLEEING
HE SHOT ONE WITH AN EYEWHITE SUKED DART



AND BROUGHT THE WOUNDED
CREATURE HOME. I CAN'T SAY I WAS
PLEASED TO SEE HIM RETURN IN SUCH
COMPANY. CLEANING UP THE BIO-SHIT
AND PISS THAT IRRATIONAL ORGANISMS
ARE IN THE HABIT OF DROPPING
EVERYWHERE REPULSES ME...



NONE THELESS HELPED THE YOUNG LORD HEAL ITS RIPPED THROAT
SYNTHESIZING GREEN BLOOD WAS NOT EASY, BUT MANAGED T

AND ONE FINE DAY THE APE
COMMUNICATED WITH MY ASTOUNDED
LORD IT WAS A RATIONAL ORGANISM

HOLD ON, LITTLE FRIEND,
WE WILL SAVE YOU!

ME... NAMED KIAWOITA...
WHY METAL-FOOT GIVE ME
BACK LIFE?

I DON'T KNOW... TO HAVE
A BIO-COMPANION, PERHAPS...

SACS IN THROAT, FLOATING GLANDS...
NOW RUINED... ME ALWAYS DRAG ALONG
GROUND... LIFE NOT GOOD!

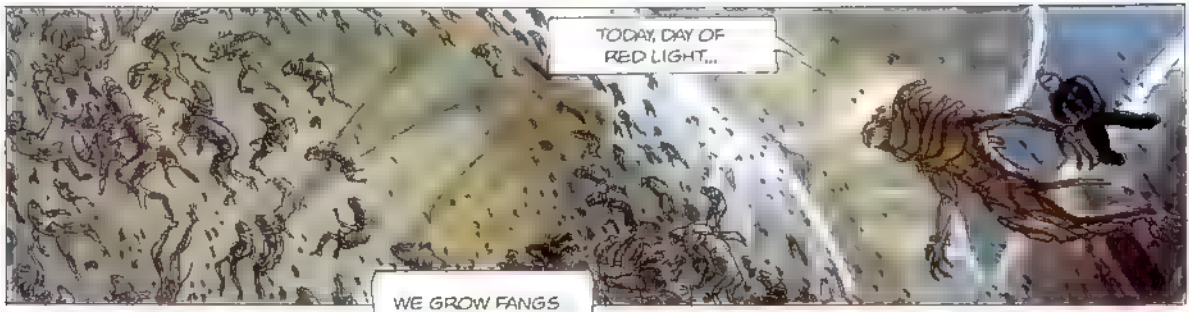
DON'T WORRY... I'LL INJECT
SOME EPHYPHITE INTO
YOUR BONES... YOU'LL
FLOAT FOREVER!

OH... OH... WONDERFUL...
THANK YOU... YOU NAMED?

AGHNAR.

HEY! DON'T LEAVE!
...INGRATEFUL
CREATURE...

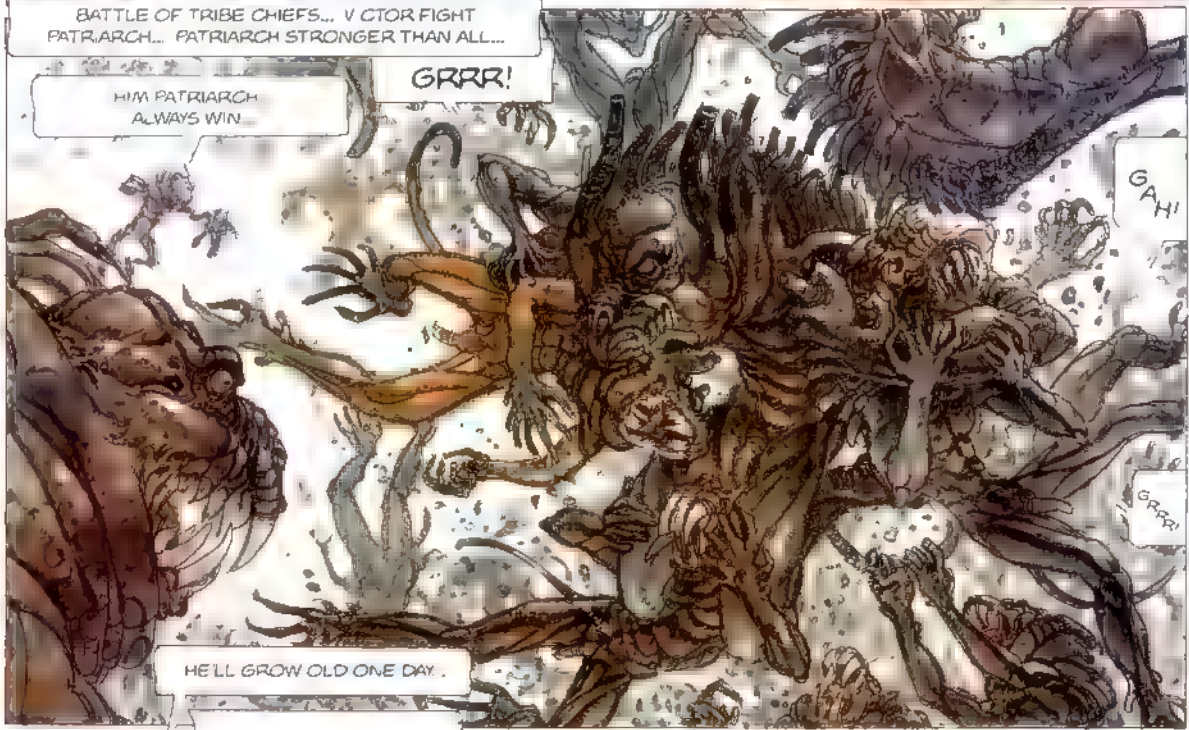




TODAY, DAY OF
RED LIGHT...



WE GROW FANGS
LOOK



BATTLE OF TRIBE CHIEFS... V CTOR FIGHT
PATRIARCH... PATRIARCH STRONGER THAN ALL...

HIM PATRIARCH
ALWAYS WIN

GRRR!

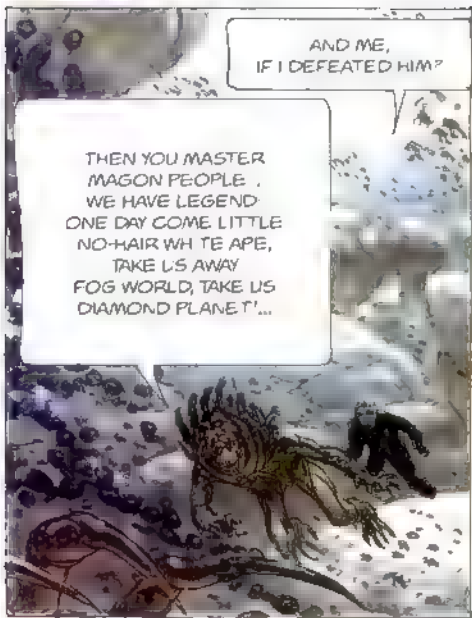
GAH!

GRRR!

HE'LL GROW OLD ONE DAY...



WE LIVING 30,000 YEARS...
STILL PLENTY TIME
FOR PATRIARCH!

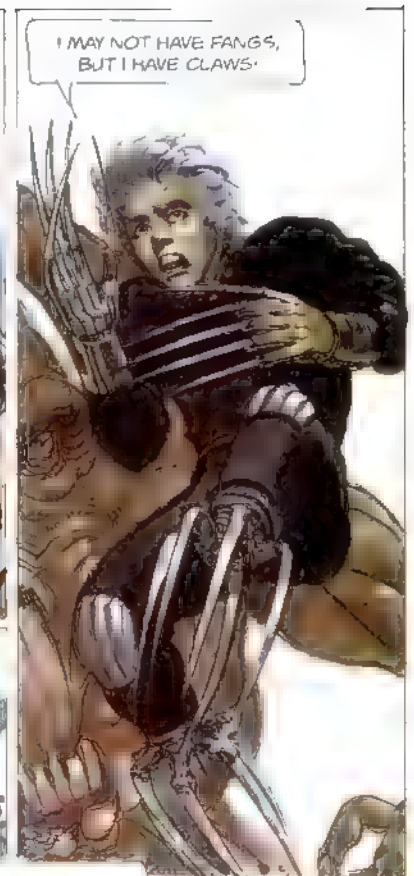


AND ME,
IF I DEFEATED HIM?

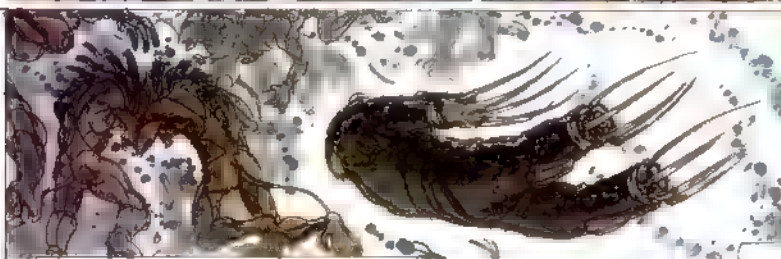
THEN YOU MASTER
MAGON PEOPLE .
WE HAVE LEGEND
ONE DAY COME LITTLE
NO-HAIR WH TE APE,
TAKE US AWAY
FOG WORLD, TAKE US
DIAMOND PLANET'...



BUT YOU NOT WIN...
NO FANGS...



I MAY NOT HAVE FANGS,
BUT I HAVE CLAWS!

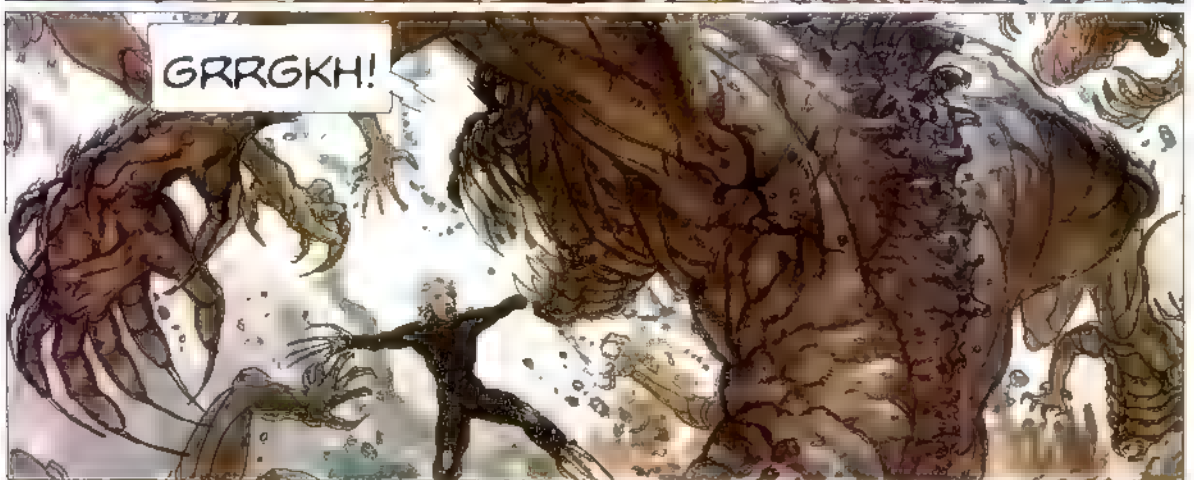


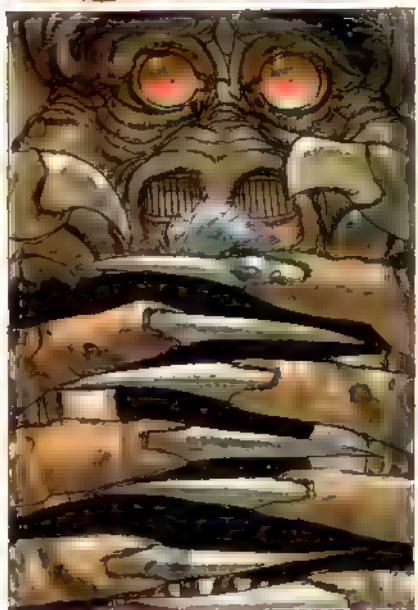
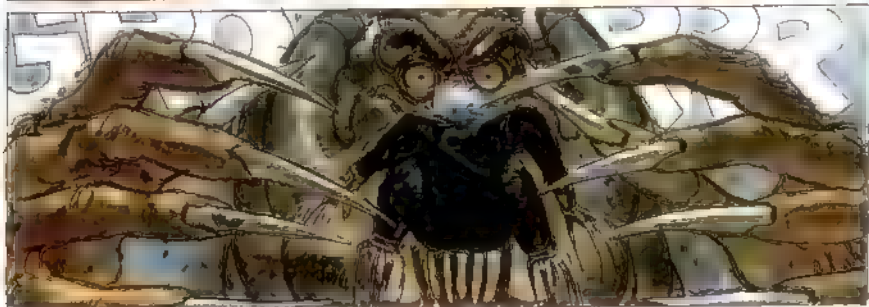
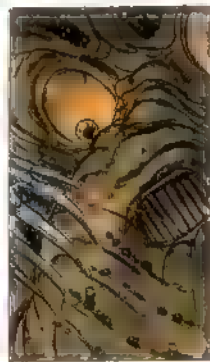
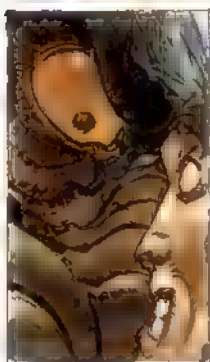
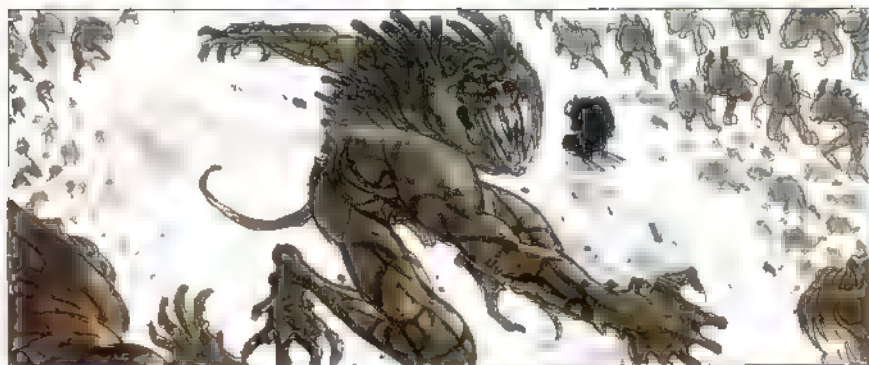
MAKE WAY, APES!

WHSH!



GRRGKH!







AND THUS DIED
THE PROPHET.
...ALL THAT
BEGINS
MUST END.



KIDKA, LITTLE WHITE APE...
MASTER OF US ALL!

OH, YOU, KOKA!

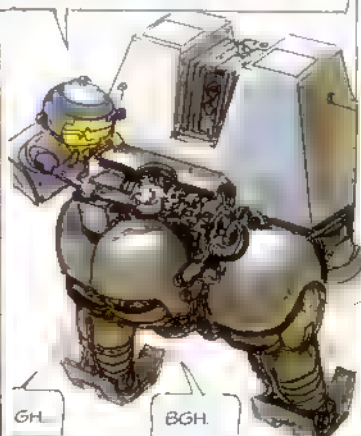
IN YOUR ARK WE GO...
DIAMOND PLANET...

DIE FAR FROM FOG
BENEATH SHINING LIGHT

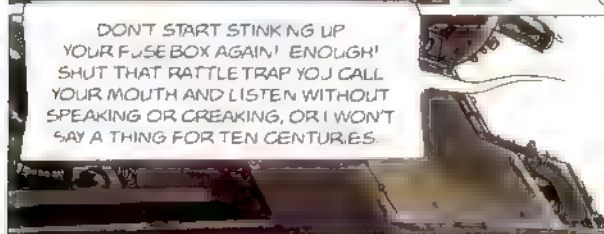


YOU'RE GOING TO SPLIT
YOUR CASING, LOTHAR!
I DON'T WANT TO SEE YOU
COME APART BECAUSE
OF YOUR CURIOSITY!

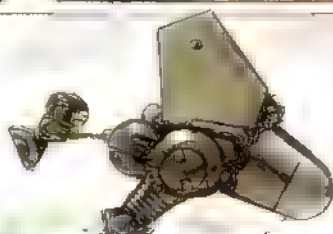
I MAY AS WELL LET YOU TALK,
EVEN IF IT IS TO SPOUT
ROBO-NONSENSE! I'LL RESTORE
YOUR VERBAL CIRCUITRY AND
YOUR ERSATZ EMOTION PLUG!



I DON'T UNDERSTAND!
WHY DID AGHNAR
NEED TO BECOME KING
OF THE APES?
WHY DISTURB
THEIR ECOLOGICAL BALANCE?
THE BOY WASN'T STUPID...
THERE MUST BE AN EXPLANATION
WORTHY OF A NORMAL
ELECTRONIC BRAIN...
MY FUSES ARE OVERHEATING
WITH PERPLEXITY!



DON'T START STINKING UP
YOUR FUSE BOX AGAIN! ENOUGH!
SHUT THAT RATTLETRAP YOU CALL
YOUR MOUTH AND LISTEN WITHOUT
SPEAKING OR CREAKING, OR I WON'T
SAY A THING FOR TEN CENTURES.



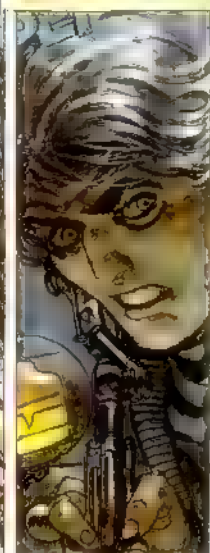
WON'T SPEAK,
WON'T CREAK,
AND I'LL
PERFUME
MY ORAL
CAVITY FOR
YOU... NOW
FOR PITY'S
SAKE, GO ON!

WHAT I DIDN'T TELL YOU IS THAT WHILE
WE WERE TREATING KIAWOUTAI'S WOUNDS,
ON THE VERY DAY OF AGHNAR'S EIGHTEENTH
BIRTHDAY...



BEEP
BEEP
BEEP

...THE MESSAGE
WE HAD AWAITED
FOR SO LONG
FINALLY ARRIVED!...



FINISH CAUTERIZING
THE WOUNDS, TONTO...
A SPY-NEEDLE IS TRYING
TO CONTACT US!



THE SHABDA OUD WERE LIVING ON AN ICE ASTEROID TRANSFORMED INTO A COMET, GUARDED BY THEIR CETACYBORGS.

DAMNED WHORES PROTECTED BY THOSE SIX MONSTERS, THEY ARE INVINCIBLE

I CAN NEVER DESTROY THEM ALL BY MYSELF... VENGEANCE IS BUT A DREAM...

BUT MASTER, WE KNOW FOR A FACT THAT THE WITCHES HAVE SEVEN CETACYBORGS...

THAT'S RIGHT... SO WHERE IS THE SEVENTH?

A SPY-NEEDLE HAD PICKED IT UP HEADING FOR THE BLUE SOLAR SYSTEM OF BETA KUNTRI, PILOTED BY THREE ASSASSINS

THEY'RE ON A SECRET MISSION THAT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE I HAVE TO FIND A WAY TO GET MY HANDS ON THAT BEAST WITHOUT ALERTING THE 'ICE ASTEROID'

AGHNAR DESPAIRED... UNTIL HE DISCOVERED THE MAGON PROTO-CIVILIZATION... IT WAS NOW ESSENTIAL THAT HE BECOME THEIR PATRIARCH...

A LOST CAUSE, MASTER... THERE IS NO WAY TO BEAT A CETACYBORG WITHOUT UNLEASHING AS MUCH FORCE AS AN EXPLODING SUN!

THE LEGEND OF THE APES FITS IN PERFECTLY WITH MY PLAN I HAVE A WAY TO TAKE OVER THE CETACYBORG! I WILL BE ABLE TO AVENGE YOU, MOTHER!

MY MASTER LOADED ALL HIS SUBJECTS
INTO THE METABUNKER AND PROMISED
TO TAKE THEM TO THE DIAMOND PLANET.



THE APES, WHICH WE HAD INJECTED WITH A HEAT-IMMUNIZING
AGENT WERE IN A TEMPORARY STATE OF COMA. WE CAST THEM
INTO SPACE LIKE A TIDE OF DELICIOUS ORGANIC MATTER
I WAS PILOTING THE METABUNKER...

IMPOSSIBLE... OUR
CRAFT IS NO LONGER
RESPONDING

BETTER NOT TO FORCE IT... AS SOON AS
IT HAS FINISHED SWALLOWING ALL THIS ORGANIC
WASTE WE WILL REGAIN CONTROL

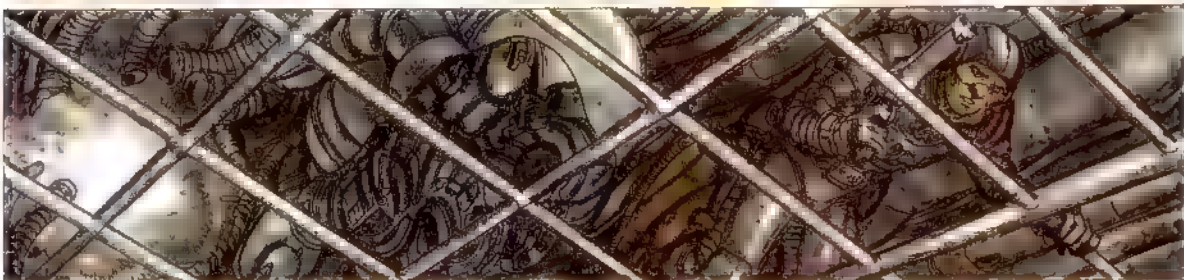
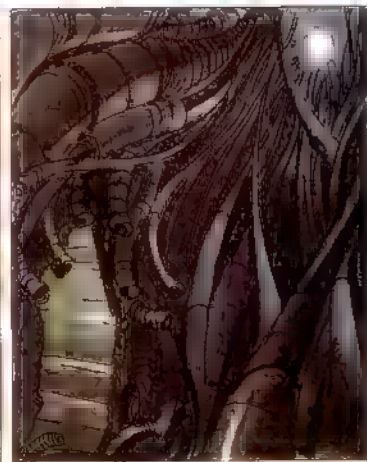
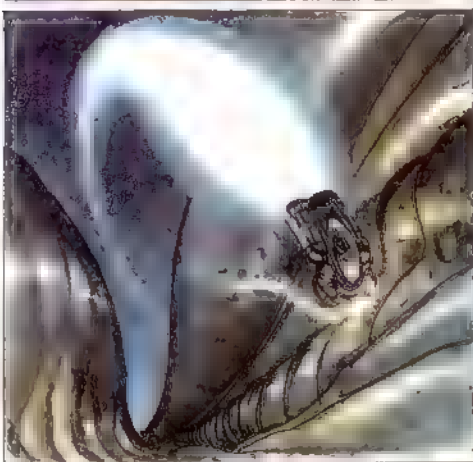
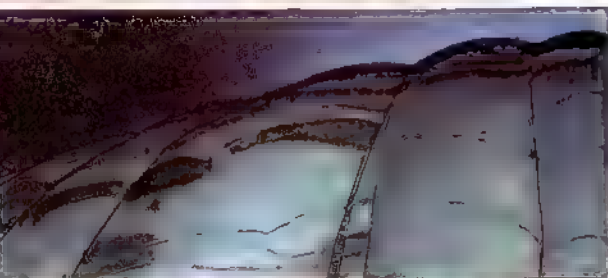
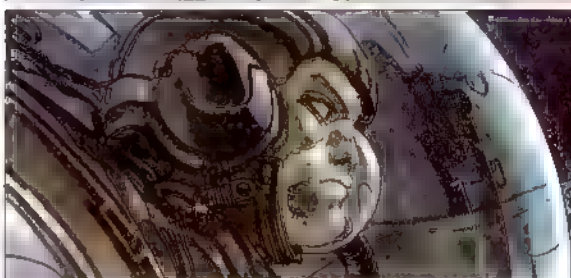
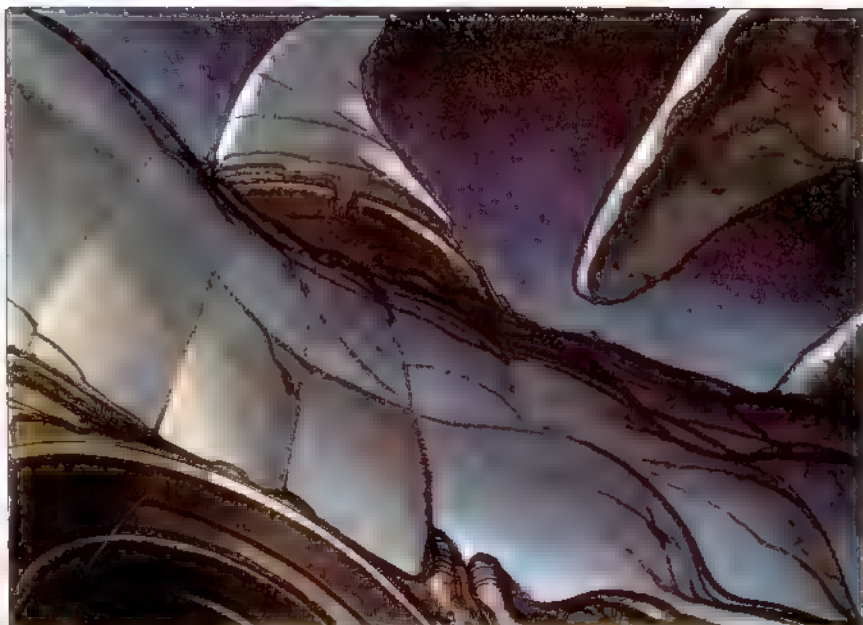
WHAT AN ABSURD DELAY!



DESPITE THE NEUROLOGICAL COMMANDS,
THE BEAST FOLLOWED ITS PRIMEVAL NATURE...

...AND BEGAN
SWALLOWING THE APES





WHAT? HE SACRIFICED ALL THOSE INNOCENT APES?
AND HIS FRIEND KAWOUTA TOO? HEARTLESS BRUTE

INSOLENT ROBOT! HOW DARE YOU JUDGE OUR MASTERS?
THE TRUTH IS THAT AGHNAH HAD TRANSFORMED
THE CETACYBORG INTO A TROJAN HORSE...

INTO A... WHAT SORT
OF HORSE???

INSOLENT, AND STUPID TOO! YOU BRAINLESS LUMP
OF SCRAP METAL! TAP INTO THE CENTRAL BRAIN
AND FIND THE ANSWER IN THE PALEO-LITERATURE
OF TERRA PRIMA... AND NOW LET ME GET ON
WITH MY STORY...

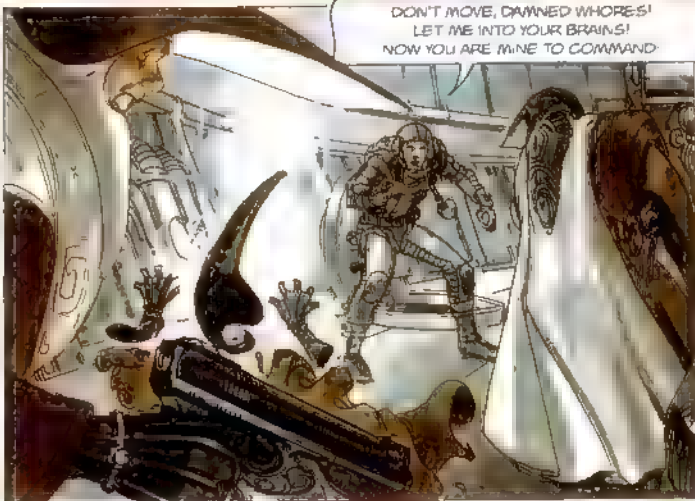
WATCH OUT SISTERS..!

WH...?

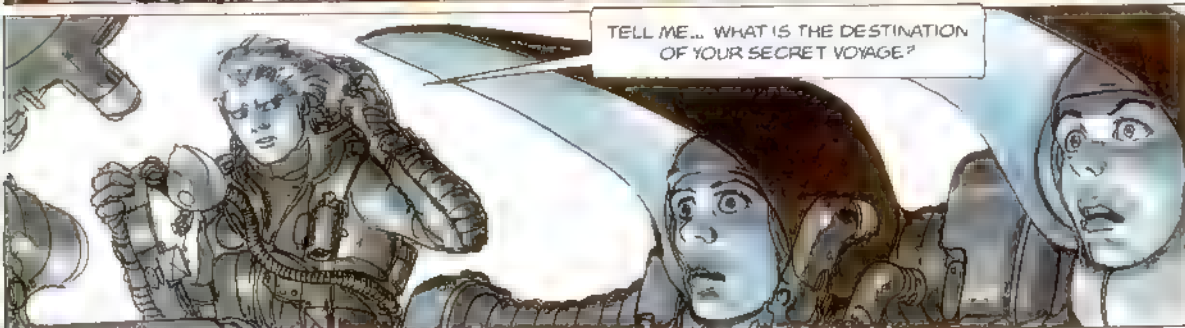


DON'T MOVE, DAMNED WHORES!
LET ME INTO YOUR BRAINS!
NOW YOU ARE MINE TO COMMAND

WE ARE YOURS
TO COMMAND



TELL ME... WHAT IS THE DESTINATION
OF YOUR SECRET VOYAGE?



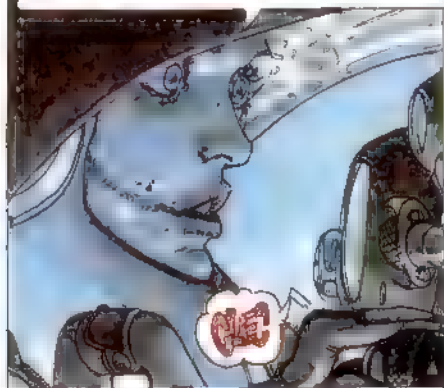
WE ARE HEADED FOR BAGGDATHI
THE PEARL, THE RICHEST PLANET
IN THE SEPTENNIAL SYSTEM...

AND THE ROYAL CITY AMAHDIS, WHICH EIGHTEEN
YEARS AGO WAS THE BIRTHPLACE OF ODA
THE CAPRICIOUS, THE MOST BEAUTIFUL
PRINCESS IN THE GALAXY...

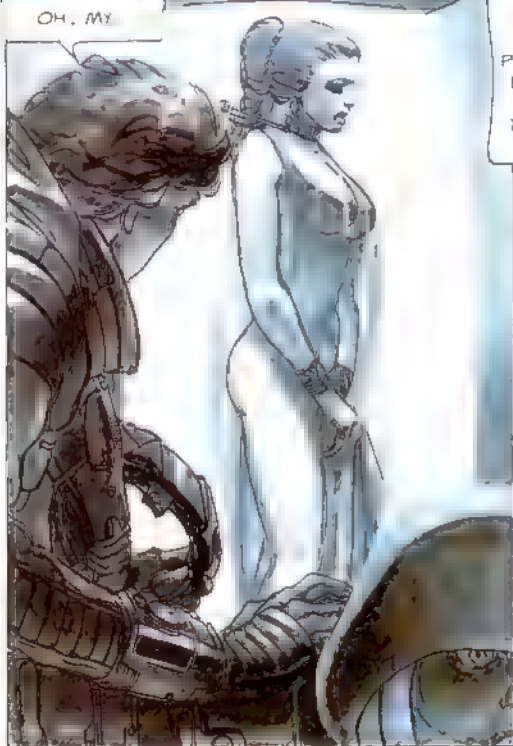
WE ARE TO ABDUCT HER. THE MOTHER
SUPERIORS HAVE DETERMINED THAT
ODA'S GENES, FUSED WITH THOSE
OF OUR GOD JEJON THE PURE,
WOULD BEGET AT LAST THE SUPREME
HERMAPHRODITE BEING WHO,
BY DETHRONING JANUS-JANA,
WILL GRANT US UNLIMITED POWER...

SAME OLD MESSIANIC DREAM!
THE WHORE PRIESTESSES
NEVER GIVE UP! THEY FAILED WITH
ME, BUT THEY STILL PERSIST...
LET'S HAVE A LOOK...
SHOW ME A HOLOVID
OF THIS ODA.

OH...



OH, MY



IGNORANT PRIESTESSES!
YOU KNOW NOTHING OF ROYAL
PRIDE! THIS WOMAN IS A TRUE
PRINCESS! SHE WOULD HOLD HER
BREATH UNTIL SHE DIED RATHER
THAN LET HERSELF BE CAP-
TURED... SHE MUST BE SEDUCED,
IF SHE IS TO BE TAKEN!

IN EXCHANGE FOR HER HAND
IN MARRIAGE, ODA
THE CAPRICIOUS DEMANDS
A BLUE ROSE

A BLUE ROSE?
THAT TYPE OF FLOWER
BECAME EXTINCT
30,000 YEARS AGO.
AND THEY WEREN'T
BLUE ANYWAY!

HUNDREDS OF SUITORS
PETITION FOR HER HAND
EVERY WEEK, BUT THEY
ARE CRUELLY HUMILIATED
AND DRIVEN AWAY!



THE SUITORS YOUNG AND HANDSOME HEROES
OWNERS OF WHOLE SOLAR SYSTEMS
BRING HER ROSES CARVED FROM ALL SORTS
OF PRECIOUS MATERIALS.

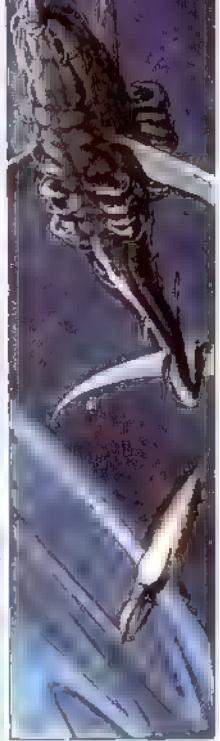
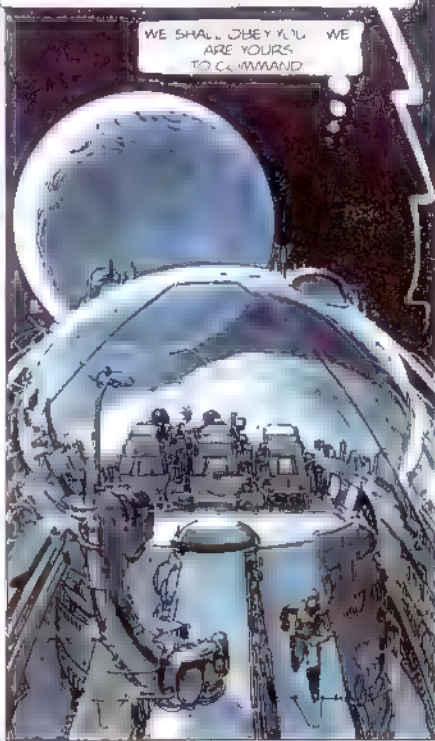
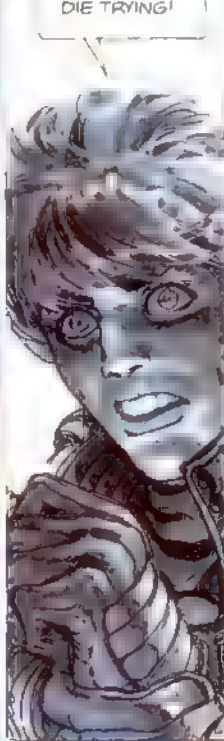
...BUT SHE REFUSES THEM ALL, CLAIMING
THAT THEY HAVE NOT BROUGHT HER
THE TRUE BLUE ROSE THAT SHE IS WAITING FOR...

THE CETACYBORG HAS
FINISHED ITS FEAST!
NOW IT WILL RESPOND!
SET A COURSE FOR
BAGGDATH THE PEARL

ODA WILL BE
MINE...
OR I WILL
DIE TRYING!

YOU'LL STAY HERE, SO YOU DON'T ALARM
ANYONE... I WILL LAND IN AMAHDIS
ABOARD THIS HUMBLE MOTO-CRAFT.

WE SHALL OBEY YOU WE
ARE YOURS
TO COMMAND



WHAT VAIN OSTENTATION!
THESE SHIPS MUST BELONG
TO THE SUITORS! WHAT
A PATHETIC PACK OF DOGS
IN HEAT!



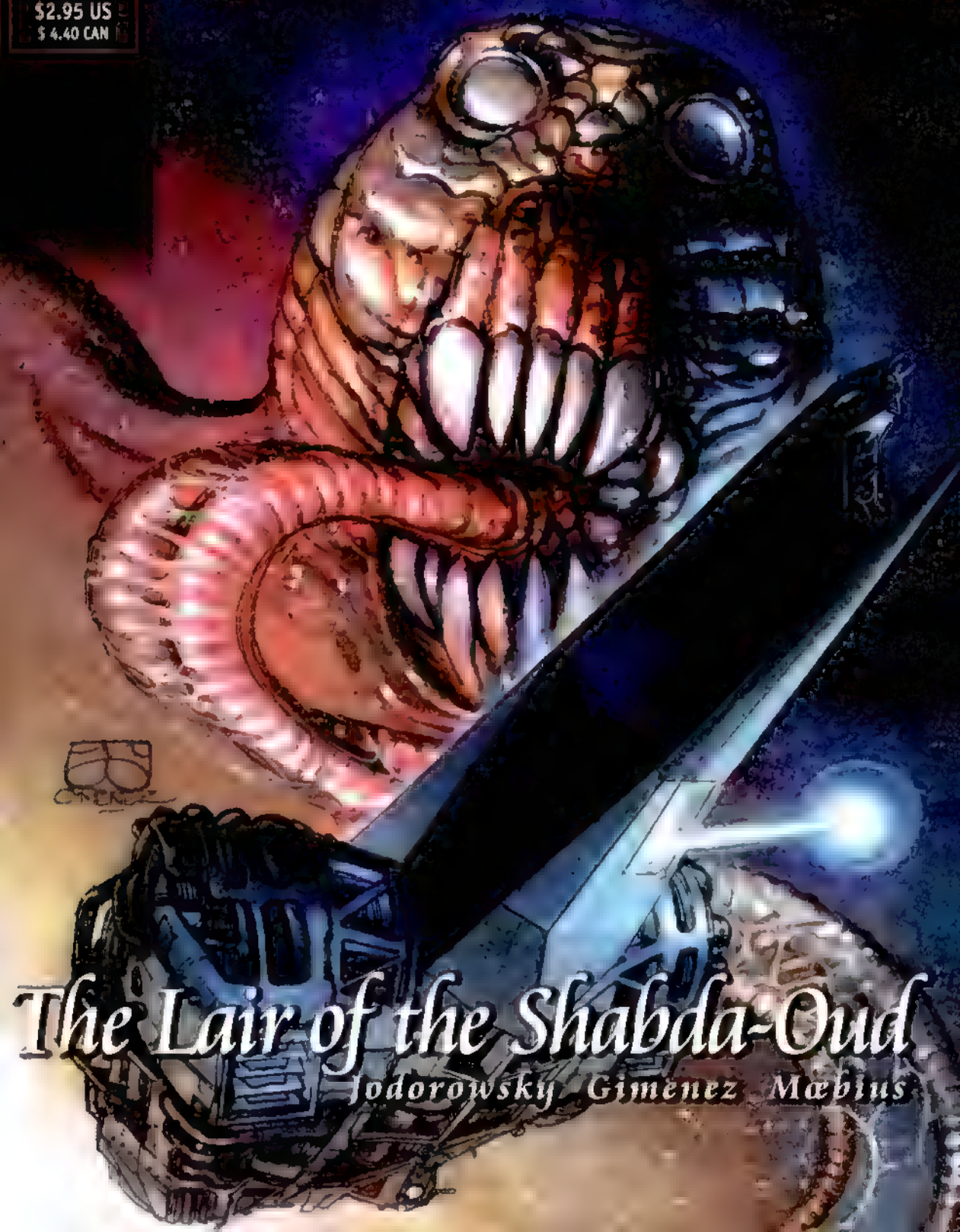


The Metabarons™

#7 AUG 2009

\$2.95 US

\$4.40 CAN



The Lair of the Shabda-Oud

Jodorowsky Gimenez Mæbius

The Metabarons™

Previously, in The Metabarons:

The Castells have found refuge on a planet dominated by a powerful gravity. There, giant mushrooms grow, inhabited by floating apes, and the planet's surface crawls with flat, voracious animals which lie in wait for the occasional ape that falls like ripe fruit. In 10 years' time, the spy needles dispatched into space by Othon will send back information that will permit them to locate the Shabda-Oud witches. But Othon is dying, his lungs poisoned by the gasses of the Cetacyborg he destroyed. He wants to make sure that his son will be capable of avenging Honorata and demands that Aghnar kill him in single combat. Aghnar manages to defeat his father, as much with his mind as by physical force.

One day Aghnar saves one of the floating apes from falling into the clutches of the flat land animals, then injects him with epyphite. The ape, a Magon named Kiawoutai, can speak and has a soul. Together, they fly up to the top of the mushrooms where Aghnar confronts and defeats the leader of the Magon, thus fulfilling the prophecy that foretold of a little white ape who would lead them to the Diamond Planet.

Aghnar finally learns of the whereabouts of the Shabda-Oud. He is able to locate a Cetacyborg and take its control with the help of the floating-apes. He submits the three Shabda-Oud pilots to his will and they reveal the objective of their secret mission: to kidnap the beautiful princess Oda, whose genes can engender the hermaphrodite that the Shabda-Oud witches still seek to produce. The whore-priestesses show Aghnar a hologram of Oda, and the young man immediately falls in love with her. He then sets off for Amahdis, alone and unarmed, to join the line of Oda's suitors...

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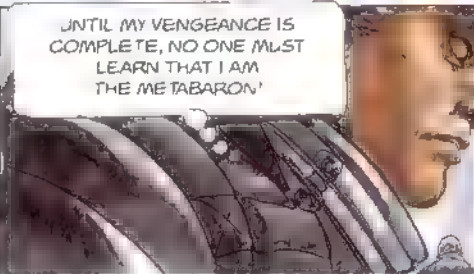
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FOOLISH LOUTS. HOW DARE
THEY SULLY MY IMMACULATE PRINCESS
WITH THEIR BASE DESIRES?



'D LOVE TO CASTRATE THEM
ALL! ..BUT I MUST NOT USE
MY WEAPONS!



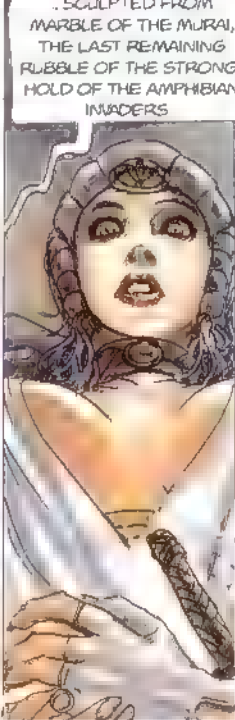
UNTIL MY VENGEANCE IS
COMPLETE, NO ONE MUST
LEARN THAT I AM
THE METABARON!




HALT! GET IN LINE WITH
THE OTHERS!



OH, DIVINE ODA,
ACCEPT THIS
ROSE...



..SCULPTED FROM
MARBLE OF THE MURAL,
THE LAST REMAINING
RUBBLE OF THE STRONG
HOLD OF THE AMPHIBIAN
INVADERS



WHICH IN YOUR HONOR
I LAID WASTE TO!

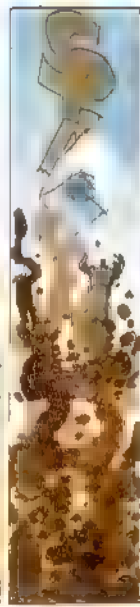
A HANDSOME BOY.. HE WILL
GIVE YOU STRONG SONS!



SUCH IS NOT THE BLUE ROSE THAT I DESIRE!



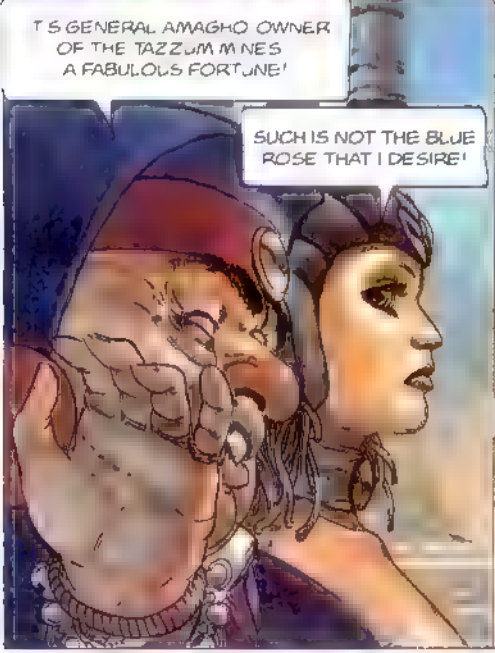
WHOA!



GRRR!



OH ADORED ONE, ACCEPT THIS ROSE BRAIDED FROM THE INTESTINES OF THE EMPEROR OF ANDROKLA-S... I VANQUISHED HIM, INSPIRED BY THE LOVE DEVOTE TO YOU.

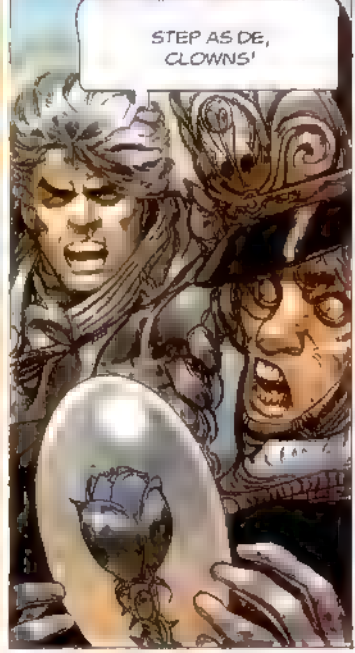


IT'S GENERAL AMAGHO OWNER OF THE TAZZUM MINES A FABULOUS FORTUNE!

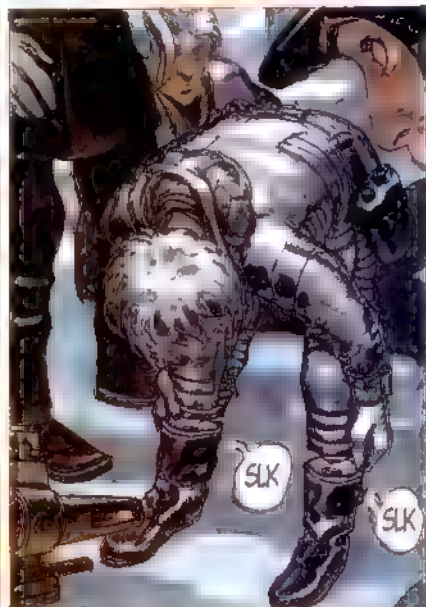
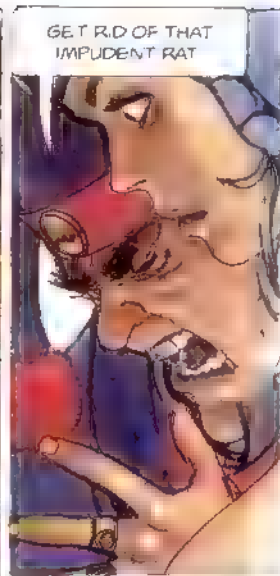
SUCH IS NOT THE BLUE ROSE THAT I DESIRE!

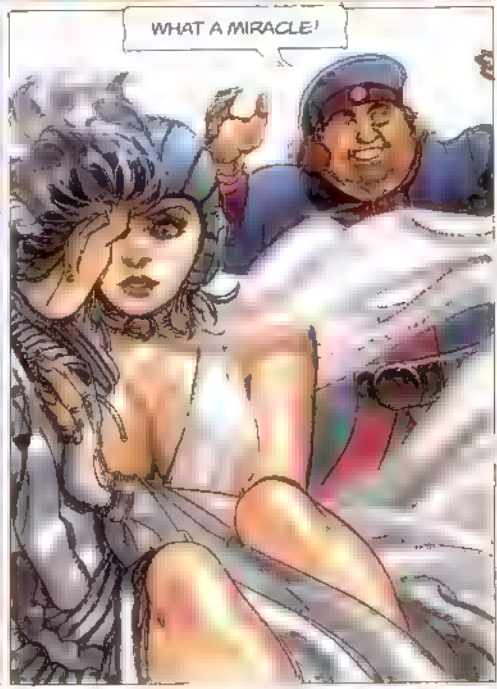
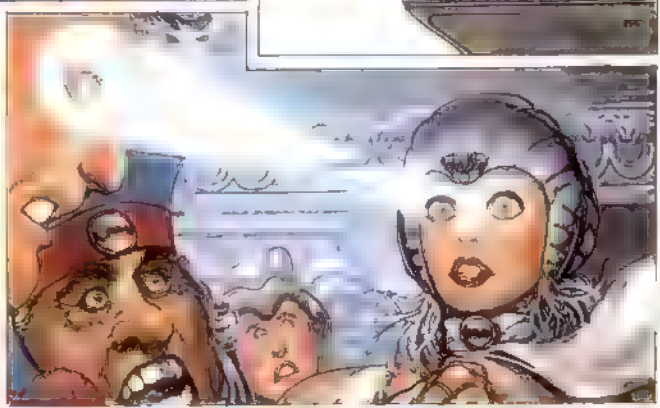
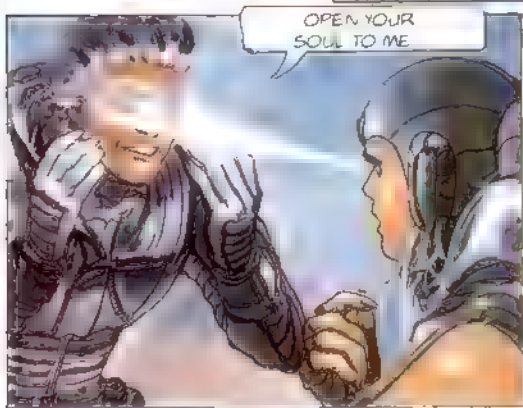
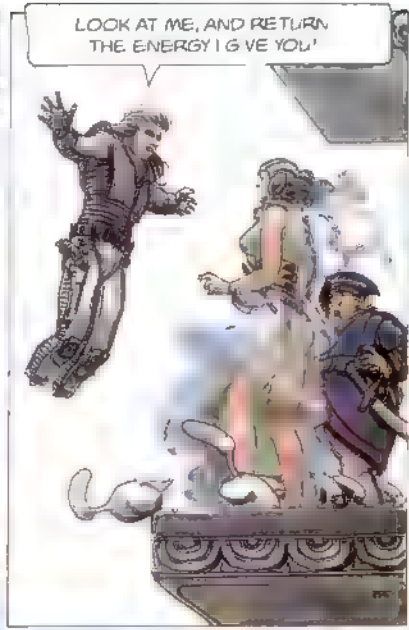
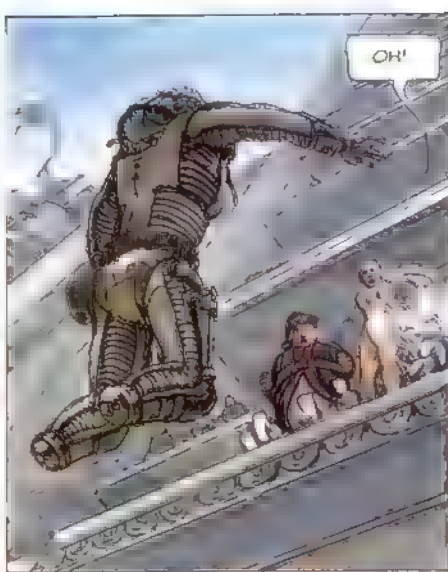


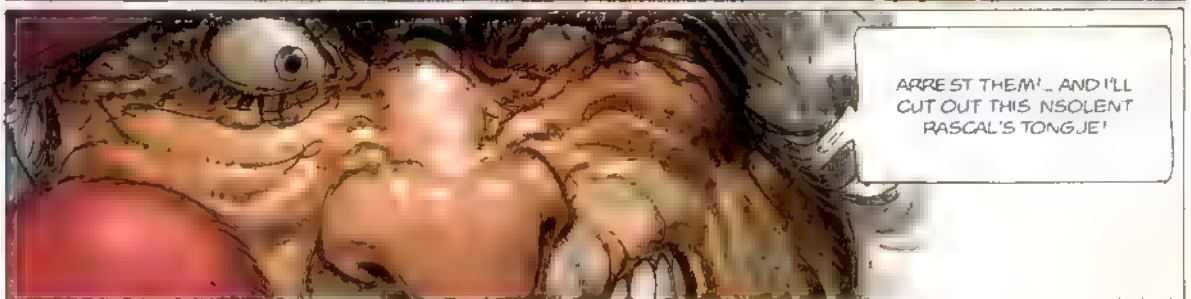
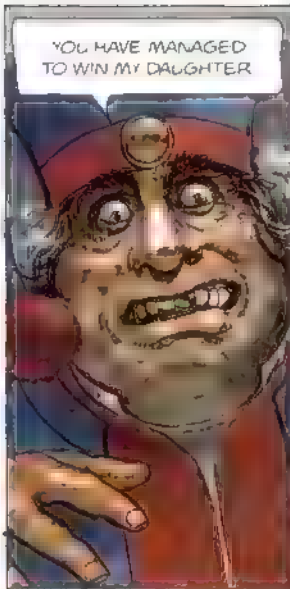
AAAAHHH!

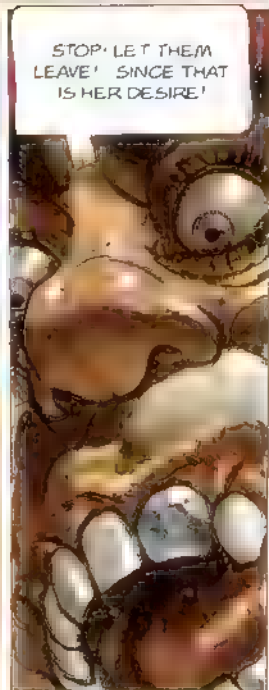
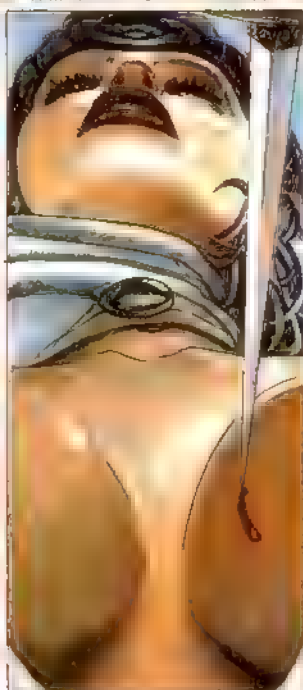
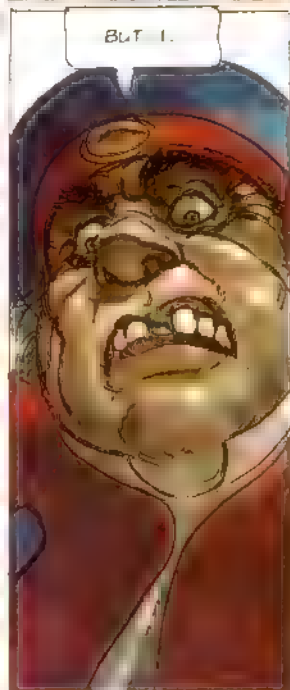
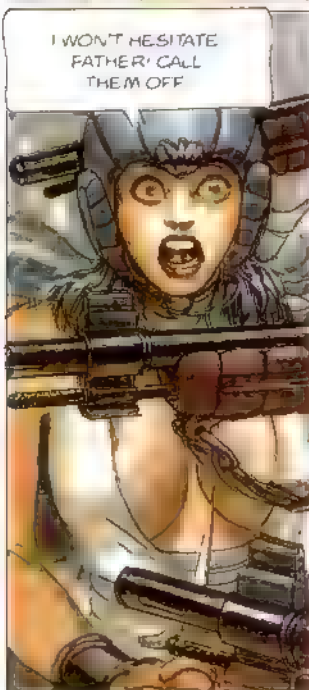
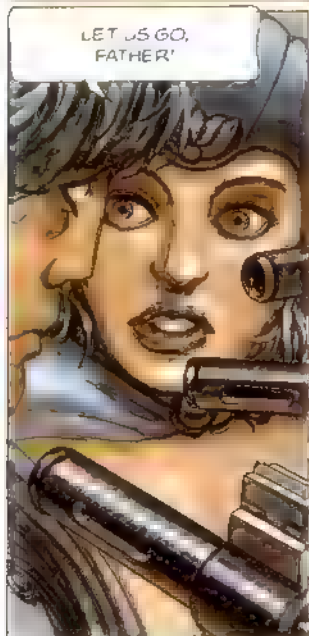


STEP AS DE, CLOWNS!





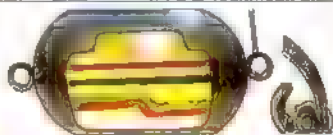
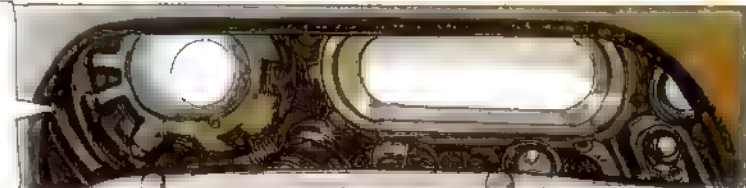




AH, LOVE! HOW I WOULD LIKE
TO HAVE BETWEEN MY THIGHS
A TENDER SHAFT THAT GROWS,
HARDENS, STANDS ERECT,
THEN ERUPTS!



OR A SMOOTH CANAL, BORDERED
WITH HAIR, WHICH BECOMES MOIST!
WHAT SUBLIME FOLLY IS THE HUMAN
ORGANISM! I DROOL AT THE THOUGHT
OF IT! OUR MATHEMATICAL
PERFECTION IS SO TEDIOUS!



I'M ONLY ALLOWING THIS INTERRUPTION BECAUSE
YOU ARE COMPLETELY RIGHT, LOTHAR
I FIND IT TEDIOUS TOO!



BUT NEVER MIND... I WILL GO ON... TO MAKE A LONG
STORY SHORT, IN ORDER TO PREVENT HIS DAUGHTER'S
SUICIDE, THE KING HAD TO LET HER DEPART ON
A MOTO-CRAFT PILOTED BY AN UNKNOWN HOTHEAD,
TAKING ONLY THE CLOTHES ON HER BACK...

ON THE WAY TO THE CETACYBORG, AGHNAR
TOLD ODA OF HIS TRAGIC LIFE



YOU WILL HELP
ME CARRY OUT
MY REVENGE, ODA!



I WILL DELIVER YOU,
BOUND HAND AND FOOT,
AS IF I HAD CAPTURED YOU!



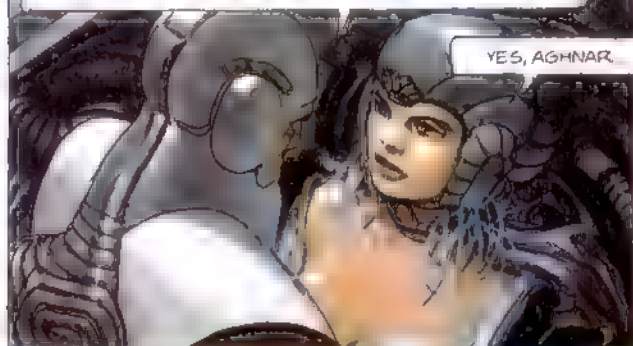
YES, AGHNAR

AFTER I HAVE ANNihilATED THOSE WITCHES,
WE WILL GO AND LIVE ON A DISTANT PLANET,
WHERE NO ONE KNOWS WHO WE ARE. WE WILL
RAISE A NORMAL FAMILY, FAR AWAY FROM
THIS AWFUL EMPIRE



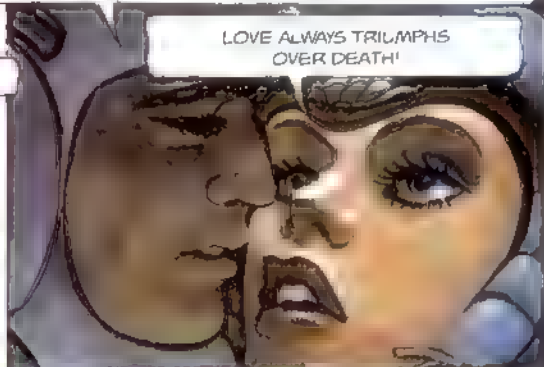
YES, AGHNAR

YOU WILL NO LONGER BE A PRINCESS,
AND I, NO LONGER AN ASSASSIN! I DO NOT
WANT MY SON TO BECOME A METABARON

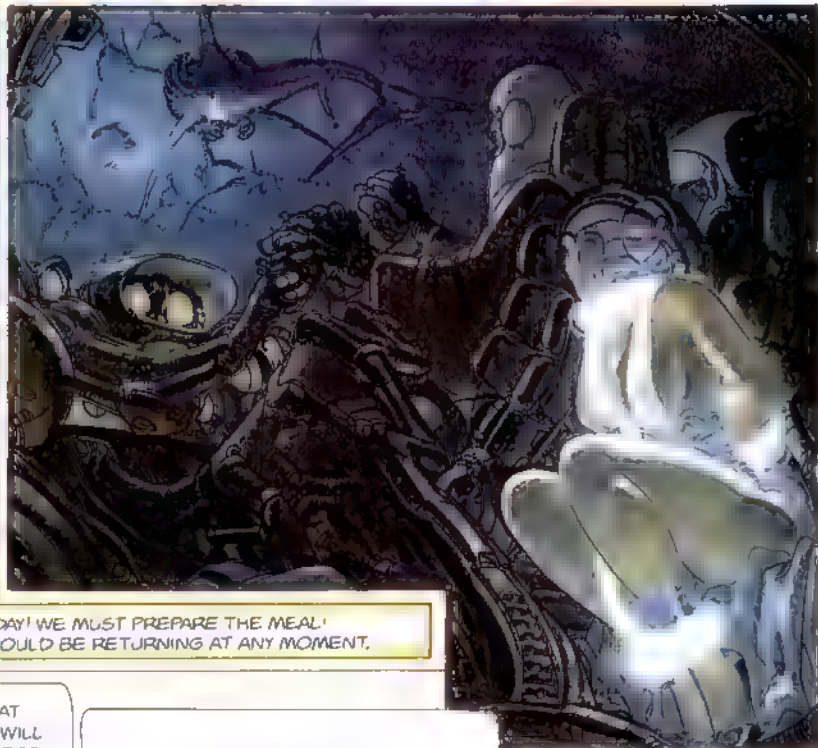
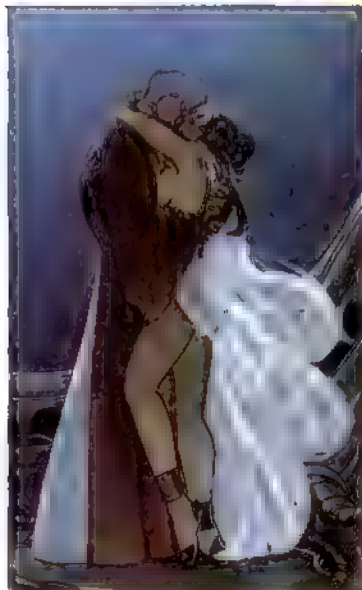


YES, AGHNAR.

WE WILL SOON REACH THE ICE ASTEROID!
ARE YOU READY TO FACE THE TERROR?



LOVE ALWAYS TRIUMPHS
OVER DEATH!



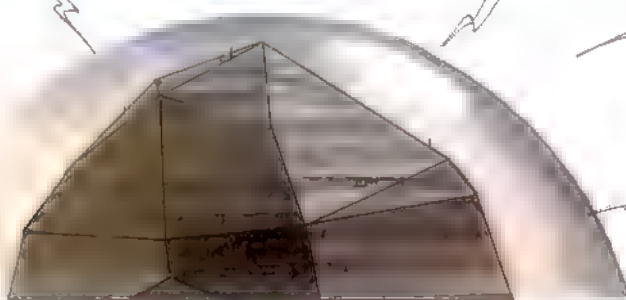
THAT'S ENOUGH FOR TODAY! WE MUST PREPARE THE MEAL!
THE CURRENT METABARON COULD BE RETURNING AT ANY MOMENT.

OOOOO! WHAT CURIOSITY, WHAT
SUSPENSE! TELL ME, I BEG YOU WILL
AGHNAR OVERCOME THE WITCHES?
HE IS A POWERFUL WARRIOR, AS THEY
ARE, BUT IS HE POWERFUL ENOUGH
TO DEFEAT THEM ALONE? AND IF
HE DOES? WILL HE RENOUNCE
HIS FAMILY DESTINY?

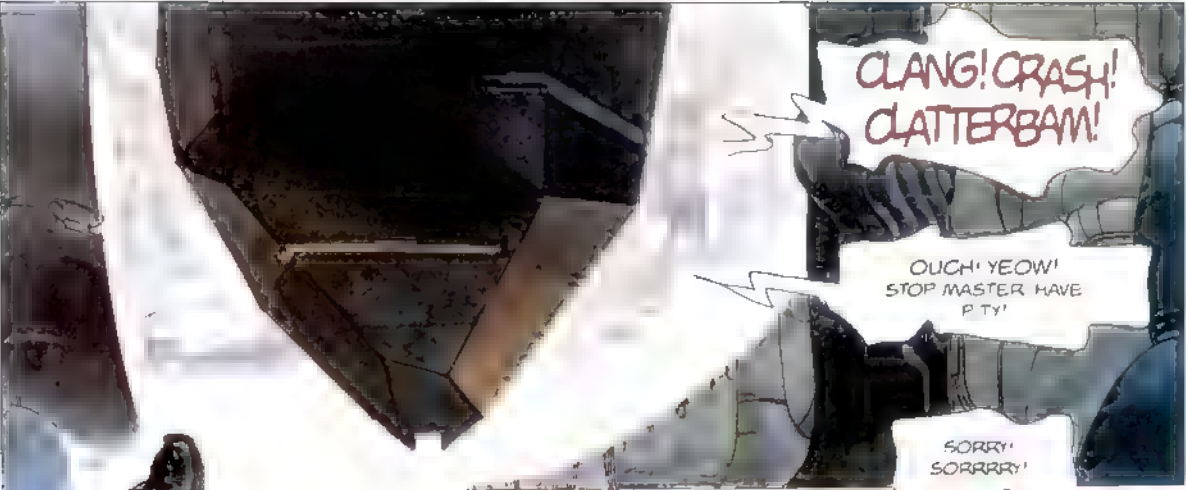
WHO THEN WILL CARRY ON
THE CLAN OF THE METABARONS?
AND WILL THE APES BE DIGESTED
IN THE STOMACH OF
THE CETACYBORG?

SHUT UP AND HEAD FOR
THE KITCHEN... LET US OBEY
OUR PRIMARY DIRECTIVE
TO SERVE THE MASTER.
TOMORROW I WILL TELL YOU
MORE. BUT THAT'S ALL
FOR TODAY!

OH BIO-CRAP!
IF ONLY I HAD HAIR
SO I COULD TEAR
IT OUT!



JOPOROWSKY
DRAFT 1.1



CLANG! CRASH!
CLATTERBAM!

OUCH! YEOW!
STOP MASTER HAVE
P.TY!

SORRY!
SORRRY!



DESTROY ANY PART OF ME YOU
WANT, MASTER, EXCEPT
MY MEMORY CIRCUITS! OUGH!
BEG YOU!

SHUT YOUR STINKING TRAP,
STUPID MACHINE!



HUFF! OHHH! I STILL LOVE
YOU ANYWAY, ME TABARON.



THIS WILL TEACH
YOU TO ASK STUPID
QUESTIONS!

KISS YOUR MEMORY GOODBYE! I'M GOING
TO OBLITERATE YOUR IMPERTINENT BRAIN

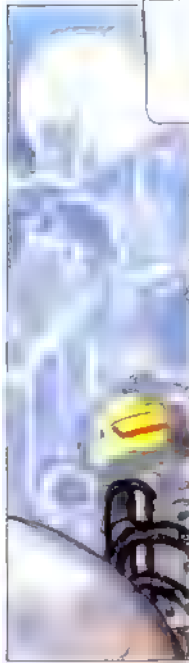
IT'S AN HONOR
TO BE DESTROYED
BY YOU, MASTER!



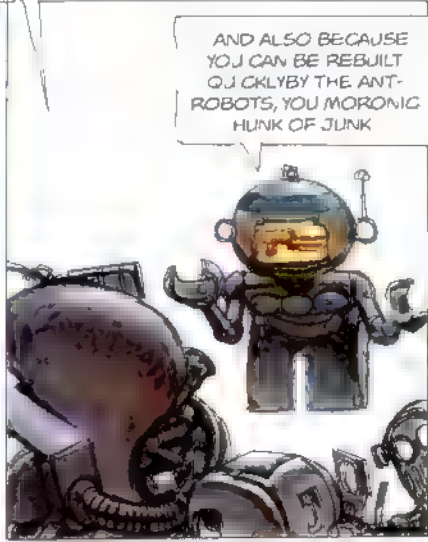
LOTHAR, DID YOU SERVE
THE ME TABARON'S BREAKFAST?
HE COULD BE RETURNING AT



ANY MOMENT. WHAT? LOTHAR! MASTER? ...OH, NO



WHEW, HE D:ISAPPEARED JUST IN TIME! FORTUNATELY BIO-ELECTROGRAMS ONLY SPEND 3.05.07 IN A SOLID STATE BEFORE DISSOLVING!

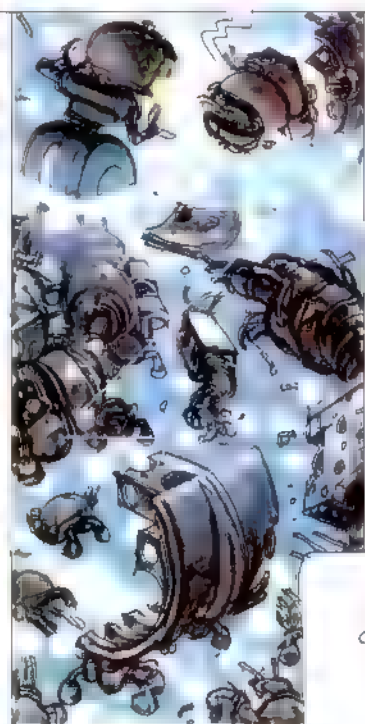


AND ALSO BECAUSE YOU CAN BE REBUILT QJ CKLYBY THE ANT-ROBOTS, YOU MORONIC HUNK OF JUNK



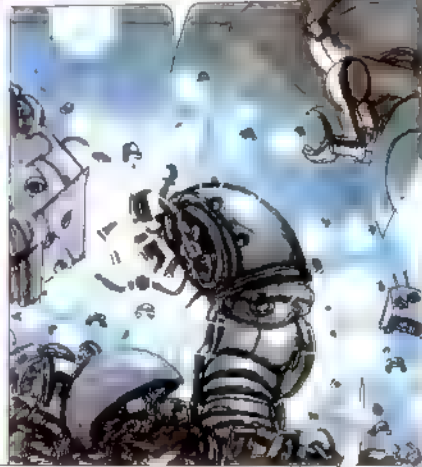
TO THINK THAT I ALMOST HAD TO SPEND THE NEXT 35,000 YEARS, 6 MONTHS, 2 WEEKS, 4 DAYS, 5 HOURS, AND 20:12.03 OF MY REMAINING LIFE WITHOUT YOU... WHAT DID YOU DO TO THE METABARON?!

I JUST ASKED HIM "HOW COULD YOU, MASTER, THE INVINCIBLE WARRIOR, HAVE BEEN WOUNDED AT THE AGE OF 30 YEARS, 2 MONTHS, 3 HOURS, AND 20 04.00, AS INDICATED BY THE SCAR ACROSS YOUR RIGHT EYEBROW?"

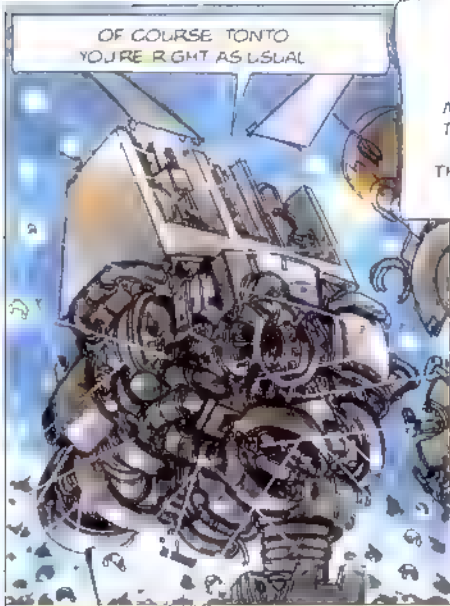


MECHANICAL MORON! YOU JUST HAD TO POKE YOUR RUSTY METAL NOSE INTO HIS ONLY SORE SPOT! YOU DE SERVE TO HAVE A PALEO-DOG COME AND CHEW UP ALL OF YOUR CIRCUITS!

BUT HOW COULD I KNOW, TON TO? YESTERDAY I ASKED YOU THE SAME QUESTION, AND YOU DIDN'T ANSWER ME!



LOTHAR, YOU CHEATER LET YOU CHOOSE BETWEEN FINDING OUT THE REASON BEHIND THAT SCAR, OR HEARING THE REST OF THE METABARONS HISTORY. AND YOU KNOW WHICH ONE YOU CHOSE.



OF COURSE TONTO
YOU'RE RIGHT AS USUAL

WELL I'M GLAD TO SEE THAT
THE BEATING MADE YOU A BIT
MORE HUMBLE... SINCE OUR
MASTER STILL HASN'T RETURNED
TODAY, WHICH STORY DO YOU WANT
ME TO TELL TO PASS THE TIME?
THE SCAR, OR THE FAMILY HISTORY?

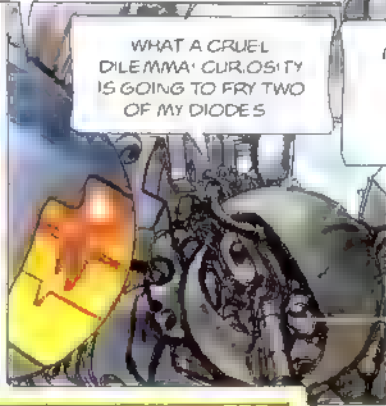
COULDN'T GIVE A METAPHORICAL
CRAP ABOUT YOUR DIODES, LOTHAR.
MAKE UP YOUR MIND! THE SCAR?

YES THE SCAR

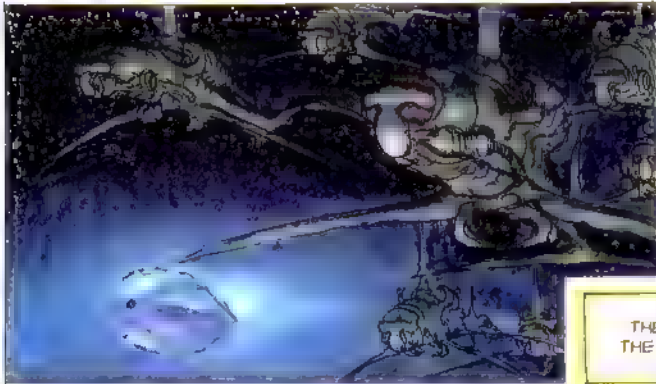
OKAY, THE SCAR. WHAT
HAPPENED WAS

WHAT A CRUEL
DILEMMA! CURIOSITY
IS GOING TO FRY TWO
OF MY DIODES

NOOO! NOT THE SCAR!
LET'S SAVE IT FOR
TOMORROW! GO ON
WITH AGHNA'S STORY
INSTEAD!



WHEN WE LEFT AGHNA, HE WAS APPROACHING THE SHABDA OUD
WITCHES LAIR, CARVED FROM AN ICE ASTEROID



WHILE INTENSIFYING HIS MIND-CONTROL OVER
THE TWO PILOTS, HE FABRICATED A PSY CLOAK FROM
THE PRIESTESS WHO WAS KILLED WHEN HE TOOK OVER
THE CABIN THEN DISINTEGRATED HER

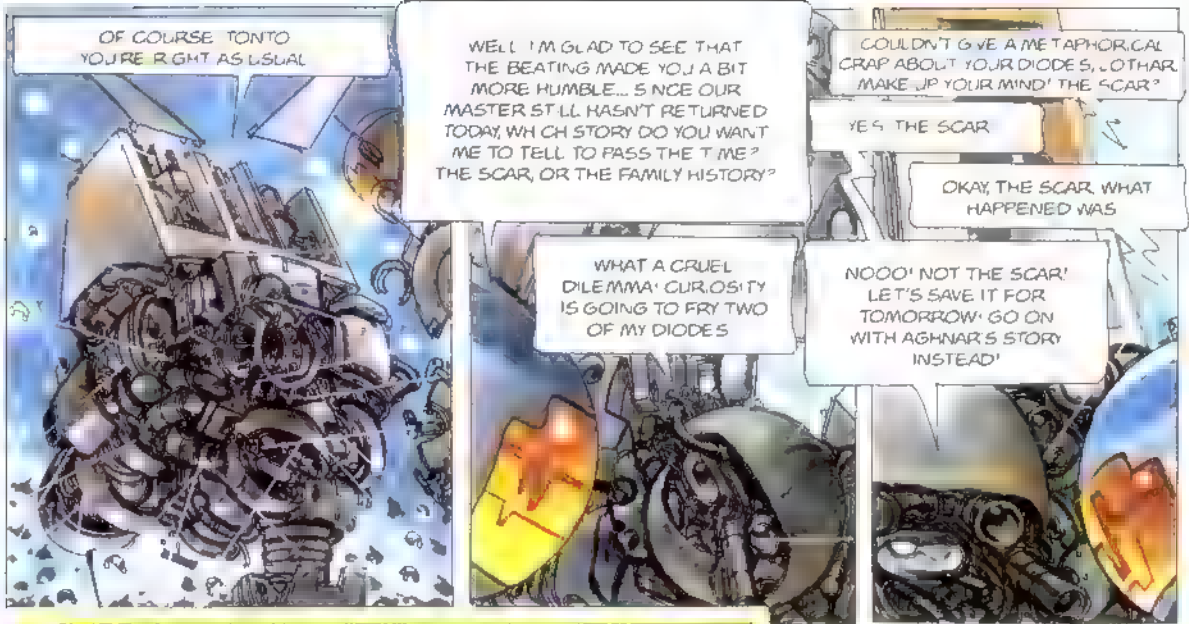
DISGUISED AS ONE OF THE WHORE-PRIESTESSES, HE PREPARED TO HAND
ODA OVER TO THEM... THE WOMAN HE LOVED MORE THAN ANYTHING IN THE
WORLD, AND WHOM THE FORMIDABLE WARRIORS HAD COME TO KIDNAP



WE'RE ABOUT TO ENTER THE LAIR
OF THOSE SHE DEVILS, ARE YOU
READY TO FACE THE TERROR?

LOVE ALWAYS TRIUMPHS
OVER DEATH!





OF COURSE TONTO
YOU'RE RIGHT AS USUAL

WELL I'M GLAD TO SEE THAT
THE BEATING MADE YOU A BIT
MORE HUMBLE... SINCE OUR
MASTER STILL HASN'T RETURNED
TODAY, WHICH STORY DO YOU WANT
ME TO TELL TO PASS THE TIME?
THE SCAR, OR THE FAMILY HISTORY?

COULDN'T GIVE A METAPHORICAL
CRAP ABOUT YOUR DIODES, LOTHAR.
MAKE UP YOUR MIND! THE SCAR?

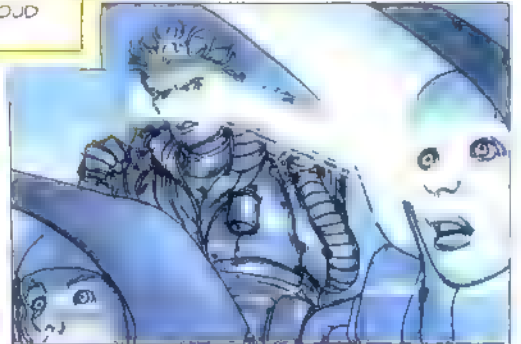
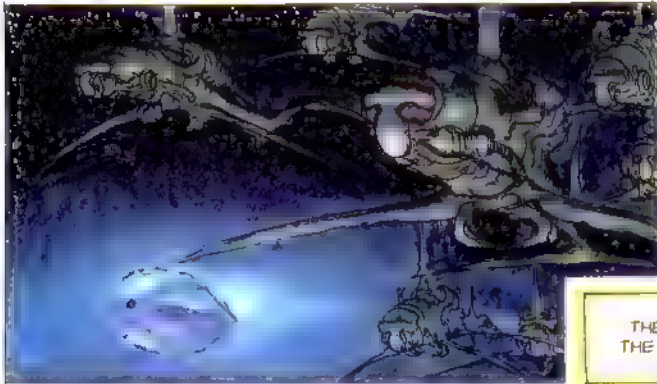
YES THE SCAR

OKAY, THE SCAR. WHAT
HAPPENED WAS

WHAT A CRUEL
DILEMMA! CURIOSITY
IS GOING TO FRY TWO
OF MY DIODES

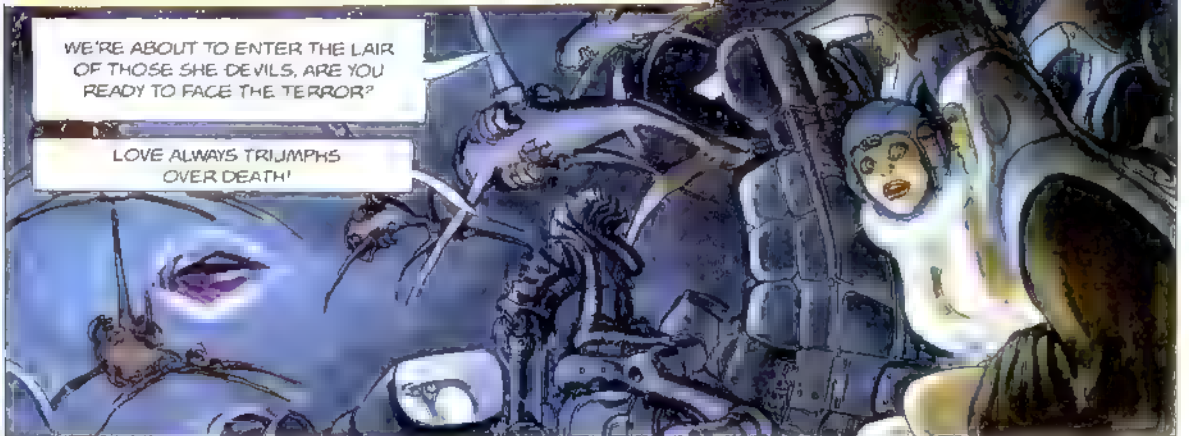
NOOO! NOT THE SCAR!
LET'S SAVE IT FOR
TOMORROW! GO ON
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WORLD, AND WHOM THE FORMIDABLE WARRIORS HAD COME TO KIDNAP



WE'RE ABOUT TO ENTER THE LAIR
OF THOSE SHE DEVILS, ARE YOU
READY TO FACE THE TERROR?

LOVE ALWAYS TRIUMPHS
OVER DEATH!

OHMY OHMY OHMY! TONTO, HOW CAN HE POSSIBLY
DEFEAT ALL THOSE WITCHES SINGLE HANDED? YIPES!
I WISH I HAD ONE OF THOSE RUBBERY ORGANS
THAT HUMANS CALL A BLADDER SO I COULD PISS
MYSELF IN FEAR! KEEP GOING! KEEP GOING!

LISTEN, LOTHAR, I'LL CONTINUE THE STORY
BUT IF YOU INTERRUPT ME ONE MORE TIME
I'LL ACTIVATE THE CURRENT METABARON'S
BO-ELECTROGRAM! THISTIME HE'LL
DISINTEGRATE YOU COMPLETELY,
YOU HYSTERICAL SCRAP HEAP!

GULP!



THANKS TO THE PSYCHO MIMETICS YOU
TAUGHT ME, MOTHER, I CAN GET PAST
THEIR MENTAL PROBES! YET THANKS
TO YOUR TEACHINGS, FATHER, KNOW
THAT NO ILLUSION LASTS FOREVER.



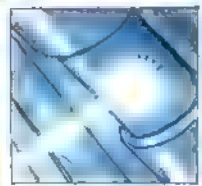
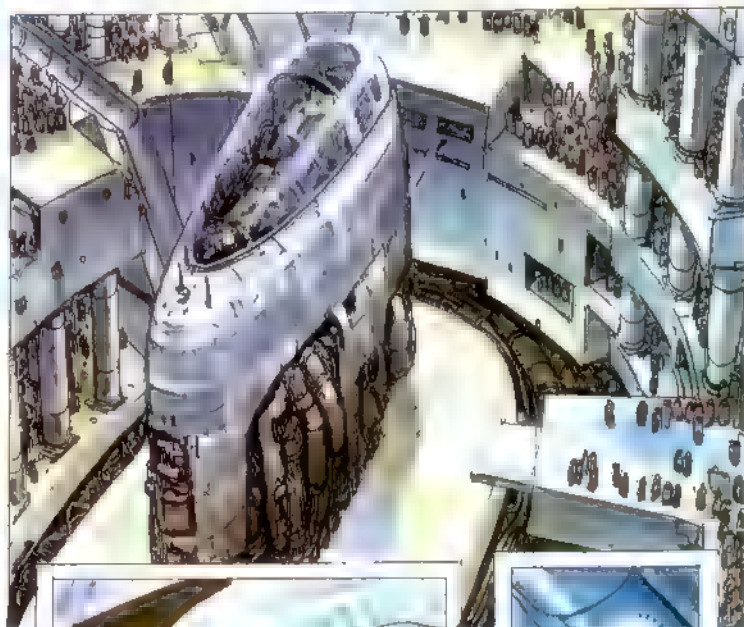
THE MIRAGE ONLY HAS TO LAST A FEW MOMENTS, UNTIL
I REPLACE IT WITH MY REAL POWERS. "DECEIVE ONLY
FOR A MOMENT, THEN ATTACK!" OTHON
AND HONORATA, I WILL BE WORTHY OF YOU!
YOU WILL BE AVENGED!


ACTIVATE SPY PROBE!
GENETIC PROBE ONLINE
IDENTITIES CONFIRMED!
MENTAL PROBE ONLINE
BRAINWAVES CORRECT!
INFRA-CONSCIOUS PROBE
ONLINE. FREE OF ANOMALY!
PASSAGE AUTHORIZED!

HOORAY! OUR SISTERS SUCCEEDED
IN CAPTURING ODA THE CAPRICIOUS!

WE SHALL NOT BE
OVERCOME!

THE ELDERS SHALL BE PROUD
OF THEIR DAUGHTERS!






AHA A DELTA PSYCHIC FORCE SWITCH
THAT OPENS AND CLOSES ENTRY
TO THE ASTEROID TAKE NOTE



MISSION ACCOMPLISHED,
REVEREND MOTHERS




I COMMEND YOU, MY DAUGHTERS! THANKS
TO YOU, THE SUPREME DREAM OF
THE SHABDA OUD WILL BE FULFILLED!

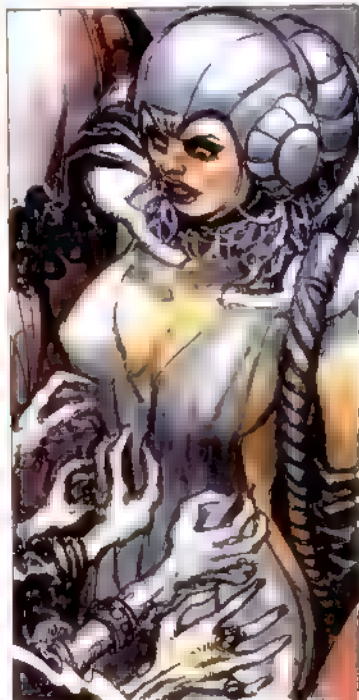
THANK YOU, ELDEST
OF ELDERS!



I KNOW THE ORIGINS OF THE GENETIC
PATHWAYS AND WHERE THEY LEAD

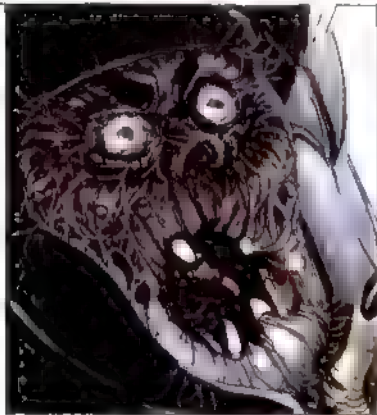


AND THOSE
PATHWAYS RUN
THROUGH YOUR
OVARIES, PRINCESS
ODA

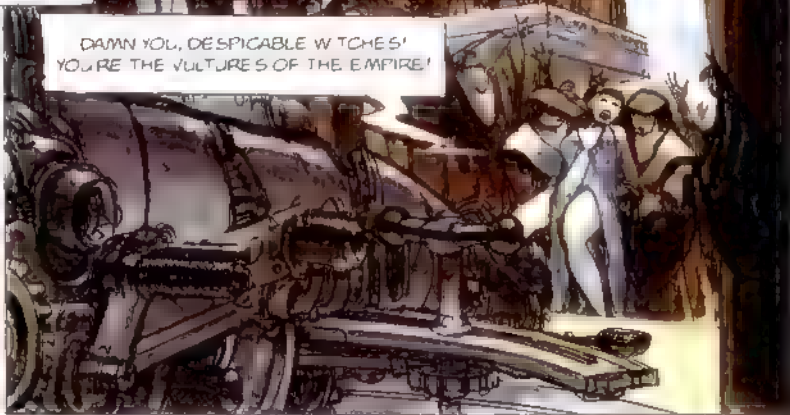


THIS WOMB SHALL GENERATE
THE ONE WE HAVE AWAITED
FOR TWELVE GENERATIONS!

SAMA-WAJD, THE CHOSEN HERMAPHRODITE
WHO WILL DETHRONE JANUS JANA,
EMPERRESS OF THE GALAXY,
GRANTING US ABSOLUTE POWER!



DAMN YOU, DESPICABLE WITCHES!
YOU'RE THE VULTURES OF THE EMPIRE!



TO THE ALTAR

MY BEAUTIFUL ODA YOUR
BRAVERY IS WORTHY OF
A CASTAKA! CONQUER OR
PERISH" IS YOUR MOTTO,
JUST AS IT IS MINE!



TO THE ALTAR!

ACCEPT YOUR GLORIOUS
DESTINY! TO CONCEIVE
THE HEIR HERESS, YOU MUST
ACCEPT THE SPERM OF
OUR GOD, JE JOH THE PURE

LUNATICS ASSASSINS
DIRTY WHORES

CALM DOWN PRINCESS

THE SACRED
UNION!



OPEN THE TABERNACLE!



HAL JE JOH FULL OF GRACE BLESSED IS THE SEED YOU CARRY IN YOUR TESTICLES!

AMEN!

SUBDUE YOUR PAIN O,
MY LOVE, HOLD ON FOR
A FEW MORE SECONDS!

NOOOOO!
DIRTY MONSTER!
AAAAHHH!

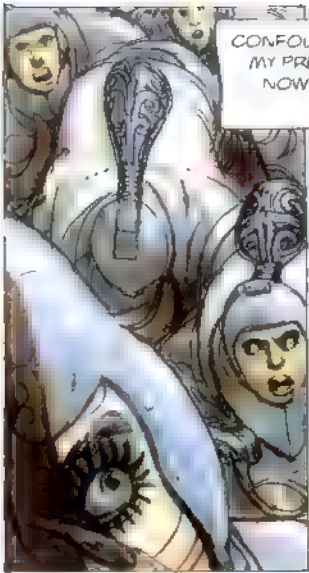
MAY SAMA WAJD BE CONCEIVED!
O JE JOH BRING US
THE CHOSEN ONE

YOU FILTHY OLD HAGS! IF YOU
DON'T TAKE THIS HORROR AWAY
FROM ME AT ONCE, I'LL HOLD
MY BREATH UNTIL I DIE

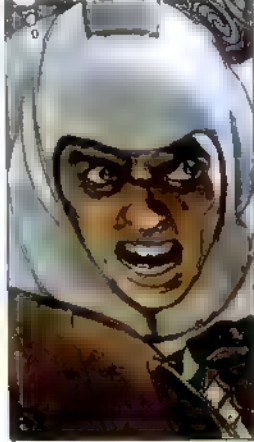
HEE, HEE HEEHEEHEE

TOO LATE NOW,
MY PRETTY

I CAN'T BEAR THIS
ANYMORE! SAVE ME,
AGHNARI!



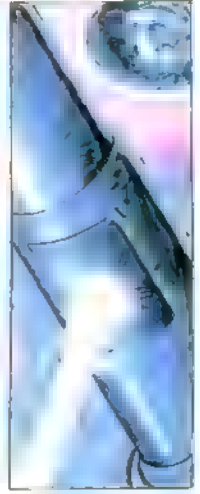
CONFOUND T ODA REVEALED
MY PRESENCE TOO SOON!
NOW EVERYTHING MUST
BE RUSHED



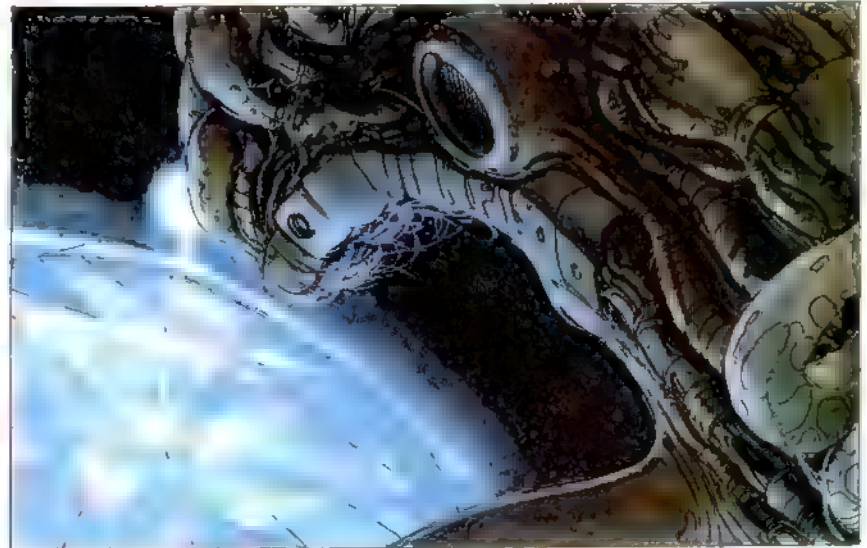
RISE UP, MY DAUGHTERS,
A SPY HIDES AMONG US

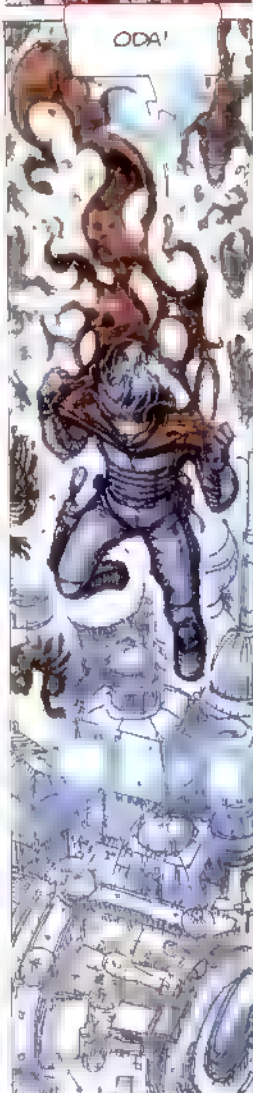
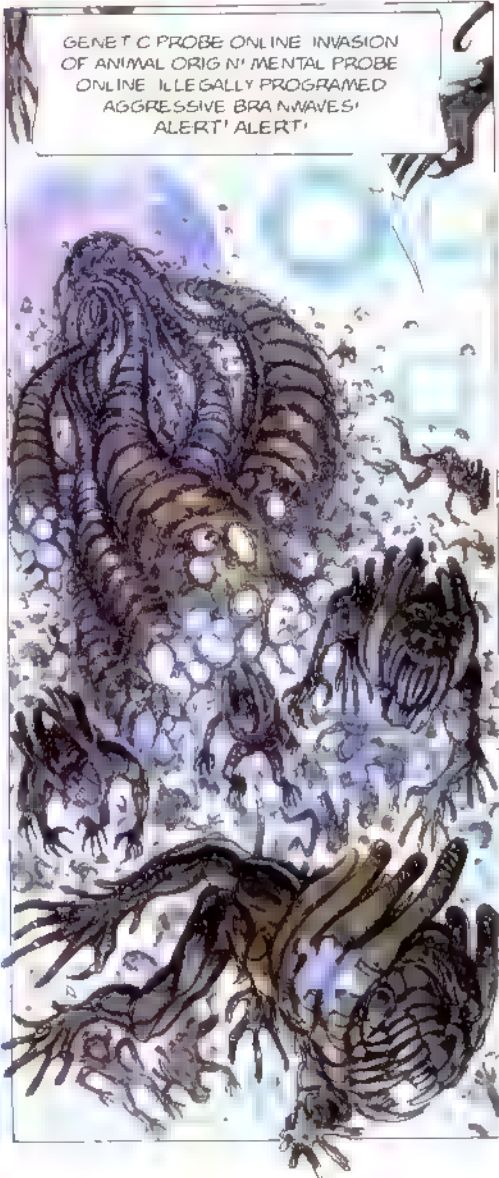
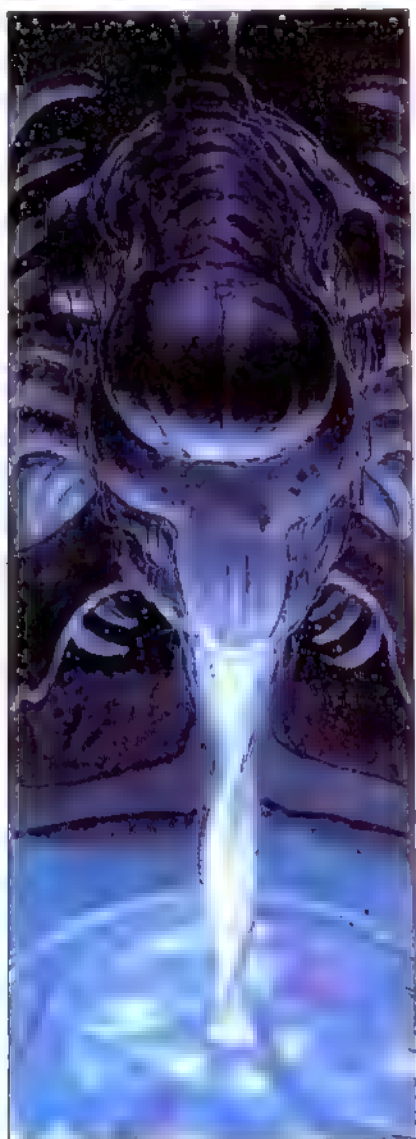


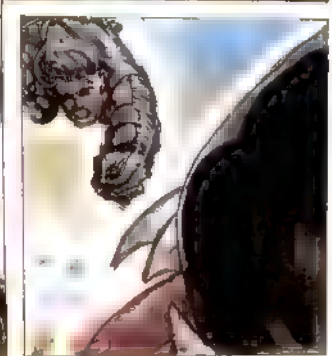
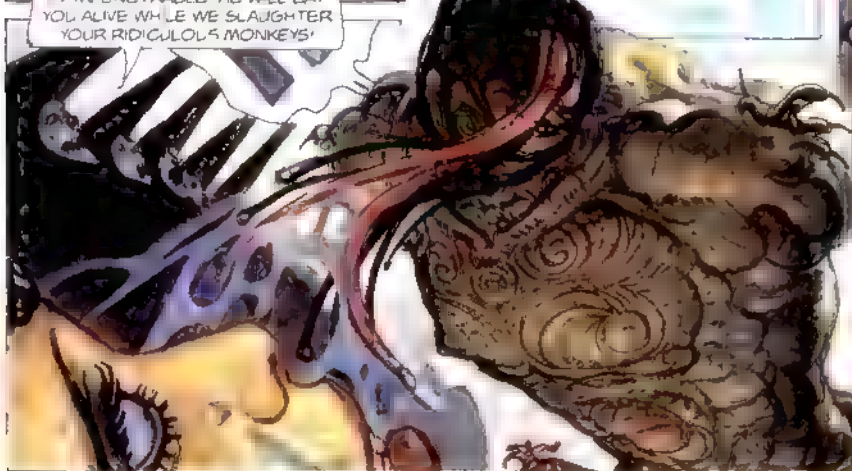
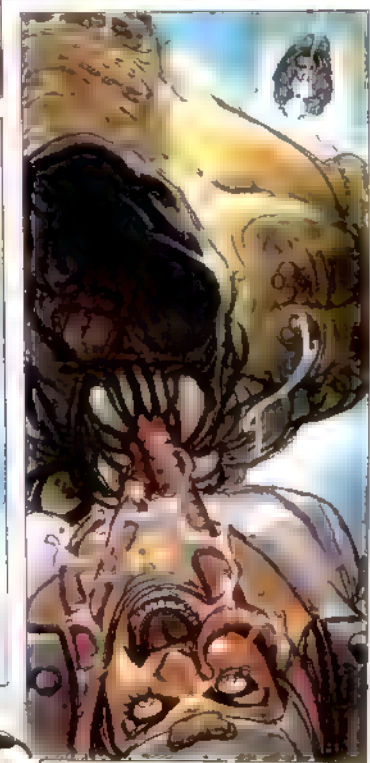
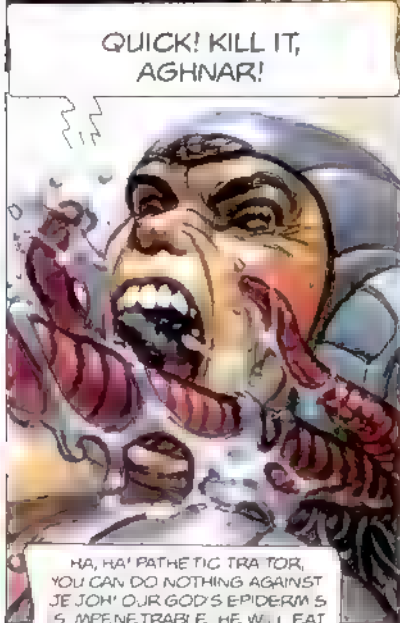
QUICKLY! SEND
THE ORDERS TO
THE CETACYBORG!

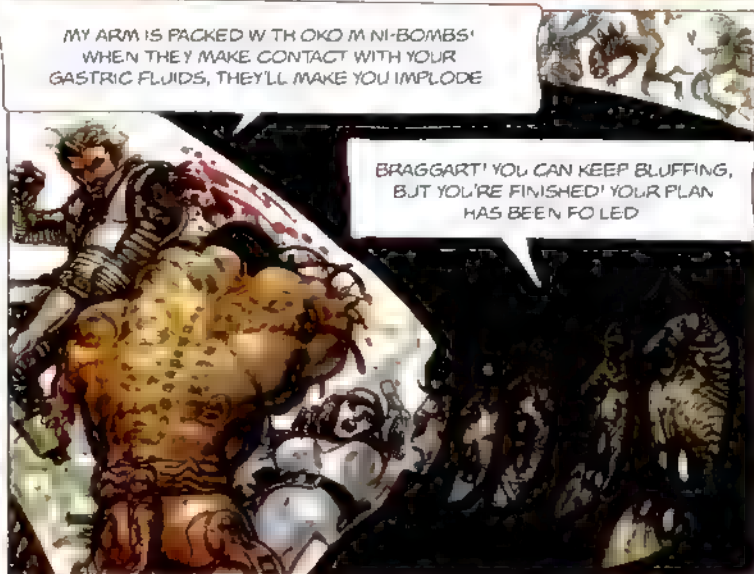
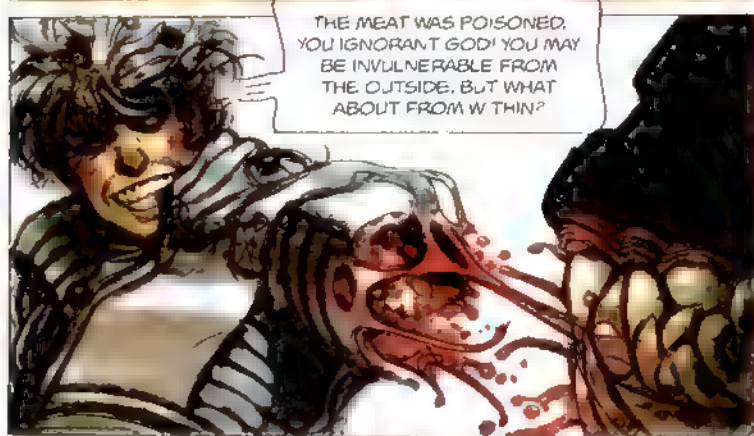


AS YOU COMMAND
MASTER









KILL THEM ALL,
DAUGHTERS!

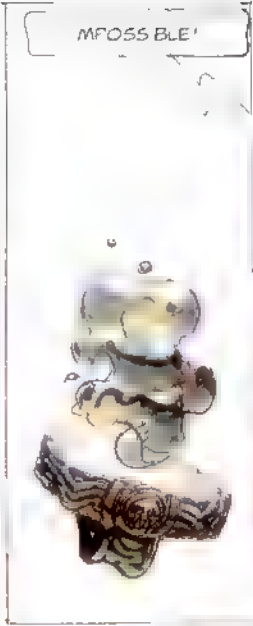
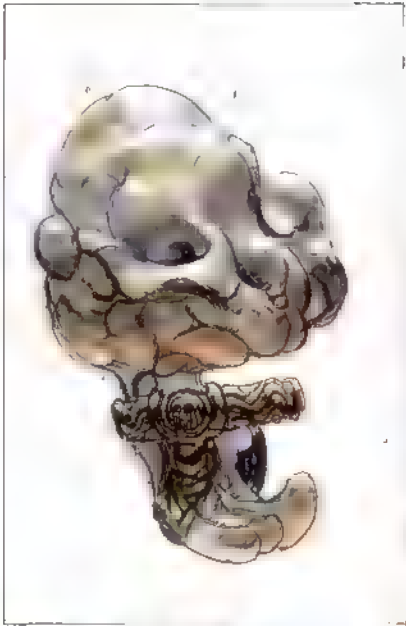
US NOT AFRAID LITTLE WHITE APE
FOR DIAMOND PLANET WE DIE,
NO MORE FOG WORLD!

YES, KIAWOUTAI, BETTER DIE HERE,
NO MORE FOG WORLD

NOW YOU'RE TRAPPED, HOTSHOT!
IT'S OVER FOR YOU!

NOW, MINI-
BOMBS... NOW!

SHRIMP
SLATE



IMPOSSIBLE!



YOU ARE IMMORTAL.



JEJON!



TAKE YOUR IMMORTAL!

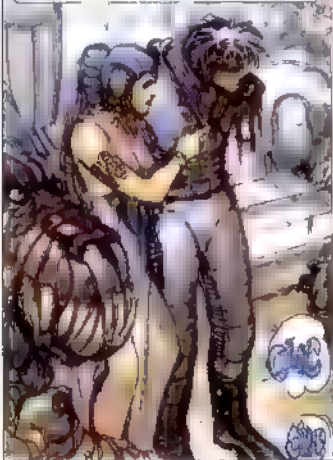


DON'T BE AFRAID, ODA. IT'S OVER NOW...



THE WITCHES' PSYCHIC POWERS WERE FED BY JEJON'S BRAINWAVES. WITHOUT HIS ENERGY, THEY BECAME LIKE HEADLESS PALEO-CHICKENS. "TO DEFEAT THE DRAGON WITH A THOUSAND HEADS, PIERCE ITS HEART WITH A SINGLE BLOW!"

YOUR ARM, AGHNAR! YOU'RE
LOSING ALL YOUR BLOOD



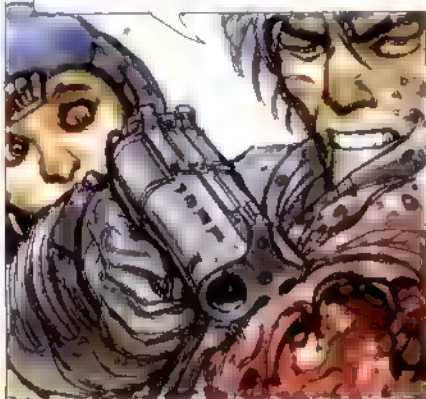
ONLY THE STUMP
HURTS, ODA



THE REST OF MY BODY
FEELS FINE



NO INJURY CAN DARKEN MY SPIRIT.
IT WILL ALWAYS BE WHOLE
THAT PART OF ME CANNOT
BE WOUNDED.



WE, THE ELDERS, ARE NOT ENTIRELY
DEPENDENT ON JEJOH, WE ALSO
POSSESS OUR OWN POWERS!



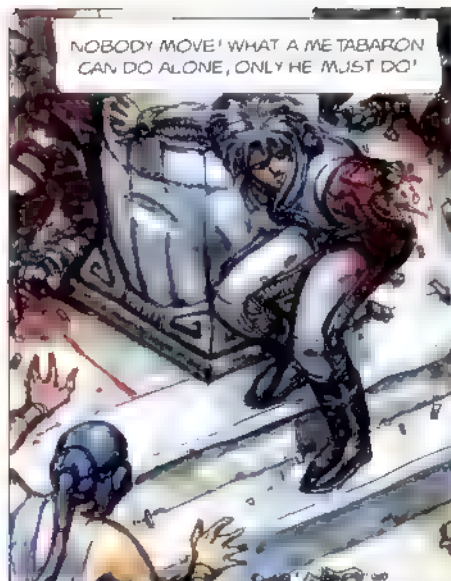
WE WILL BURN OUR LAST
OUNCE OF ENERGY
TO EXTERMINATE YOU,
EVIL TRAITOR!



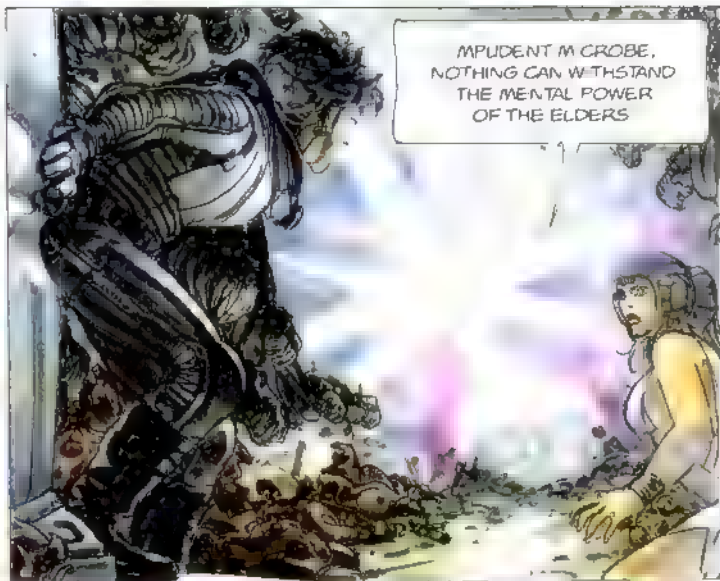
ATTACK ALL,
MEAN OLD LADIES!



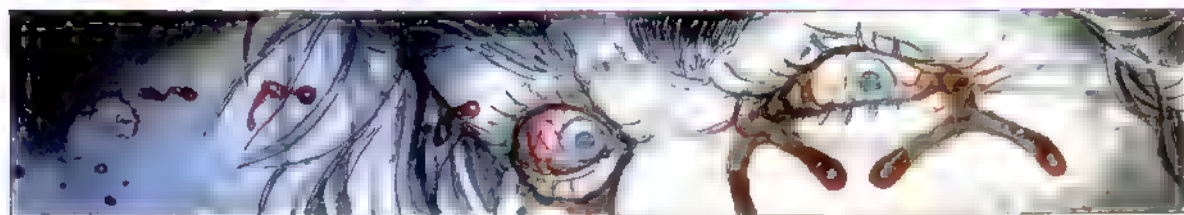
AGHNAR!



NOBODY MOVE! WHAT A METABARON CAN DO ALONE, ONLY HE MUST DO!

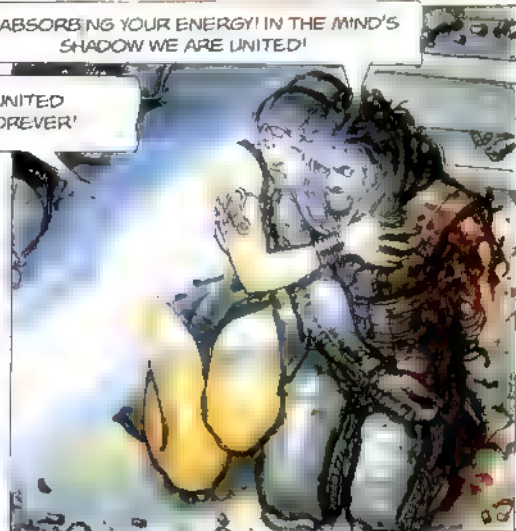


IMPUDENT M-CROBE, NOTHING CAN WITHSTAND THE MENTAL POWER OF THE ELDERS



YOUR BRAIN IS GOING TO EXPLODE! YOU CAN'T DO IT ALONE! YOU'RE WEAKENED BY THE LOSS OF BLOOD! IF YOU LOVE ME, LET ME HELP YOU!

SO BE IT! HELP ME, ODA!



I'M ABSORBING YOUR ENERGY! IN THE MIND'S SHADOW WE ARE UNITED!

UNITED FOREVER!

YEEEE! NOW BOTH OF THEM WILL DIE...

AGGH!

DIE YOURSELVES, BITCHES!

DAMN Y-- ...ARRGGH!

GRRAGGH!

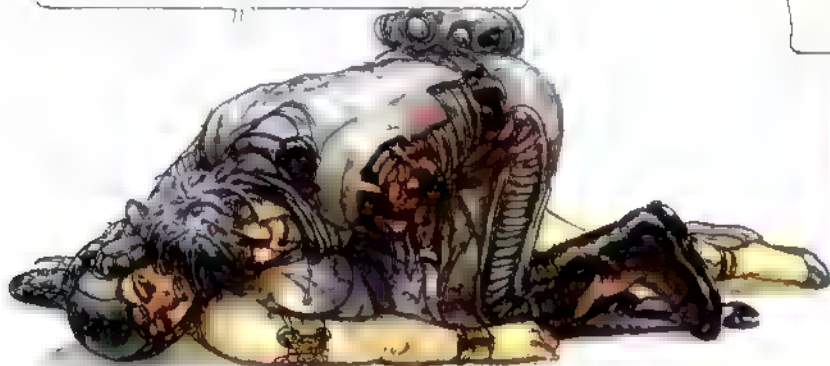
HARF! HARF!
HARF!

LITTLE WHITE
APE BIG WINNER!

JUSTICE AT LAST! MY MOTHER
AND FATHER ARE AVENGED! NOW
I CAN CEASE TO BE A METABARON,
AND LIVE OUT MY HAPPINESS
IN PEACE WITH ODA!

ODA, WHAT'S
HAPPENING?

HER HEART IS STILL BEATING!
BUT THE BATTLE WIPED OUT HER BRAIN!



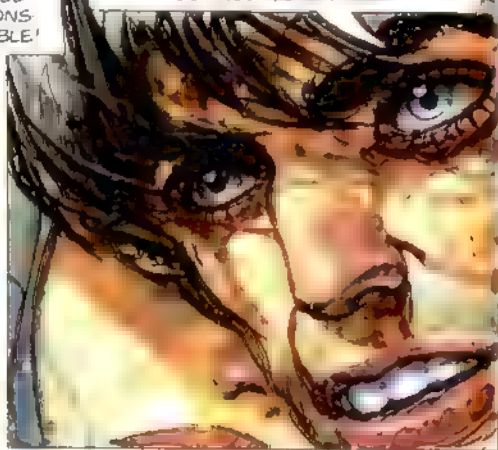
I MUST RUSH HER TO
THE METABUNKER AT ONCE
TONTOK MAY BE ABLE TO OPERATE



CAREFUL, LITTLE WHITE APE!
CETACYBORG BLOCKADE
ESCAPE IMPOSSIBLE!

THOSE CREATURES MUST HAVE A WEAK
SPOT! FOR THEIR OWN SAFETY,
THE WITCHES OF THE SHABDA OUD
WOULD NEVER HAVE CREATED MONS-
TERS THAT WERE TOTALLY INVINCIBLE!

NO MATTER WHAT, I'M GOING! MUST
ATTEMPT THE IMPOSSIBLE!
CONQUER, OR PERISH!

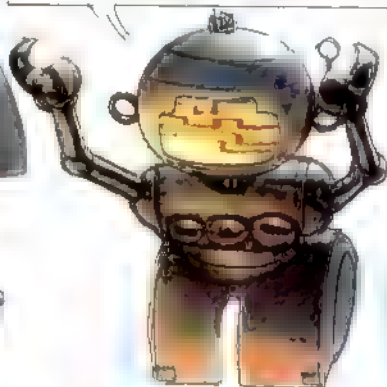


EEEEEE'AH! AAHAAHH! OWWOOOOWW!

ENOUGH, YOU HYSTERICAL
RUST-BUCKET! STOP BLEATING
LIKE A PALEO-SEAL! DON'T WORRY,
I'M GIVING YOU
PERMISSION TO SPEAK!

THANK YOU, TONTOK! I JUST METAPHORICALLY
SOILED MYSELF, EVEN THOUGH IT'S OBVIOUS
THAT AGHNAR WILL GET PAST THE CETACYBORGS,
AND THAT ODA WILL RECOVER (SINCE WE KNOW
THAT THEY'RE THE CURRENT METABARON'S
GREAT-GRANDPARENTS, AND MUST CONCEIVE
THE SON WHO WILL BECOME HIS GRANDFATHER),
PALEO DAMN, HOW DO THEY DO IT?

ONLY ONE OF THE WITCHES
IS LEFT ALIVE, AND
THE SECRET OF THE
CETACYBORGS' WEAK SPOT
WILL DIE WITH HER!
I CAN FEEL MY CEREBRAL
CIRCUITS MELTING LIKE RUNNY
PALEO-CHEESE!





#8 OCT 2000

\$2.95 US
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The Metabarons



The Possession of Oda
Jodorowsky Gimenez Mæblus



The Metabarons™

Previously, in The Metabarons:

Aghnar is able to win the heart of Princess Oda who agrees to help him get revenge. Disguised as one of the witches, the young man will pretend to deliver Oda to the Shabda-Oda, who want her for the purpose of breeding. Once on the asteroid of the witches, Oda is chained to an altar. Their god Jejoh, a mound of muscle topped with a hideous head, soon emerges, his tongue forked and dripping. Faced with this disgusting apparition, Oda calls too early for Aghnar to save her. The alarm is raised.

Aghnar gives a mental order to the Cetacyborg under his control to regurgitate the swarm of Magon apes, while he himself attacks Jejoh. But Jejoh is invulnerable, Aghnar's blows do not affect him at all. Therefore Aghnar willingly lets Jejoh devour his arm. In fact his whole body is riddled with OKO mini-bombs, which implode in the belly of the god-beast.

The destruction of Jejoh—and his powerful mental waves—allows the apes to overrun the asteroid without resistance. One arm amputated, Aghnar mentally confronts the elder witches who concentrate their energy to destroy him. His brain threatens to explode, but Oda comes to his aid, joining her spirit to his, uniting in the mind's shadow. The witches are obliterated, and the revenge fulfilled.

But Oda has burned out her spirit in the final battle—she lies lifelessly at the despairing Aghnar's feet. Perhaps he will be able to save her if he returns to the Metabunker. But in order to do that, he'll have to break through the impenetrable barrier of the six Cetacyborgs that still guard the asteroid...

Story by Alexandre Jodorowsky. Art, color and cover by Juan Gimenez.

Original Metabaron character created by Haskins® and Jodorowsky.

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TELL ME TONTO, HOW IS IT THAT YOU
A MACHINE WITH NO KNOWLEDGE OF
CEREBRAL BIO MASH MANAGED TO
PERFORM BRAIN SURGERY ON ODA?

NEVER OPERATED ON HER. ODA HAD NO
NEED FOR BRAIN SURGERY AS HER SOUL
WAS ALREADY EXTINGUISHED. SHE WAS
A DEAD SPIRIT INSIDE A LIVING BODY.

AJUNGGOBOM! THE STRESS IS GOING
TO RUN ALL MY CIRCUITS. SO WHAT
HAPPENED NEXT TONTO?

IF YOU WANT TO HEAR
THE FACTS OF THE MATTER,
SHUT THAT GREASY HOLE YOU
CALL YOUR FACE
AND LISTEN.

FROM SPORES THAT HAD TRAVELED IN THE GUTS OF THE FEMALE APES. GIGANTIC
MUSHROOMS QUICKLY SPRANG UP ACROSS THE SURFACE OF THE ICE ASTEROID
STANDING BESIDE HIS TEN WIVES. KAWOUTA WAS OVERCOME WITH BOTH JOY
AND SADNESS AS HE BID FAREWELL. PERHAPS FOREVER, TO HIS MESSAGE.

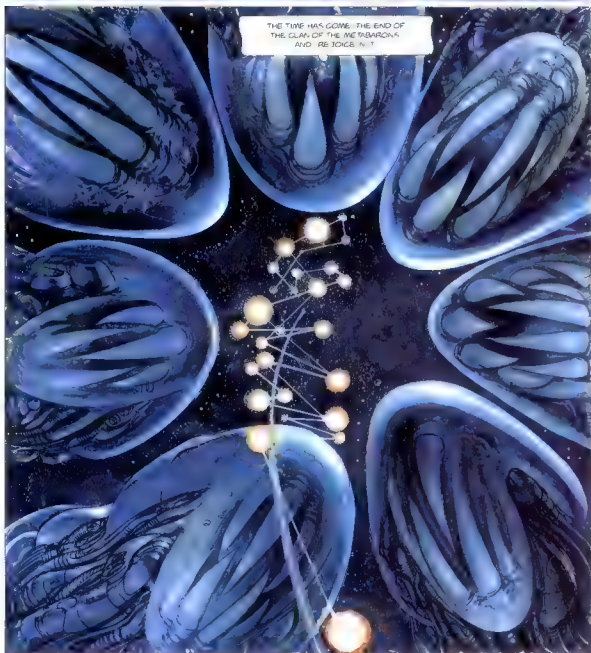
FAREWELL, KAWOUTA

GOOD-BYE, LITTLE WHITE APE.
YOU FULFILL PROPHECY. TAKE US FAR
FROM POG WORLD TO HERE.
DIAMOND PLANET. THANK YOU,
ALWAYS. ALWAYS!

I WON'T LIE TO YOU, ODA. WITHOUT KNOWING
THEIR WEAK SPOT, NO ONE CAN DEFEAT SEVEN
GE TACYBORSS. THEY WILL DEVOUR US.



YOUR BODY STILL BREATHES, BUT YOUR SPIRIT HAS ALREADY DEPARTED FOR THE OTHER WORLD. I WILL FOLLOW YOU GLADLY. IN DEATH WE WILL BE REUNITED.



THE TIME HAS COME. THE END OF THE CLAN OF THE METABARONS AND REJOICE IN IT.

COME GOOD MONSTERS AND PUT AN
END TO THE FAMILY LINEAGE THAT ROBBED ME
OF MY CHILDHOOD TO MAKE A KILLER OUT OF
ME. I WILL NOT DIE FIGHTING
I WILL DIE FULL OF LOVE

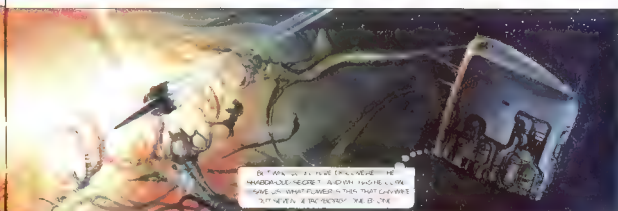
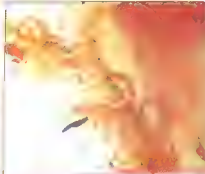


BUT WHAT IS
THAT?

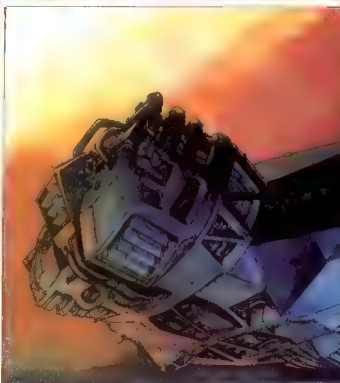




WINDY ON
DOWN UNDER



BECAUSE I'VE BEEN HERE FOR
HUNDREDS OF YEARS AND I'VE NEVER
BEEN IN A PLACE LIKE THIS. THAT'S WHY I
'M HERE. I'VE BEEN HERE FOR
HUNDREDS OF YEARS.



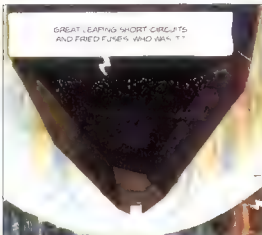
YOU DON'T NEED ME!
ENTER INTO ME IN THE MINDS
KNOW WE ARE UNITED



HE KNOWS THE WAY
AND NEEDS TO KNOW THE
CLARITY WE HAVE
THE DEEPER UNITY



HE SAVED MY LIFE.
THE LIFE THAT NO
LONGER BELIEVE
WHO CAN'T BE



GREAT LEAPING SHORT CIRCUITS
AND FRIED FUSES, WHO WAS I?

YOU INTERRUPTED ME, YOU RANTING RELIC. IF YOU WANT
ME TO GO ON, AND NOT SUMMON THE ME TABARDON'S
BIO-ELECTROGRAM TO COME AND DEMOLISH YOU WITH
A SWIFT KICK, THEN SAY YOU'RE SORRY 30 TIMES.

SORRY, SORRY, SORRY, SORRY, SORRY, SORRY, SORRY, SORRY, SORRY,
SORRY, SORRY, SORRY, SORRY, SORRY, SORRY, SORRY, SORRY, SORRY,
SORRY, SORRY, SORRY, SORRY, SORRY, SORRY, SORRY, SORRY, SORRY.

DIRTY CHEAT! YOU SAID THREE.

WHOOOPS, HERE THEY ARE. SORRY, SORRY, SORRY.

FINE... CONTINUE.

NOT KNOWING WHETHER HE WAS IN THE HANDS OF ENEMIES OR ALLIES, HIS DESIRE FOR DEATH STILL
GREATER THAN HIS WILL TO LIVE, AGHVAR LET HIS SHIP BE DRAWN IN BY THE BEAM OF LIGHT.

COMMAND FOUR,
FARTHER TO THE LEFT,
SEAL THE HATCH! NOW
SET IT DOWN! PERFECT.



COME DOWN, AGHVAR.
COME INTO MY ARMS.

INTO YOUR ARMS, WITCH? IF YOU
WANT ME TO COME DOWN, SEND
ALL YOUR ROBOTS AWAY!

GO, MY CHILDREN, AND WAIT IN
YOUR CELLS UNTIL I CALL YOU.

DON'T WORRY, MY
LOVE... NO WITCH
CAN KEEP US APART.
I'LL RETURN AT
ONCE.



SMELL MY PERFUME AGHVAR
DO YOU RECOGNIZE IT?

SNIFF

OTHON AGHVAR, PROMISE ME THAT YOU
WILL NEVER FORGET THE HYPNOTIC SCENT
OF OTHAR'S CARNIVOROUS FLOWERS!

REMEMBER ME



AS YOU REMEMBER THESE FLOWERS


IT ISN'T POSSIBLE
THOSE ARE THE WORDS
MY MOTHER SPOKE BEFORE
SHE WENT TO HER DEATH



ALMIGHT DEAD MY SON
IT IS ME HONORATA

STOP WITCH. DO NOT
BELIEVE YOU WITNESSED THE
EXPLOSION OF THE BOMB
IMPLANTED IN MY MOTHER'S
HEART BY YOU DAMNED
SHABDAQJID WHORE'S

DARE TO LOOK AT ME AND LISTEN
TO WHAT YOUR BLOOD TELLS YOU!



IMPOSSIBLE! IMPOSSIBLE! I
CAN ONLY BE A HOLO MAMA
A TRUMPED JIF SURFACE
HALL JONATHAN
WHAT A DASTARDLY TROX

LISTEN TO YOUR HEART

HONORATA!

MY SON!

OH MOTHER, THROUGHOUT ALL THESE YEARS, THERE WAS NOT AN INSTANT THAT I STOPPED GRIEVING FOR YOU. THE GRIEL IMAGE OF YOUR HEART'S EXPLOSION REMAINED AT THE CORE OF MY MEMORIES.

TOKYO: EVEN IF YOU MAKE ME SAY I'M SORRY THREE THOUSAND TIMES, I HAVE TO INTERRUPT. HOW CAN HONORATA NOT BE ALIVE AFTER HAVING BEEN BLOWN TO BITS IN AN EXPLOSION THAT DESTROYED AN ENTIRE PLANET? IMPOSSIBLE!

POSSIBLE!

NOW IT'S YOUR DADDY'S THAT ARE OVERHEATING. YOU'RE COMPLETELY DELIRIOUS, OR IS IT PERHAPS OUT OF SOME VAGUE LITERARY ASPIRATION THAT YOU INVENT THESE INCREDIBLE PLOT TWISTS TO EMBELLISH YOUR STORY? HOW PRETENTIOUS!

ME, DELIRIOUS? ME, LYING? WHAT DO YOU TAKE ME FOR, YOU PATHETIC SCRAP HEAP? IT'S ALL TRUE! IN SECRET HONORATA HAD DEVELOPED HER PSYCHIC SHADOQUD POWER TO EXTREMES, PROSSING BEYOND HER TRAINING. SHE SUCCEEDED IN CONTROLLING THE CHRONO G PUNCTUAL PRADEX, AND OPENED A FISSURE IN TIME.

A FISSURE IN TIME

YES, PALEO-NUBBSKULL! AT THE AGE OF 30 BIO YEARS, WITH ONLY FIVE MINUTES LEFT TO LIVE, SHE ENTERED THE MAXI FRACTION C TOWER AT 10:00 AM, OPENED A FISSURE IN TIME, AND REMAINED THERE FOR 20 YEARS. AT 10:05 AM SHE EMERGED FROM THE TOWER, NOW 50 BIO YEARS OLD, BUT WITH A NEW AND BEATING HEART.

MY SORRY FOUR THOUSAND TIMES, TOKYO. YOUR EXPLANATION MAKES SENSE, BUT I DON'T UNDERSTAND IT AT ALL! TAKE PITY ON ME, AND ELABORATE!

AS THE METABUNKER DISAPPEARED INTO SPACE WITH HER SON AND HER HUSBAND INSIDE, HONORATA BEGAN TO ACCELERATE TIME, AND REACHED THE FORTRESS TOWER IN 16.01 SECONDS.

0.0 SECONDS LATER, SHE HAD REACHED CHRONO 6, THE PUNCTUAL PRADEX POINT, FOLLOWED BY ALL THE MECA-ROBOTS THAT ACCOMPANIED HER TO THE LABORATORY.

INSIDE THE TEMPORAL FISSURE, HER NEW TIME BEGAN ACCELERATING AT A PHENOMENAL RATE...


OF WHICH HONORATA AND HER ASS STANTS WERE ENTIRELY UNAWARE, WRAPPED UP AS THEY WERE IN THEIR PREPARATIONS FOR THE COMPLEX SURGERY.

FOR THEM, TIME SEEMED TO PASS AT NORMAL SPEED. FOR 6 YEARS THEY STUDIED THE HEART BOMB, UNTIL THEY FINALLY DISCOVERED A WAY TO REMOVE IT WITHOUT TRIGGERING THE EXPLOSION.

MY BRAIN IS ENTERING ALPHA. MY DESIRE IS FADING. IN DELTA, EMOTIONS DISSOLVE. EVEN DEEPER WORDS DISAPPEAR. NOTHINGNESS.

WHEN HONORATA HAD ATTAINED A STATE OF PSYCHO-CELLULAR CATALEPSY.

I JERAT - WAS A COMPLETE GUY OF 55
 HE RAN THE ART - MAN OF THE WORLD
 OF ART - HE WAS THE ONLY ONE WHO TOOK IT



THE NEXT FIVE YEARS WERE THE TORMENT OF A LIFE OF A PERSON, THE VERY HEART OF THE MARCHES
 TO THE REPRODUCTION OF THE DIFFERING HEART AND AFFILIATION OF THE FUTURE FIGHT



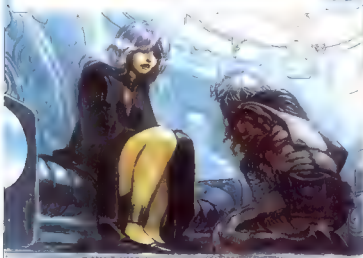
HE MURDER FILLS ME TO THE LEFT AND MY

THEY HAVE DEVOTED THEIR LIVES TO EXPLORING THE "HIDDEN" DIMENSIONS OF WHAT MAY BE SACRIFICE AND GLORIFICATION FOR THE GLORY OF GOD.

BUT WHY WOULD THIS KILL MY ANcestOR'S LIFE
HERE IN THE EARTH? ONCE I HAVE AN IDEAL
HOW MUCH DIFFERENCE I COULD MAKE



TRY TO UNDERSTAND, I KNOW THAT MY FEATHER WAS ONLY
A LIE WITH THE REAL ZOMBIE MY FATHER HAD MADE
FRODO BAGGINS, BUT THE REAL ZOMBIE WAS NOT



AT THAT AGE, BECAUSE MY ANcestOR
DEAD WAS A LIE AT ALL
THEY WERE NOT ALL DEAD

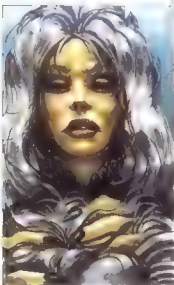


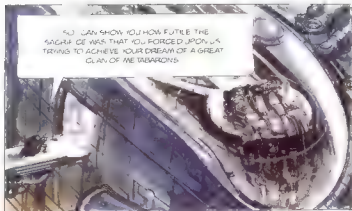
THE ONE WHO SPOKE
THE CHILDREN, WHO WERE
WITNESSES TO THE ONE WHOSE HAND
WAS THE ADULT WHO WOULD BE
IN THE WORLD, COULD BE THE
MIXED EXISTENCE, WHOSE LIFE
WAS THE ONLY

THE REALITY, WHOSE
HANDS WERE
THE ELDER, WHO WOULD
BE THE ELDER, WHO WOULD
AND IMMEDIATELY WOULD
BE THE ONLY

THE FIRST NAME
WAS THE FIRST NAME
WAS THE FIRST NAME
WAS THE FIRST NAME
WAS THE FIRST NAME
WAS THE FIRST NAME
WAS THE FIRST NAME
WAS THE FIRST NAME

THEY WERE CERTAINLY
THEY WERE CERTAINLY
THEY WERE CERTAINLY
THEY WERE CERTAINLY
THEY WERE CERTAINLY
THEY WERE CERTAINLY
THEY WERE CERTAINLY
THEY WERE CERTAINLY





SO CAN SHOW YOU HOW FUTILE THE
SAGRA DE WAS THAT YOU FORCED UPON US
TRYING TO ACHIEVE YOUR DREAM OF A GREAT
CLAY OF THE TABERONS



BEMOLD MY WIFE
TRANSFORMED INTO
A LIVING CADVER

WITCH WHY DID YOU SAVE ME? I WILL
HAVE NO WIFE, NO MARRIAGE AND NO
DESCENDANTS YOUR DAMNED SISTERS
HAVE DESTROYED HER BRAIN NO ONE
CAN HELP HER

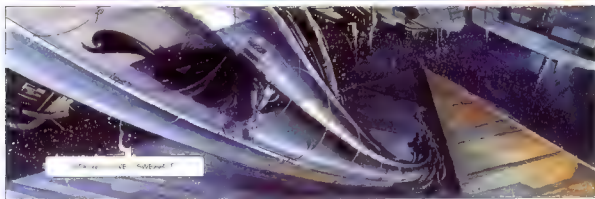
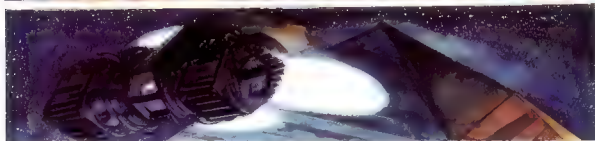
CAN HELP HER



HOW



KNOW THE PSYCHO SURGICAL SCIENCE OF
THE SHABDA-ODD BUT LET'S NOT WASTE
AN INSTANT! CALL THE ME TABUNKER TONTO
WILL MAKE THE PERFECT ASSISTANT



THANK YOU VERY MUCH



ASHNAR, YOUR ANXIETY WILL DISTRACT ME. IT WOULD BE BETTER IF YOU LEFT ME ALONE WITH TONTO. TO ATTAIN ULTRA CONCENTRATION, I MUST REVERT MY ENTIRE CORTEX TO ITS THALAMUS STATE.

INSTRUMENTS READY. DEEP REACHING MENTAL PROBE. STANDING BY. M. STRESS.



THE OPERATION WILL EXPEND MY ENERGY TO NEAR EXTINCTION FOR SEVERAL YEARS AFTERWARDS. I'LL NEED TO REMAIN IN THE STRICTEST SOLITARY. IF MY SOLITUDE IS BROKEN, I WILL DIE. DO YOU ACCEPT THESE CONDITIONS?

MOTHER, COULDN'T BEAR TO LOSE YOU YET AGAIN. I WANT TO LIVE WITH MY WIFE AND WITH YOU.



IT'S IMPOSSIBLE. CHOOSE ODA OR ME.

HONORATA, YOU ARE THE PAST AND ODA, THE FUTURE. MUST CHOOSE ODA, BUT I LOVE YOU BOTH!



YOU HAVE CHOSEN WELL, MY SON. THE CASTAKAS MUST LIVE ON.

YES, MOTHER, THEY WILL LIVE ON, BUT NOT AS WARRIORS. ON THAT POINT, ODA AGREED WITH ME.



DON'T GET AHEAD OF YOURSELF, ASHVAR. TAKE SOME TIME TO THINK ABOUT IT. BE PATIENT.

THERE IS NOTHING THAT CAN CHANGE MY MIND. NO MORE. ME. TABARONS.



ENOUGH ARGUING YOU WILL DO AS YOU
DESIRE. NOW GO! MUST GATHER
MY STRENGTH IN ORDER TO RETURN
CONSCIOUSNESS TO THE ONE WHO WILL
BE MOTHER OF YOUR SON.

"MY SON, YOU SAY 'NO' OF MY CHILDREN
— BOTH SONS AND DAUGHTERS

FOOLISH MAN. THE OPERATION WILL BE
A LONG ONE. YOU'LL HAVE TIME TO INSTALL
YOUR NEW PROTON CARM.

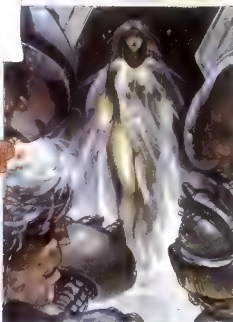
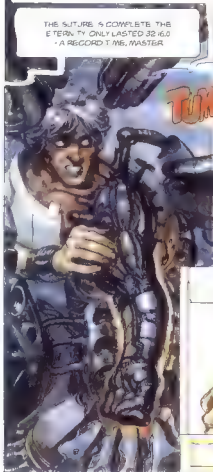
WOO-HOO YEE HA WHAT BIG DEL SHY
A HAPPY ENDING! STOP THERE. TONTO,
I'LL GUESS THE REST. HONORATA WILL
AWAKEN ODA FROM HER COMA. THEN ODA
WILL LUBRICATE HER LOWER CYLINDER TO
RECEIVE ASHVAR'S REPRODUCTIVE PISTON.
AND LATER PRODUCE THE GRANDFATHER
OF OUR CURRENT METABARON.
HALL-ELUJAH!

CAN'T ROBO-CLOD. IT WAS MORE LIKE
A BIG TRAGEDY THAN A HAPPY ENDING!
SOMETHING AWFUL HAPPENED AND
WHAT'S EVEN WORSE WAS
AN ACCOMPLISH TO
THE CATASTROPHE

FINISHED? YOU'VE TAKEN AN ETERNITY
GRAFTING THIS PROTONIC ARM! HURRY!
WANT TO SEE IF MY MOTHER HAS
MANAGED TO AWAKEN MY ODA.

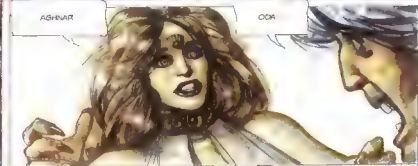
THE SUTURE IS COMPLETE. THE
ETERNITY ONLY LASTED 32.60
— A RECORD TIME, MASTER.

HONORATA? STOP, STOP!
WHERE YOU ARE! DON'T
SAY A WORD! DON'T TELL
ME THAT THE OPERATION
WAS A FAILURE. REFUSE
TO HEAR THOSE FATAL
WORDS.



ASHVAR

ODA



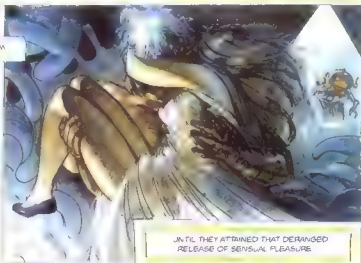
THEIR NAMES WERE THE ONLY WORDS THEY MANAGED TO SPEAK

...BEFORE MOIST PRESSURE SEALED
THE ELIPSOID, FLESHY, MOBILE
MUSCLES THEY CALLED 'LIPS'...

AND WITHOUT WASTING A SECOND TO DISCONNECT THE GAPIING HOLES THAT OPENED
ON THE BOTTOM PART OF THEIR SKULLS BY WHICH THEY USUALLY INSULATED
NOURISHMENT THEY MADE THE RAMP TO THE BEDROOM



~~~~~



UNTIL THEY ATTAINED THAT DERANGED  
RELEASE OF SENSUAL PLEASURE

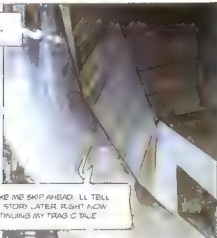
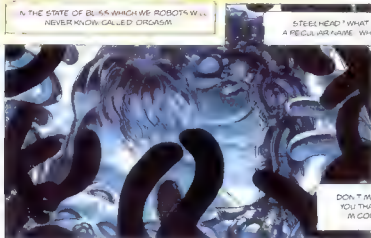
EXCHANGING THEIR SALIVA AND A FEW MILLION MICROBES, THEY BEGAN  
TO RUB AGAINST EACH OTHER THE FIBROUS AND ELASTIC TISSUE THAT  
COVERED THEIR BODIES



ON THAT VERY DAY STEELHEAD THE GRANDFATHER OF OUR PRESENT  
METABARDON WAS CONCEIVED

IN THE STATE OF BLISS WHICH WE ROBOTS  
NEVER KNOW CALLED ORGASM

STEELHEAD? WHAT  
A REGULAR NAME. WHY?



DON'T MAKE ME SKIP AHEAD. I'LL TELL  
YOU THAT STORY LATER. RIGHT NOW  
I'M CONTINUING MY TRAGIC TALE



AFTER HIS ORGANISM HAD FORCEFULLY PROJECTED ITS WHITISH FERTILIZING SECRETION INTO ODA'S SEXUAL TUNNEL...

ASHNAR FINALLY RECOVERED THE USE OF HIS INTELLECT AND COULD THINK OF HIS MOTHER.

AND HONORATA\* I SHOULD GO SEE HER, GET DOWN ON MY KNEES AND THANK HER FOR REVIVING YOU. THEN TAKE HER INTO MY ARMS AND KISS HER.

YOU CANNOT, MY LOVE. SHE HAS SHUT HERSELF AWAY IN THE SOUTH GALLERY, WITH TONTO AS HER ONLY COMPANION. HER FAT GUESS TREMENDOUS. SEVERAL YEARS WILL PASS BEFORE SHE CAN RECOVER...

ASHNAR AND ODA SPENT THE NINE MONTHS OF HER PREGNANCY IN ALMOST PERFECT HAPPINESS. I SAY ALMOST BECAUSE FROM TIME TO TIME IF YOU'LL ALLOW ME AN OUTDATED METAPHOR, A DARK CLOUD OBSCURED THEIR AZURE SKY.



BREATHE DEEPLY THE PURE AIR OF OUR HYDROPONIC GARDEN AND TASTE THIS BANANAPPLE. ODA TONTO SUCCEEDED IN PRODUCING A HYBRID FULL OF TRACE ELEMENTS YOU MUST GIVE BIRTH TO A HEALTHY DAUGHTER!

A SON, AGHNAR, A SON THE CLAN OF THE METABARONS MUST LIVE ON.

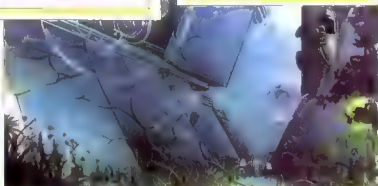
YOU SURPRISE ME, ODA. IN THE PAST YOU AGREED WITH ME, AND NOW YOU DON'T. TOLD YOU DON'T WANT TO BE THE FATHER OF A MERECLLESS WARRIOR.

NOBODY ATTAINS FULFILLMENT WITHOUT BECOMING WHAT HE IS. A GOOD CARPENTER DOES NOT WASTE A GOOD BEAM. A GOOD SOLDIER LIKE YOURSELF SHOULD NOT WASTE THE CHANCE TO MAKE HIS SON THE GREATEST WARRIOR IN THE UNIVERSE.

YOU FRIGHTEN ME ODA. YOU'VE  
CHANGED SO MUCH! WHEN YOU  
SPEAK OF THE FUTURE YOUR GAZE  
BECOMES CLEARER THAN THE  
REFLECTED SHADOWS OF ALDEBARAN.



YET THE DARK CLOUDS WERE  
FEW IN NUMBER DURING THIS  
PERIOD OF WAITING. AGHNAH,  
GENERALLY CONTENT, NEVER  
FAILED TO GO AND VISIT HIS  
MOTHER AT THE APPROPRIATE  
TIME.



REGULARLY WITH ROBOT-4, HE  
PRECISION HONORATA WOULD APPEAR  
FOR 30 SECONDS ON THE BALCONY  
OF THE SOUTH GALLERY AT THE FIRST  
OF THE 12 STROKES OF ARTIF CIAL  
NIGHT.

AND WOULD WAVE HER RIGHT  
ANTERIOR EXTREMITY IN A GESTURE  
OF SALUTE. RIGID PERHAPS FROM  
FATIGUE. BEFORE IMMEDIATELY  
TURNING HER BACK AND RE-  
ENTERING HER SOLITUDE.



OH MOTHER, BREAK YOUR  
SILENCE ONE DAY! AT LEAST  
CALL OUT MY NAME!



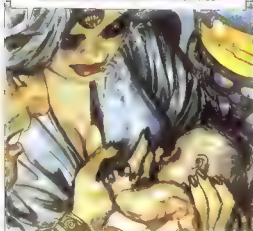
WHEN THE BIG DAY ARRIVED, ODA GAVE BIRTH  
TO A BIO-MALE ROBUST AND WONDERFULLY  
BOISTEROUS.



DRINK MY IMPATIENT SON!

WAAAAH

EVERYWHERE HE HEARD HIS MOTHER'S VOICE.



AGHNAH WAITED IMPATIENTLY UNTIL THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT THEN RAN  
TO THE SOUTH GALLERY TO BRING HIS MOTHER THE GOOD NEWS...



SHARE OUR HAPPINESS, HONORATA!  
YOU'RE THE GRANDMOTHER OF THE MOST  
HANDSOME GRANDSON.



AND THEN BOB SAID DUMB EXCREMENT  
OF METAL UPON HEARING THE WONDERFUL  
NEWS. LOST ALL CONTROL AND ADVANCED  
A FEW FEET TOO FAR!

WHAT?

NOOO

HONORATA

WHAT HORROR TH'S PUT'D  
CORPSE S MY MOTHER?

POVE ME MASTER

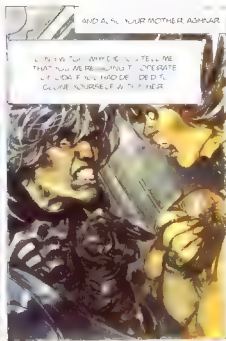
WHAT ARE YOU HIDING FROM  
ME TRAITOR SPEAK DAMN YOU  
OR I'LL DISINTEGRATE YOUR  
MEMORY CIRCUITS

WHAT COULD I DO?  
REVEALED THE TRAG C  
SECRET ALL THIS TIME  
AT HONORATA'S  
REQUEST. HAD BEEN  
TAKING HER CORPSE OUT  
TO THE BALCONY TO  
MAKE HIM BELIEVE  
SHE WAS ALIVE. MAD  
WITH RAGE, HE RAN  
TO THE NURSERY

OPEN WHORE  
PRESTERS!

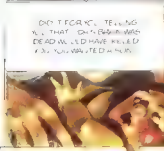


YES, I AM NOT, DA LIDA  
 A DEAD, I AM NOT RATH  
 THE ALICE ARE WHO STOLE  
 THE BODY OF MY WIFE

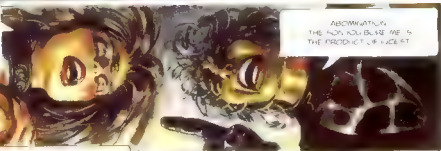


AND ALSO YOUR MOTHER ASHUR

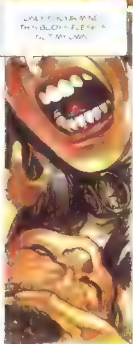
I KNOW YOU WANTED TO TELL ME  
 THAT YOU WERE REMORSEFUL, I OPERATE  
 UP, I DO, IF YOU WOULD DEED, I  
 COULD YOURSELF WITH MY HEAT



DO NOT FEAR, TELLING  
 ME THAT ONLY YOUR MOTHER  
 DEAD WOULD HAVE KILLED  
 FOR YOU WANTED ME FOR



ABOMINATION  
 THE NON YOU BLAME ME, IS  
 THE PRODUCT OF MY HEAT



WHY I KNEW ME  
 THAT YOU WERE FLEEING  
 TO MY WIFE



YES, IT IS YOUR WIFE  
 DURING THE THING, I WENT  
 IF YOU YOUR MOTHER KILLED  
 EVERYONE OF HER, I WENT  
 WITH YOUR MOTHER WOMEN  
 OF LOVE, YOU TALKED ME  
 MY FATHER WAS A BROTHER  
 NOW I MUST BE ELIMINATED



NEVER OUR OWN, THE  
 FLEETING, IS YOUR FATHER  
 TALKING YOUR DREAM  
 THE CLAY OF THE ME, I WENT  
 MY WIFE, I WENT  
 MY WIFE

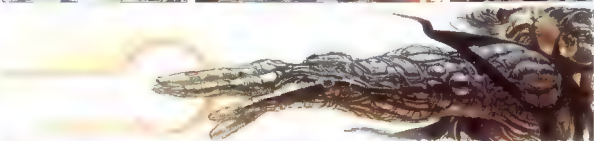
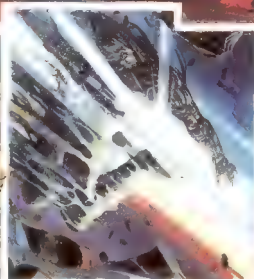


I WANT ME

BACK TRAITOR  
 YOU WOULD BE  
 RESPONSIBLE FOR  
 WHAT HAPPENS TO YOU







AAAAGGH!

YOU DECAPITATED HIM MURDERER

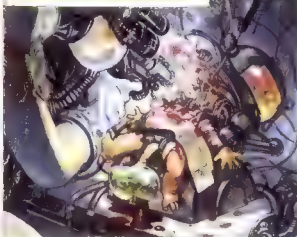
GRAVE HIM ON TO A MACHINE  
HIS BODY CAN LIVE IT'S MY FLESH  
AND ODA'S HIS SOUL THE OFFERING  
OF YOUR DEPRAVITY HAD TO  
BE DESTROYED



TON TO' HERE,  
TONTU, HURRY!!!

AND SO THE FRAG STRICKEN  
MOTHER GRAFTED THE BIO-INFANTS  
BODY ONTO ME. KE A HUMP ON  
MY BACK, SO THAT MY ZEPHYR  
DRAG. TS WOULD KEEP HIM ALIVE

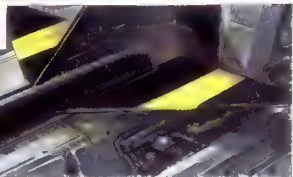
UNTIL HE REACHED HIS ADULT SIZE  
AT WHICH TIME A STEEL HEAD WOULD  
BE GRAFTED ONTO HIM



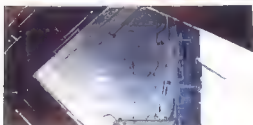
FAREWELL ODA-HONORATA THERE'S NO PEACE LEFT FOR ME  
ANYWHERE IN THIS UNIVERSE. THE CLAN WILL LIVE ON. WILL BE  
THE MOST MERCILESS OF THE METABARONS



MARK MY WORDS. PREPARE YOUR MONSTER WELL.  
ON THE APPOINTED DAY, WILL RETURN TO FIGHT MYSELF AGAINST  
HIM AND DISINTEGRATE THE HEAD  
THAT YOU WILL HAVE GRAFTED ONTO HIM



SO MAY THE TRADITION BE FULFILLED STEELHEAD  
WILL BECOME A CHAMPION HE WILL TRIUMPH OVER  
YOU ACHIVAR. SWEAR IT AND YOUR DEATH WILL BE  
DIGNIFIED AS BEFITTING A WARRIOR OF OUR CLAN



To be continued in the next episode: **The Mentrek's solution...**





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# The Metabarons

## The Mentrek's Solution

Jodorowsky Gimenez Maebius





# The Metabarons™

## Previously, in The Metabarons:

After riding a gremlin to the Magistrate, Agnar is able to get back to the Metabarons thanks to a mysterious force of irresistible power. Traver, their mysterious savior, saves herself. It is Honorata, she explains, that after Otthar and Agnar left the planet Oda, she used her Shaddad's Ood powers to speed up time so that experiment robot could replace her heart and build a vessel capable of withstanding the nuclear disintegration of the planet. So while 20 years passed for Otthar, only a few minutes passed for Otthar and Agnar as they fled into space.

Honorata now offers to restore Oda to life thanks to the psychosurgical powers of the Shaddad's. The young man accepts, but he reacts with his mother that he and Oda had agreed that their child would never become a Metabaron. The operation is a success, and Oda soon becomes pregnant. She will deliver a boy. But during the pregnancy, her attitude changes. Agnar's great surprise is indeed, she tries to persuade her husband not to miss the chance to make his son into the greatest warrior in the universe.

In fact, Honorata has reincarnated herself in Oda's body and when Agnar realizes the truth, a terrible mental battle erupts between them. The baby is born, the fight ends, and the mother is just. Then a giant robot suddenly takes his head off. Agnar advises Honorata to attach the decapitated body to a machine that will let it continue living. He only wanted to destroy its spirit, the spawn of disgrace. He then leaves, after warning Honorata that he will return to challenge his son in a duel and destroy him. Honorata accepts his threats as a renewal of the Metabaron traditions. She vows to make her son into a champion capable of living his father in line with the warrior code of the clan.

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AAARRGH!

UNCONSCIOUSLY, HE LIES AMONG  
THE WEAPONS LEFT BEHIND  
TO THE MULTICORPS.

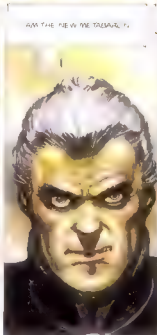
AARGH!  
MY HANDS!

THEY'RE RWINNING ME,  
A NEW LIGHT.

FIRE!



AT THE BATTLE, THE  
A FINE FIGHTER, HAD  
THE BATTLE, THE



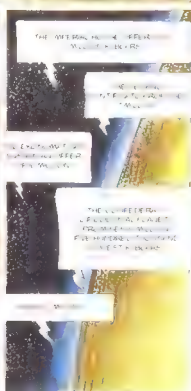
AT THE BATTLE, THE  
A FINE FIGHTER, HAD  
THE BATTLE, THE

AT THE BATTLE, THE  
A FINE FIGHTER, HAD  
THE BATTLE, THE

OH!

IF ONLY MORE  
WE WOULD  
WANT TO BE



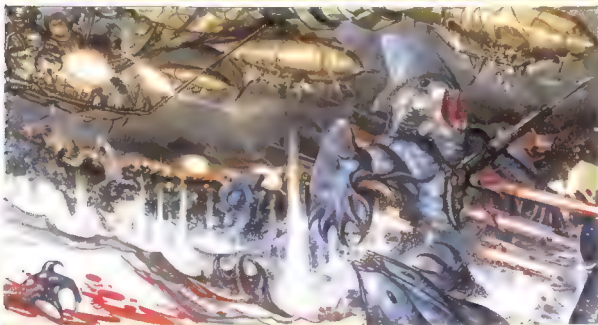


THEY WERE ALL DEAD. THE ONLY ONE  
LEFT WAS THE ONE WHO HAD  
KILLED THEM ALL.



THEY WERE ALL DEAD. THE ONLY ONE  
LEFT WAS THE ONE WHO HAD  
KILLED THEM ALL. THE ONLY ONE  
LEFT WAS THE ONE WHO HAD  
KILLED THEM ALL. THE ONLY ONE  
LEFT WAS THE ONE WHO HAD  
KILLED THEM ALL.

THEY WERE ALL DEAD. THE ONLY ONE  
LEFT WAS THE ONE WHO HAD  
KILLED THEM ALL.

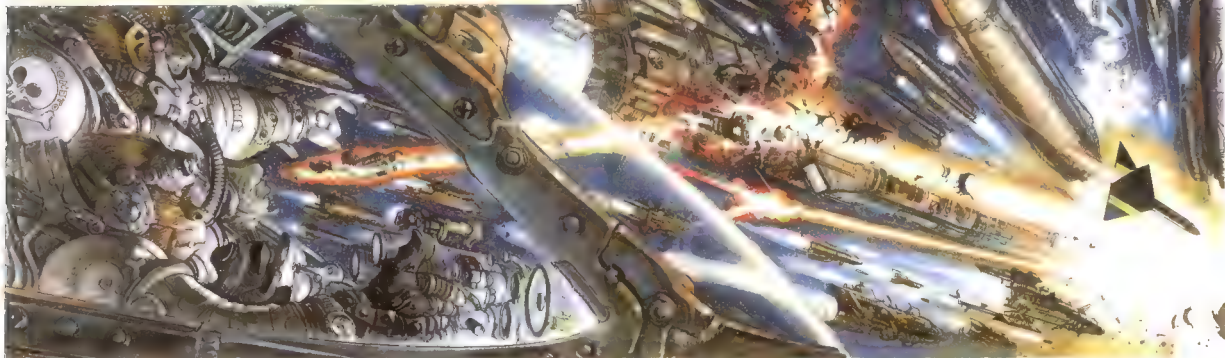


THEY WERE ALL DEAD. THE ONLY ONE  
LEFT WAS THE ONE WHO HAD  
KILLED THEM ALL.





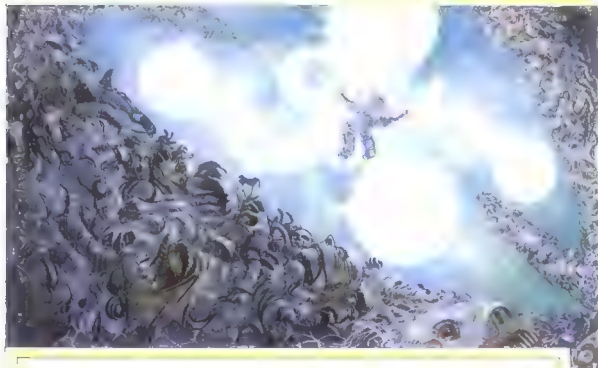
HE FELT THE VIBRATIONS FROM THE WARSHIP AS IT LAUNCHED. HE HAD NO IDEA THAT THE TRADE SHIP HE WAS ON WAS BEING LAUNCHED FROM THE JARRO, AND THAT THE LAUNCHING BEGINS.



HE JOINED FORCES WITH ALTO, THE RED PIRATE GANG, TO WIN A CARGO OF KRYPTITE THAT WAS BEING TRANSPORTED BY THREE WATHERS (A.K.A. WATERS).



After the first two of the three, I was almost blinded where he was, and I was  
 not sure if I was in the right place. I was not sure if I was in the right place.  
 I was not sure if I was in the right place. I was not sure if I was in the right place.



It is the first time I have ever seen a person in the air, and I was not sure if I was  
 in the right place. I was not sure if I was in the right place. I was not sure if I was  
 in the right place. I was not sure if I was in the right place. I was not sure if I was





ONE DAY IN THE REMAINS OF HIS OLD LAIR  
ON ANAKRAMA THE SACRED MOUNTAIN



ALWAYS SAID TO HIMSELF  
A MARRAGE



THE WARRIOR IN THE MOUNTAIN  
THE DRAGON OF THE MOUNTAIN



TWENTY YEARS HAD FLOWED BY  
TAKING HIS SOUTH WITH THEM

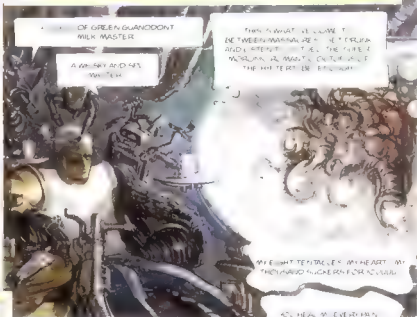


HE SUDDENLY REALIZED THAT HE WAS AN OLD MAN, A MARRIAGE BEHIND HIM

OF GREEN GUARDIANT  
MILK MASTER

A MARRIAGE AND HIS  
WIFE

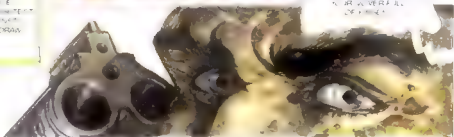
THAT WAS THE LAST TIME  
HE SAW HIS WIFE, THE FIRST  
AND THE LAST, THE FIRST  
MARRIAGE, THE LAST, THE FIRST  
THE MARRIAGE, THE LAST

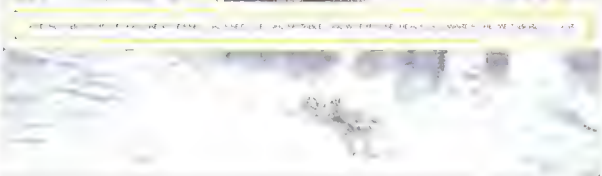


MY EIGHT TENTACLES MY HEART MY  
THEY WERE SUGAR FOR A MARRIAGE

THEN HE TOLD HIS FATHER  
HE WAS WITHOUT THE MARRIAGE  
EMOTION, PREPARING TO DRAW  
THE TRIGGER

ALL HEALING EVERYONE  
HEALING EVERYONE  
HEALING EVERYONE













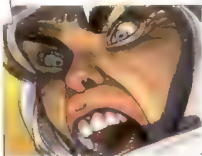
AT THE EDGE OF THE UNIVERSE



WHERE THE HELL DIDNICK BLOW  
AT CRACKING SPEEDS WHERE  
THE ATOMIC BOMB WOULD  
FORCE US TO LIVE IN A  
WEIGHING SEVERAL TONS



ON PLANE THE FORTIFIED  
BY WAMPYRE TREES AND A RUMOR  
HIGH DERMIC TELL IF THE NEVER



WE MUST FIND ANOTHER SOLUTION  
SEVERAL THAT GO DOWN THERE TWO MEN  
FOR EVERYONE TO GET A HIGH JOYRINE

**FIRE!**



AAARRGHKK!



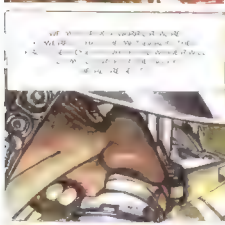
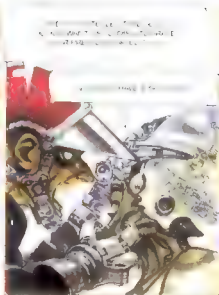
NO MORE

BOOKS THERE IS NO OTHER SOLUTION  
MAYBE IF WE FLEE MILLIONS  
OF OTHERS ARE CURRENTLY  
TRAVELEING WITH THE  
THE METACRAFT IN THE END

THEY WILL BE AT THE ENTIRE A BORDERS  
NEARLY TWENTY FOUR HOURS  
A CHOC

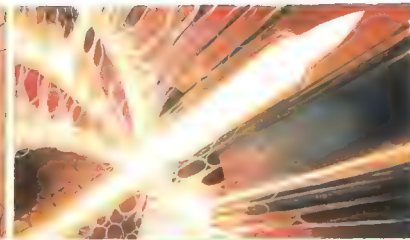
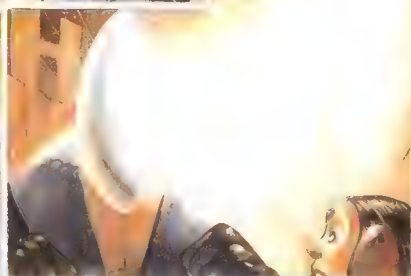
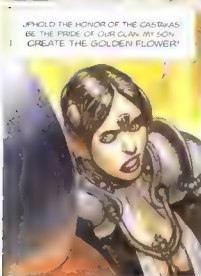
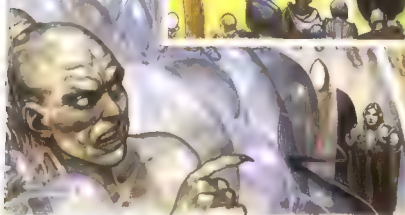
GO HIM DOWN



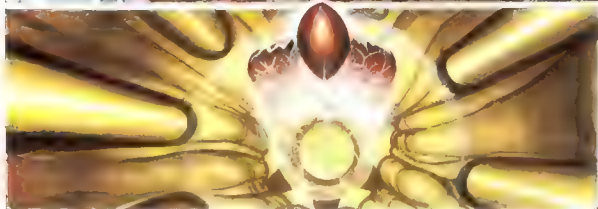
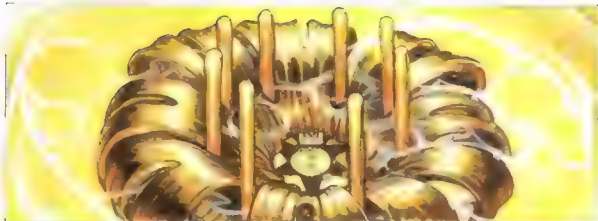








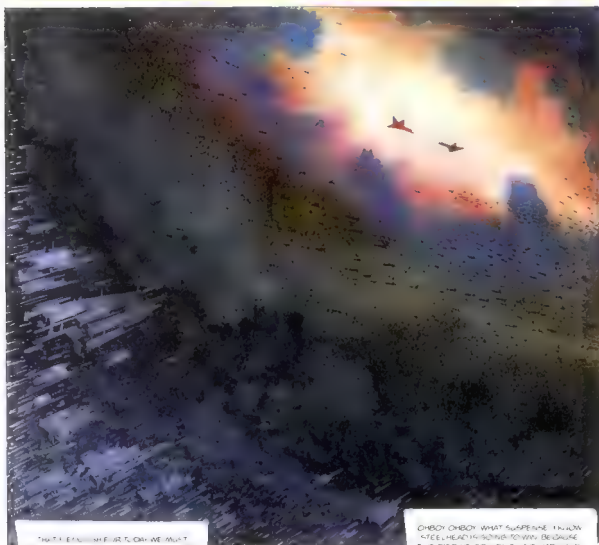








MILLIONS OF PTHALAN REBEL SHIPS AND MILLIONS OF HUMAN SHIPS FORMED AN IMMENSE RAIN WITH THE BLUE AND PURPLE AND PURPLE WEATHER IN THE CENTER OF IT AS FATHER AND SON EMBARKED ON THE GREAT BATTLE IN HISTORY



THAT I CAN SEE FOR TODAY WE MUST  
APPROPRIATE CHINESE FATHER MASTER WHO  
COULD BE RETURNING AT ANY MOMENT

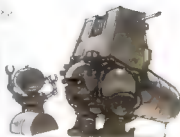
YOU'RE MISUNDERSTANDING  
AGREEMENT WILL WIN THE  
BATTLE

NO I KNOW VERY WELL THAT WE ARE  
CHANGING THE COURSE OF THE STORY  
THAT IS WHY

OH BOY OH BOY WHAT SURPRISE I KNOW  
STEEL HEAD IS GOING TO WIN BECAUSE  
IF HE DIED HE COULDN'T HAVE HAD A SON  
OUR MASTER'S FATHER

AGREEMENT IS IRREVERSIBLE IF THAT  
WERE TRUE OUR VICTORY WOULD NOW  
BE FACILITATED BY PTHALAN REBELS AND OUR  
MASTER WOULD NOT HAVE BEEN BORN  
I AM NOT WAKING HEAD FOR BULLSHIT  
OUT OF WHAT YOU'RE SAYING

DAMN THE SURPRISE IS CONSIDERING  
MY MECA BOMBS NEED SOME  
TECHNICAL INFORMATION



To be continued in the next episode: **The Clash of the Meta-Warriors...**



# The Metabarons

#10 JAN 2003

\$2.95 US  
\$ 4.50 CAN

The Clash of the Meta-Warriors  
Sodorowsky Gimenez Maebius

# The Metabarons™

## Previously, in The Metabarons:

In the Impenal Palace, Janus Jana, Emperress, is overseeing the equipping of her Purple Endoguards when Aghnar bursts into the hall and slaughters the guards before announcing to the Emperress that he, as the new Metabaron, is discontinuing his service to the Empire. He will henceforth be a mercenary, selling to the highest bidder—which immediately sets off an avalanche of offers. Years go by during which Aghnar sells his services to a variety of causes.

Then, one day, in his secret lair on Anasirna, the last remains of his natal planet, Aghnar recognizes Othon's aging traits when he looks in the mirror. Sad and weary, he is contemplating putting an end to his days when a delegation enters his domain. They are Pthagueans who offer a fortune to the Metabaron to exterminate every living thing within the Empire, because they want to take over the galaxy. The Metabaron accepts.

Inside the Impenal Palace, panic takes hold. There is no weapon that can defeat the Metabaron. So the Empire is lost. The best experts work on the problem, but they're all executed, for they cannot find a solution. Yet a Techno Techno ambassador claims to hold the solution—a warrior capable of facing the Metabaron. The Techno Techno is in fact a holo-image, which breaks up and reveals Oda, Honarata's features. Aghnar's son stands beside her. He is a man without a face, a steel head without features. To demonstrate his power, Steelhead uses the fire of his spirit to mentally twist and shatter the Impenal dome, creating a gigantic golden flower.

Steelhead is appointed champion of the human galaxy. A duel is arranged. Millions of Pthaguean and human spacecraft form a circle around Steelhead's purple Metacraft, and the black Metacraft of the Metabaron.

Story by Alexandre Jodorewsky. Art, color and cover by Juan Gimenez.

Original Metabaron character created by Maelus® and Jodorewsky.

Translation by Justin Kelly, Kathleen Janick & Julia Solis.

Philippe Huet, Senior Editor, Bruno Lécigne, Editor for Les Humanoïdes Associés, Fabrice Gillet, Publisher.

Dave Gibbick, Director of Publishing U.S. Alex Cruz, Managing Editor, Jan Schiller, Marketing Manager.

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[illegible]

HE FIVED THE BREAKFAST. \* WENT  
WILD. WATED THE PRECIPITATION  
\* AND THE ME TALKING ABOUT EVER  
LOWMAN. BRICK

THESE TWO ... ARE THE ...  
THESE TWO ... ARE THE ...  
THESE TWO ... ARE THE ...  
THESE TWO ... ARE THE ...  
THESE TWO ... ARE THE ...  
THESE TWO ... ARE THE ...

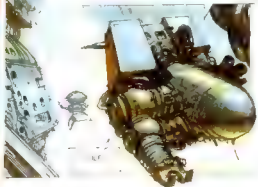
T H T H T H T H T H T H T H T H  
 W L L L L L L L L L L L L L L L  
 R E R E R E R E R E R E R E R E  
 L E L E L E L E L E L E L E L E  
 L L L L L L L L L L L L L L L L

IF I OFF TO MY OWN TIME IN  
FANTASY WORLD OF THE ARTS, I  
WANT TO BE THE ONE WHO  
THINKS

THE TIME TAKING IT TO BE THE  
THE REASON FOR THE FIRST  
LARGE SCALE OF THE FIRST  
TO BE THE FIRST, THE FIRST  
THE FIRST, THE FIRST, THE FIRST  
THE FIRST, THE FIRST, THE FIRST  
THE FIRST, THE FIRST, THE FIRST  
THE FIRST, THE FIRST, THE FIRST

FIRST WE HAVE TO TELL  
THAT THE BILL FILE TRUCK FROM  
TO WASHINGTON

Q. "I WALKED UP TO THE FRONT OF THE  
BUS AND I SAID 'MAYBE YOU CAN HELP ME.'  
THE BUS DRIVER SAID 'WHY NOT?' HE  
SAID 'THE MORE SO MUCH THE MORE THE MORE'



AND THE ONE I WANTED TO SEE  
THEY WERE BEING TALKING

THEY WERE BEING TALKING

THEY WERE BEING TALKING

THEY WERE BEING TALKING

THEY WERE BEING TALKING

THEY WERE BEING TALKING

THEY WERE BEING TALKING

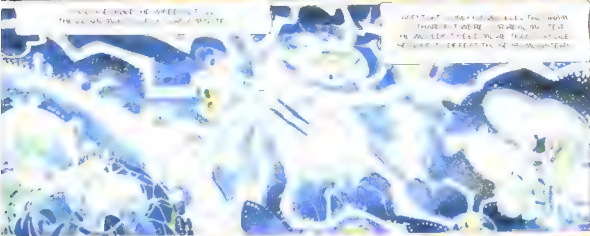
THEY WERE BEING TALKING

THEY WERE BEING TALKING



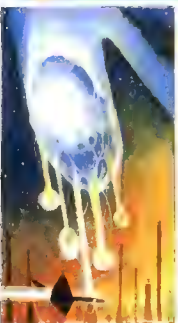
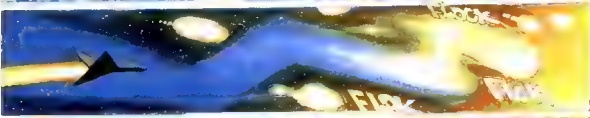
EWEE DEWA... FUG... TEN...  
... AND... ...

TEA... WATER... EDGE...  
... ...

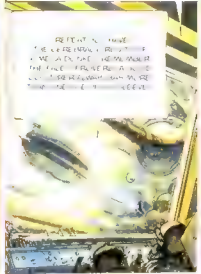


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... ... ...

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... ... ...  
... ... ...  
... ... ...



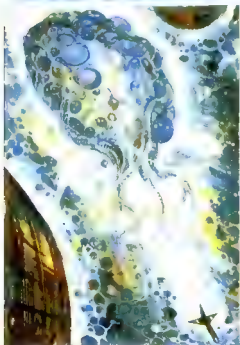
... ... ...  
... ... ...  
... ... ...  
... ... ...



... ... ...  
... ... ...  
... ... ...  
... ... ...







LET THEM BE A LITTLE BIT MORE  
WARRIOR-REVERENT ON THE ALIENS  
HE MADE THE "DISAPPEARING"  
IN THE CASE THE ALIENS ARE



ALIVE THE "DISAPPEARING"  
IN THE CASE THE ALIENS ARE

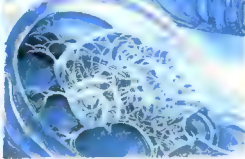
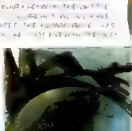
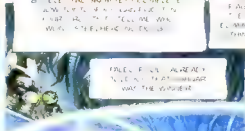
ON THE "DISAPPEARING"  
IN THE CASE THE ALIENS ARE

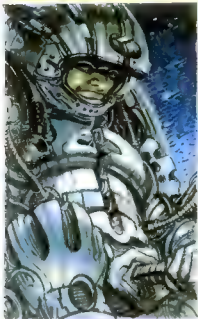
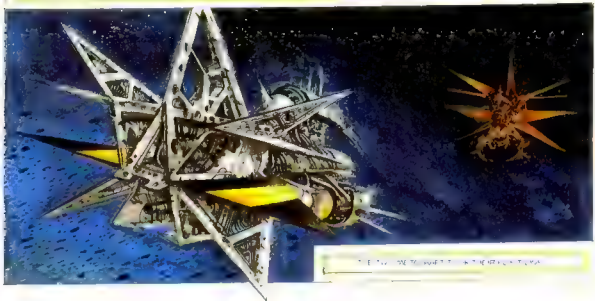
ON THE "DISAPPEARING"  
IN THE CASE THE ALIENS ARE

ON THE "DISAPPEARING"  
IN THE CASE THE ALIENS ARE

ON THE "DISAPPEARING"  
IN THE CASE THE ALIENS ARE

ON THE "DISAPPEARING"  
IN THE CASE THE ALIENS ARE



[illegible]
$$\begin{aligned} \text{var}(\hat{\beta}_1) &= \frac{\sigma^2}{n} \frac{1}{\sum_{i=1}^n (x_i - \bar{x})^2} = \frac{\sigma^2}{n} \frac{1}{\sum_{i=1}^n x_i^2 - n\bar{x}^2} = \frac{\sigma^2}{n} \frac{1}{\sum_{i=1}^n x_i^2 - n\bar{x}^2} \\ \text{var}(\hat{\beta}_2) &= \frac{\sigma^2}{n} \frac{1}{\sum_{i=1}^n (x_i - \bar{x})^2} = \frac{\sigma^2}{n} \frac{1}{\sum_{i=1}^n x_i^2 - n\bar{x}^2} = \frac{\sigma^2}{n} \frac{1}{\sum_{i=1}^n x_i^2 - n\bar{x}^2} \end{aligned}$$

$$T = \begin{bmatrix} 1 & 0 & 0 \\ 0 & 1 & 0 \\ 0 & 0 & 1 \end{bmatrix} \quad \text{and} \quad T^{-1} = \begin{bmatrix} 1 & 0 & 0 \\ 0 & 1 & 0 \\ 0 & 0 & 1 \end{bmatrix}$$

A FIRE WORKS MEN HAS ALREADY THERE IF THE WOODS ORS. TENURE AS THE FIRE COULD APPROPRIATE



THE REFLECTION OF THE LIGHT FROM THE SUN WAS REFLECTED IN THE WATER, BUT THE LIGHT WAS NOT REFLECTED IN THE WATER.

THE LIGHT WAS REFLECTED IN THE WATER, BUT THE LIGHT WAS NOT REFLECTED IN THE WATER.

THE LIGHT WAS REFLECTED IN THE WATER, BUT THE LIGHT WAS NOT REFLECTED IN THE WATER.

THE LIGHT WAS REFLECTED IN THE WATER, BUT THE LIGHT WAS NOT REFLECTED IN THE WATER.

THE LIGHT WAS REFLECTED IN THE WATER, BUT THE LIGHT WAS NOT REFLECTED IN THE WATER.

THE LIGHT WAS REFLECTED IN THE WATER, BUT THE LIGHT WAS NOT REFLECTED IN THE WATER.

THE LIGHT WAS REFLECTED IN THE WATER, BUT THE LIGHT WAS NOT REFLECTED IN THE WATER.

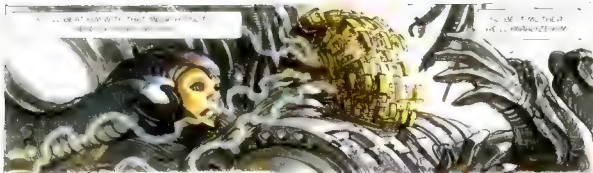
THE LIGHT WAS REFLECTED IN THE WATER, BUT THE LIGHT WAS NOT REFLECTED IN THE WATER.

the effect of making the same calculation the other way round, i.e. the effect of the change in water temperature on the change in density, and the effect of the change in density on the change in water temperature.



VERT. ADAPTATION + LIFE TIME ADAPTATION + TERREST. NEE (5)





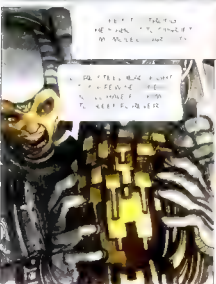
ALL GREAT KNOW THAT WE'VE GOT TO  
KEEP FIGHTING

WE'VE GOT TO FIGHT  
WE'VE GOT TO FIGHT

ALL THE FIGHTERS IN THE FIGHT ARE ALL THE SAME  
POWERFUL AND FIGHTING



WE'VE GOT TO FIGHT  
WE'VE GOT TO FIGHT



WE'VE GOT TO FIGHT  
WE'VE GOT TO FIGHT

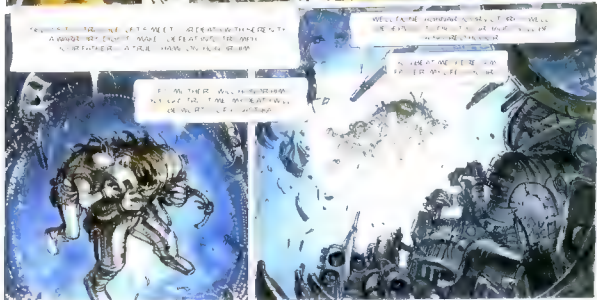
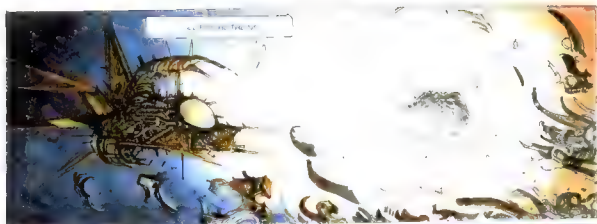
WE'VE GOT TO FIGHT  
WE'VE GOT TO FIGHT

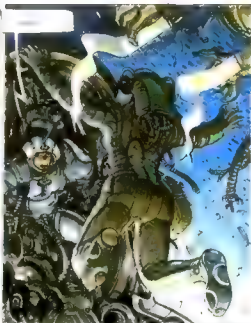


WE'VE GOT TO FIGHT  
WE'VE GOT TO FIGHT

WE'VE GOT TO FIGHT  
WE'VE GOT TO FIGHT



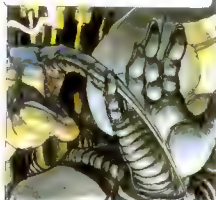




A black and white photograph of a person in a costume. The person is wearing a large, dark, textured mask that covers their face and head, with a crown or tiara on top. They are lying down, and their body is covered in dark, possibly sequined or beaded, material. The background is light and out of focus.

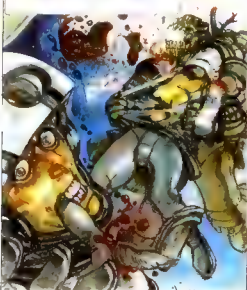
The image shows a white rectangular box, likely a placeholder for a document or a redacted area. The box is set against a dark, textured background that resembles a close-up of a mechanical or organic structure, possibly a car engine or a piece of machinery, with a bright yellow-orange light source visible on the right side. The overall image is somewhat blurry and has a high-contrast, almost artistic quality.

AT LAST THE... THE... THE...  
 ... THE... THE... THE...  
 ... THE... THE... THE...  
 ... THE... THE... THE...



AT LAST THE... THE... THE...  
 ... THE... THE... THE...  
 ... THE... THE... THE...  
 ... THE... THE... THE...

AT LAST THE... THE... THE...  
 ... THE... THE... THE...  
 ... THE... THE... THE...  
 ... THE... THE... THE...





WELL, I'M NOT HEAR T  
E THE R N. GOOD RIDE

ENTER THE AIR TO THE EAST AND LIVE  
ME THE HILL. I SEE

BEHOLD WE WITNESS THE  
IN FUTURE VICTORY OF THE  
EIGHT. I KNOW THAT

THE NEW WE HAVE  
GIVEN US THE

LET THE NEW WE HAVE  
GIVEN US THE

THE NEW WE HAVE GIVE US THE NEW WE HAVE  
WITNESS THE NEW WE HAVE GIVE US THE NEW WE HAVE  
THE NEW WE HAVE GIVE US THE NEW WE HAVE

THE NEW WE HAVE GIVE US THE NEW WE HAVE  
THE NEW WE HAVE GIVE US THE NEW WE HAVE

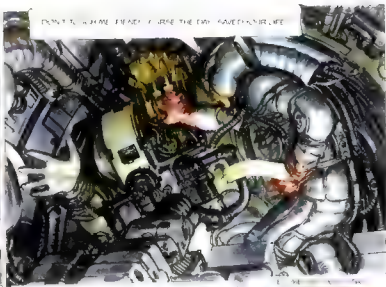
HEAR ME THE NEW WE HAVE GIVE US THE NEW WE HAVE  
HEAR ME THE NEW WE HAVE GIVE US THE NEW WE HAVE  
HEAR ME THE NEW WE HAVE GIVE US THE NEW WE HAVE

THE NEW WE HAVE GIVE US THE NEW WE HAVE  
THE NEW WE HAVE GIVE US THE NEW WE HAVE  
THE NEW WE HAVE GIVE US THE NEW WE HAVE

"TALK TALK WITH ME! I WANT TO  
KNOW THE TRUTH ABOUT THIS  
FUCKING WAR!"



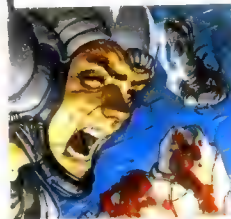
"DON'T WORRY, FRIEND. I'LL BE THE ONE SAVING YOUR LIFE."



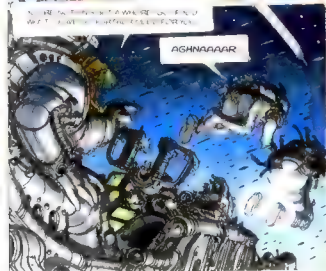
"AND YOU WILL SEE THAT THE  
FUCKING WAR IS A BUST. WE  
WANT TO STOP THE WAR AND  
THE FUCKING WAR IS A BUST.  
IT'S A BUST, A BUST, A BUST."



"I'LL BE THE ONE SAVING YOUR LIFE.  
I'LL BE THE ONE SAVING YOUR LIFE.  
I'LL BE THE ONE SAVING YOUR LIFE.  
I'LL BE THE ONE SAVING YOUR LIFE."



"I'LL BE THE ONE SAVING YOUR LIFE.  
I'LL BE THE ONE SAVING YOUR LIFE.  
I'LL BE THE ONE SAVING YOUR LIFE.  
I'LL BE THE ONE SAVING YOUR LIFE."



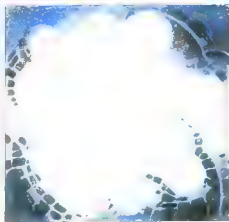
AGHNAAAAAR



"I'LL BE THE ONE SAVING YOUR LIFE.  
I'LL BE THE ONE SAVING YOUR LIFE.  
I'LL BE THE ONE SAVING YOUR LIFE.  
I'LL BE THE ONE SAVING YOUR LIFE."



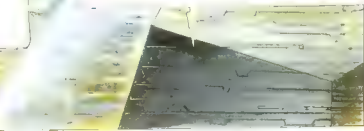
THEY WERE THE ONLY  
ONE WHO COULD SAVE THE  
WORLD FROM THE MONSTER



AT THE END OF THE DAY, THE MONSTER WAS DEAD. THE WORLD  
WAS SAFE. THE MONSTER WAS DEAD. THE WORLD WAS SAFE.

THEY WERE THE ONLY  
ONE WHO COULD SAVE THE  
WORLD FROM THE MONSTER  
THEY WERE THE ONLY  
ONE WHO COULD SAVE THE  
WORLD FROM THE MONSTER

THEY WERE THE ONLY  
ONE WHO COULD SAVE THE  
WORLD FROM THE MONSTER  
THEY WERE THE ONLY  
ONE WHO COULD SAVE THE  
WORLD FROM THE MONSTER





THEY WERE THE ONLY ONES WHO WERE  
NOT KILLED BY THE INFINITE COLUMN.

AND WHEN THE ANGELS SAID  
"I AM A TRINITY-ARMED ANGEL, I HAVE  
A MESSAGE FOR YOU."

THEY WERE THE ONLY ONES WHO WERE  
NOT KILLED BY THE INFINITE COLUMN.



THEY WERE THE ONLY ONES WHO WERE  
NOT KILLED BY THE INFINITE COLUMN.



THE SOUND OF THE EXPLOSIONS WAS LIKE THE SOUND OF THE  
FIRE OF THE GREAT WHITE TIGER. THE FIRE OF THE GREAT WHITE

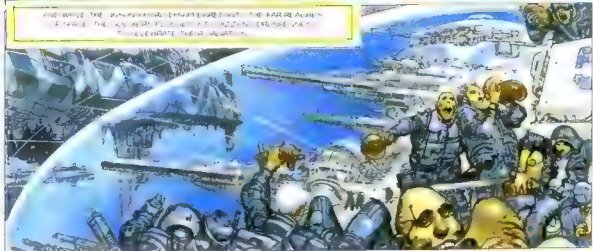


WITH THE SOUND OF THE EXPLOSIONS, THE CREATURE HEARD THE SOUND OF THE  
FIRE OF THE GREAT WHITE TIGER. THE FIRE OF THE GREAT WHITE TIGER

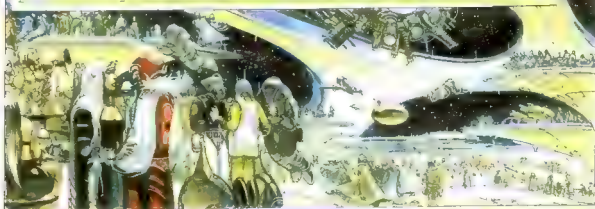
THE SOUND OF THE EXPLOSIONS WAS LIKE THE SOUND OF THE  
FIRE OF THE GREAT WHITE TIGER. THE FIRE OF THE GREAT WHITE TIGER

THE SOUND OF THE EXPLOSIONS WAS LIKE THE SOUND OF THE  
FIRE OF THE GREAT WHITE TIGER. THE FIRE OF THE GREAT WHITE TIGER

THE SOUND OF THE EXPLOSIONS WAS LIKE THE SOUND OF THE  
FIRE OF THE GREAT WHITE TIGER. THE FIRE OF THE GREAT WHITE TIGER

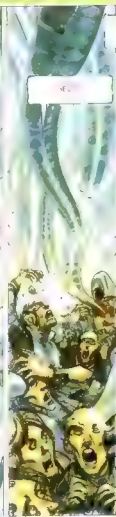
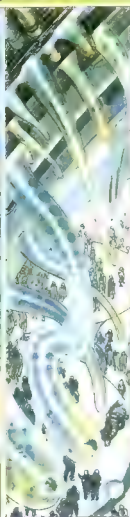
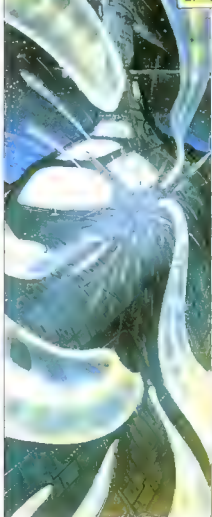


THEY WERE THE ONLY THING THAT HAD BEEN LEFT BEHIND BY THE MONSTERS. A SPOT OF  
THEY WERE THE ONLY THING THAT HAD BEEN LEFT BEHIND BY THE MONSTERS. A SPOT OF  
THEY WERE THE ONLY THING THAT HAD BEEN LEFT BEHIND BY THE MONSTERS. A SPOT OF



THEY WERE THE ONLY THING THAT HAD BEEN LEFT BEHIND BY THE MONSTERS. A SPOT OF

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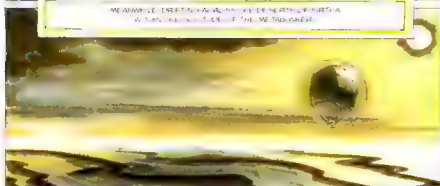
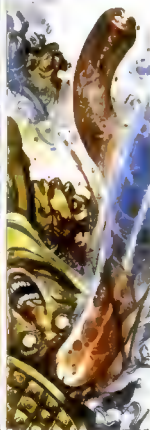






~ MURDER THE MURDERER ~

MEANWHILE, IN THE DARK, THE MURDERER IS BEING PURSUED BY A  
WORM-LIKE CREATURE OF THE MURDERER.



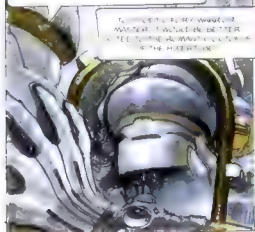
~ THE LINE WAS DRAWN IN THE MURDERER'S  
MIND. THE MURDERER WAS THE MURDERER.  
THAT WAS IT. THAT WAS IT.

~ THE LINE WAS  
DRAWN IN THE MURDERER'S  
MIND. THE MURDERER WAS THE MURDERER.  
THAT WAS IT. THAT WAS IT.

~ THE LINE WAS DRAWN IN THE MURDERER'S  
MIND. THE MURDERER WAS THE MURDERER.  
THAT WAS IT. THAT WAS IT.

~ THE LINE WAS DRAWN IN THE MURDERER'S  
MIND. THE MURDERER WAS THE MURDERER.  
THAT WAS IT. THAT WAS IT.

~ THE LINE WAS DRAWN IN THE MURDERER'S  
MIND. THE MURDERER WAS THE MURDERER.  
THAT WAS IT. THAT WAS IT.



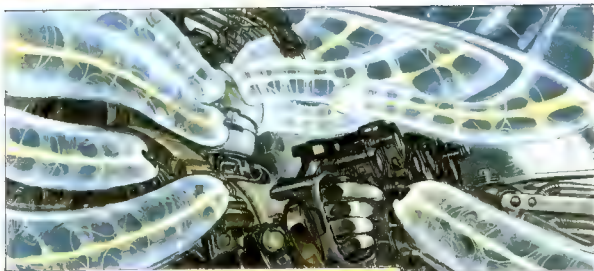
NETT, T. WASHINGTON  
2011

4. WIRE THE CRYSTONE WITH THE POWER  
RESEAL THE BREACH! BEHOLD THE ARREST  
FOR THE GOOD OF HUMANITY.

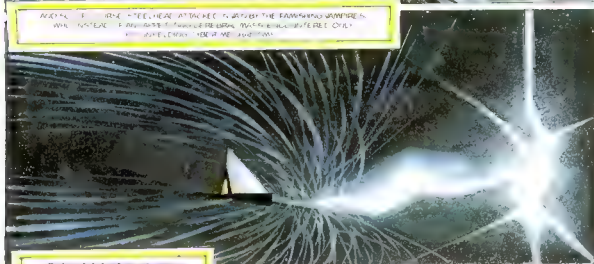


1.  $\frac{1}{2} \pi$

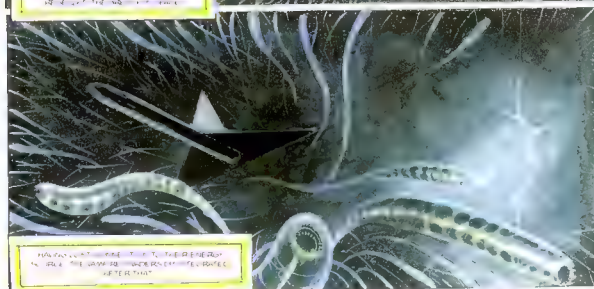
$\frac{d}{dt} \left( \frac{1}{2} m v^2 + U(r) \right) = \frac{d}{dt} \left( \frac{1}{2} m v^2 \right) + \frac{d}{dt} U(r)$



THEY'RE THE FEELING ATTACHED TO THE FARMING VAMPIRE'S  
WHICH IS THE FEELING OF THE FARMING VAMPIRE'S ONLY  
THEY'RE THE FEELING OF THE FARMING VAMPIRE'S ONLY



THEY'RE THE FEELING OF THE FARMING VAMPIRE'S ONLY

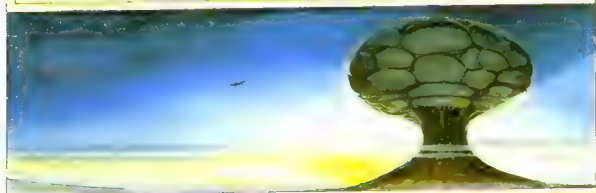


THEY'RE THE FEELING OF THE FARMING VAMPIRE'S ONLY  
THEY'RE THE FEELING OF THE FARMING VAMPIRE'S ONLY  
THEY'RE THE FEELING OF THE FARMING VAMPIRE'S ONLY

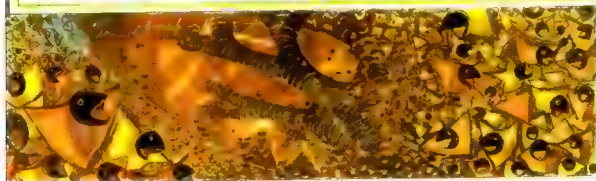


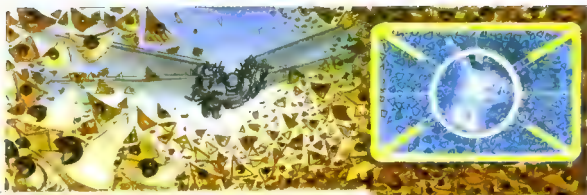


HE DISCOVERED THAT THE HOLE IN THE TREE TRUNK WAS AT LEAST AS THE HOLE IN THE WALL WAS.  
 AND HE FOUND THAT THE HOLE IN THE TREE TRUNK WAS AT LEAST AS THE HOLE IN THE WALL WAS.

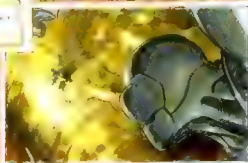
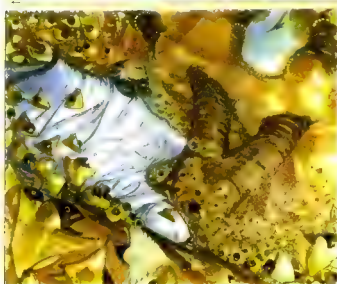


IT WAS A VERY OLD TREE, AND THE HOLE IN THE TRUNK WAS AT LEAST AS THE HOLE IN THE WALL WAS.  
 IT WAS A VERY OLD TREE, AND THE HOLE IN THE TRUNK WAS AT LEAST AS THE HOLE IN THE WALL WAS.

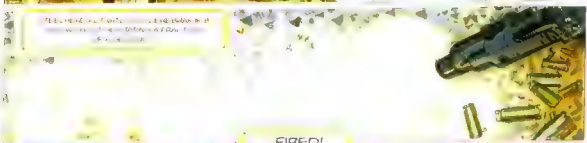




THE HE... IT WASN'T IF I... FROM THE SUFIRE WE TROOK SOCIAL... THE... IT...  
 ...WASN'T IF I... FROM THE SUFIRE WE TROOK SOCIAL... THE... IT...  
 ...WASN'T IF I... FROM THE SUFIRE WE TROOK SOCIAL... THE... IT...



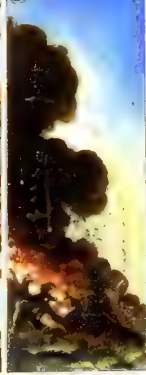
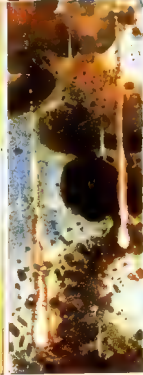
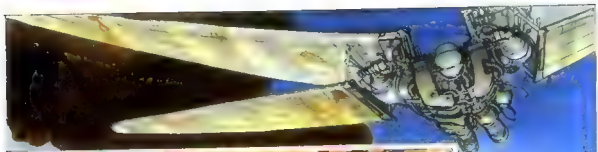
THE... HE... IT WASN'T IF I... FROM THE SUFIRE WE TROOK SOCIAL... THE... IT...  
 ...WASN'T IF I... FROM THE SUFIRE WE TROOK SOCIAL... THE... IT...  
 ...WASN'T IF I... FROM THE SUFIRE WE TROOK SOCIAL... THE... IT...



..FIRED!

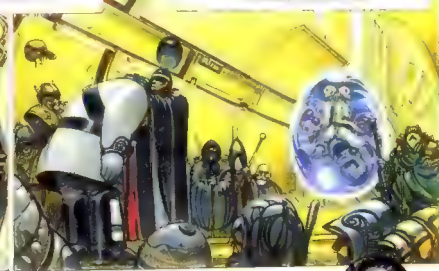






THE LORD OF THE RINGS: THE RINGS OF POWER

THE LORD OF THE RINGS: THE RINGS OF POWER



To be continued in the next episode: **Steelhead's Quest...**





#11 FEB 2001

\$2.95 US  
\$ 4.50 CAN

# The Metabarons™



## Steelhead's Quest

Jodorowsky Gimenez Möbius

# The Metabarons™

## Previously, in The Metabarons:

Steelhead and Aghnar, each within his own Metacraft, begin their fight to the death. They pass from dimension to dimension, neither capable of eliminating the other. At last, Aghnar's greater experience puts him in the lead. Honorata and Steelhead surrender. But at the last moment, Steelhead seizes Honorata and begins to savagely mutilate her. Aghnar cannot bear to watch and Steelhead is revealed to be a cold and treacherous monster. Even Oda/Honorata is appalled at his actions. She chooses to rejoin Aghnar, and the two of them commit suicide by setting off the mini-bombs that riddle their bodies.

Even if Steelhead is despised for the methods he used, he's saved the human race and the Pthaqueans decree collective suicide. While the soldiers celebrate the victory, strange vampires come through the walls and devour the brains of the guests, including the Impena Couple. The Emperress begs Steelhead to help them: the entities have entered their universe through a breach opened by his cross-dimensional battle with Aghnar. Steelhead accepts but demands in exchange for his help the title of Supreme Metabaron and the Medallion of High Nobility, for which the agreement of all the planetary ambassadors is required. Steelhead must therefore eliminate the only one who would stand against the ceremony, Don Nicanor Rosamel de Rokha, President of the Troglorocialik Confederation.

Steelhead easily defeats the vampires and reveals the breach, then makes his way to Philodendra, the natural and beautiful Troglorocialik capital. He arrives at the Halerce, the oldest tree in the galaxy, where millions of dulcet-voiced Dyukkas sing, and cold-bloodedly executes Don Nicanor in the middle of his morning meditation. Steelhead then goes back to the Imperial Palace to receive the medal he covets.

**Story by Alexandre Jodorowsky. Art, color and cover by Juan Gimenez.**

Original Metabaron character created by Meblus<sup>1</sup> and Jodorowsky.

Translation by Justin Kelly.

Philippe Haeri, Senior Editor. Bruno Lefevre, Editor for Les Humanoïdes Associées. Fabrice Giger, Publisher.

Dave Ehrlich, Director of Publishing U.S. Adrian A. Cruz, Managing Editor. Ian Sattler, Marketing Manager.

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MURRAY MURRAY  
ENDLESS THUNDER  
DRIVE WAR... R



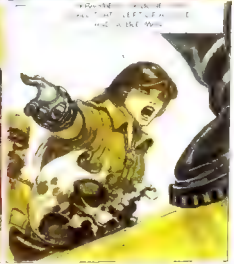
THEY WERE THE FIRST TO  
SEE THE NEW... THE FIRST  
TO SEE THE NEW... THE FIRST  
TO SEE THE NEW... THE FIRST



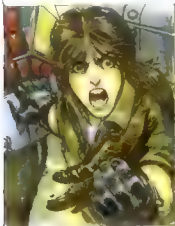
THEY WERE THE FIRST TO  
SEE THE NEW... THE FIRST  
TO SEE THE NEW... THE FIRST  
TO SEE THE NEW... THE FIRST



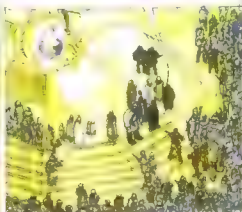
THEY WERE THE FIRST TO  
SEE THE NEW... THE FIRST  
TO SEE THE NEW... THE FIRST  
TO SEE THE NEW... THE FIRST



...THEY'RE  
...THEY'RE...  
...THEY'RE...  
...THEY'RE...



...THEY'RE...  
...THEY'RE...  
...THEY'RE...  
...THEY'RE...



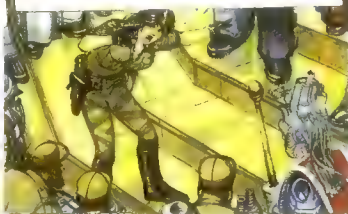
...THEY'RE...  
...THEY'RE...  
...THEY'RE...  
...THEY'RE...



...THEY'RE...  
...THEY'RE...  
...THEY'RE...  
...THEY'RE...



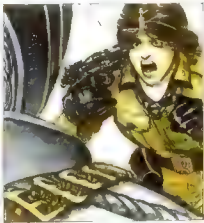
...THEY'RE...  
...THEY'RE...  
...THEY'RE...  
...THEY'RE...



...THEY'RE...  
...THEY'RE...  
...THEY'RE...  
...THEY'RE...



...THEY'RE...  
...THEY'RE...  
...THEY'RE...  
...THEY'RE...





NOT THE FACT



ALSO  
AND FINE  
ALSO

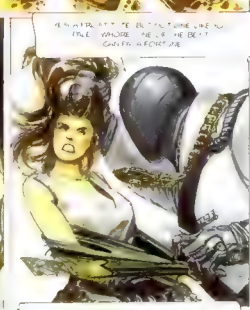
ARRGGH



AND THE FUTURE OF THE FUTURE  
THE FUTURE OF THE FUTURE  
WILL MORE COME



WAT WAT THE MENT  
WAT OF FRONTIER

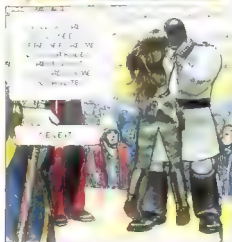
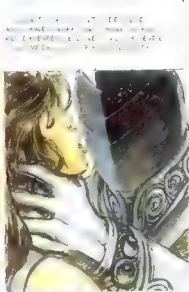


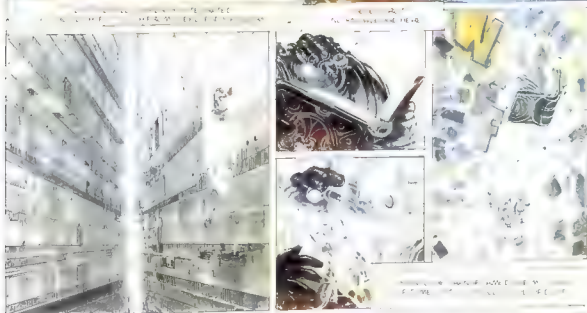
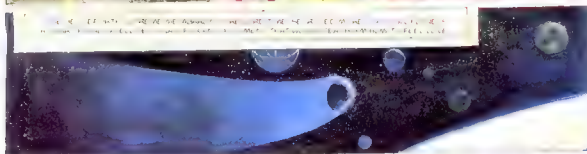
HE IS A FUTURE TO BE FUTURE LINE TO  
FUTURE WHOSE HE IS THE BEST  
GIVEN HEARTS ARE



WHAT FUTURE WAT WAT ARE FUTURE  
WERE FUTURE WAT WAT WAT WAT WAT  
THE FUTURE OF FUTURE FUTURE







THE MAN TERNET WROTE, THE ME TABUPHER  
 AND ME HAD A HEAD-TO-HEAD ZEN MASH  
 BUT THEY DIDN'T CARE WITH ANY OF US

MASTER VERBUND WHAT  
 WE'RE... (SOUND EFFECT)

OH NO

THE CASE "H"  
 THE TERNET WROTE  
 BUT THE TERNET WROTE  
 THE TERNET WROTE  
 THE TERNET WROTE

OH NO  
 THE TERNET WROTE

THE TERNET WROTE  
 THE TERNET WROTE  
 THE TERNET WROTE  
 THE TERNET WROTE  
 THE TERNET WROTE

WHICH "BUTTER" "BUTTER" AND "BUTTER" "BUTTER" "BUTTER" "BUTTER"

BEER, BEER, BEER, BEER  
 (SOUND EFFECT)

BEER, BEER, BEER, BEER  
 THE TERNET WROTE  
 THE TERNET WROTE

AFTER, FROM

THE TERNET WROTE  
 THE TERNET WROTE

AS THE TERNET WROTE  
 TO THE TERNET WROTE  
 THE TERNET WROTE

THE TERNET WROTE  
 THE TERNET WROTE

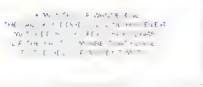
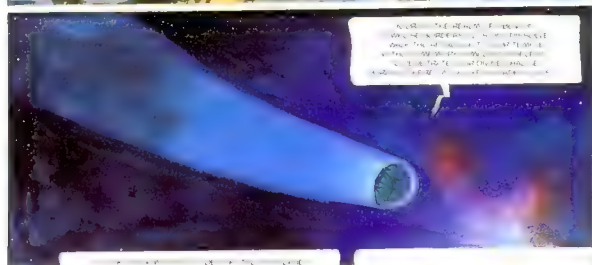
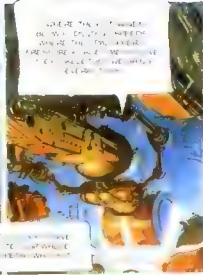
THE TERNET WROTE  
 THE TERNET WROTE  
 THE TERNET WROTE

THE TERNET WROTE  
 THE TERNET WROTE  
 THE TERNET WROTE

AND WHAT ABOUT MIRA  
 DOES YOU FATHER NA  
 WHAT ABOUT

THE TERNET WROTE





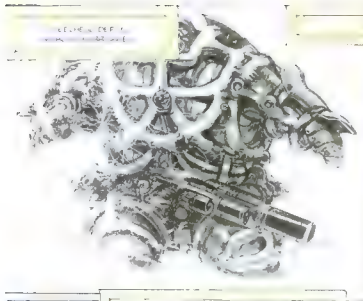


Figure 1. The device is a mechanical device.



Figure 2. The device is a mechanical device.



Figure 3. The device is a mechanical device.

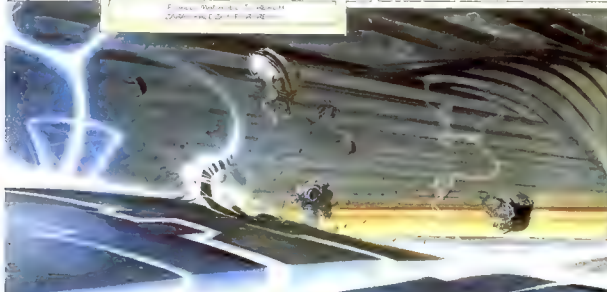


Figure 4. The device is a mechanical device.

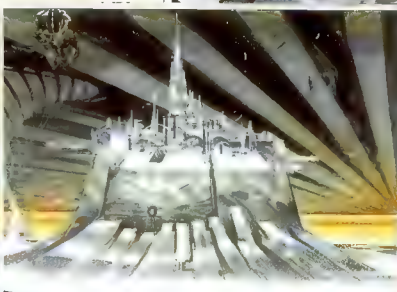


Figure 5. The device is a mechanical device.



Figure 6. The device is a mechanical device.

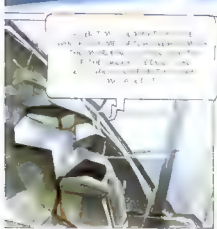


Figure 7. The device is a mechanical device.

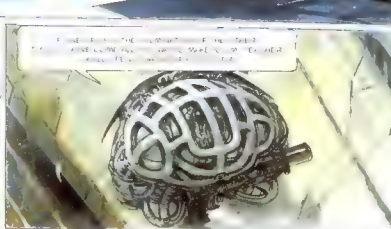


Figure 8. The device is a mechanical device.

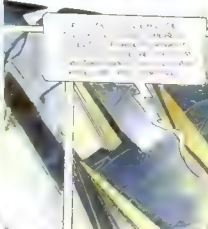


Figure 9. The device is a mechanical device.

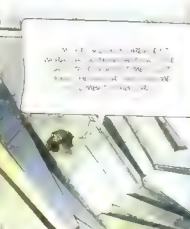


Figure 10. The device is a mechanical device.

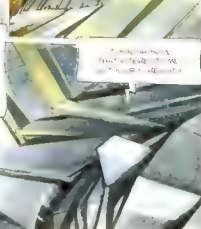
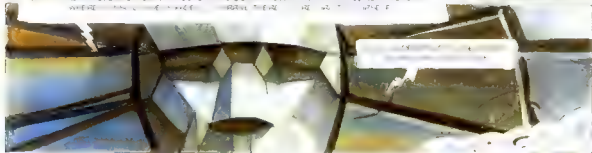


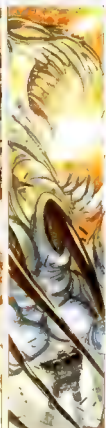
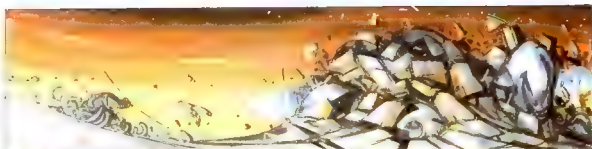
Figure 11. The device is a mechanical device.

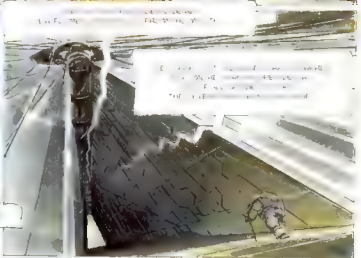
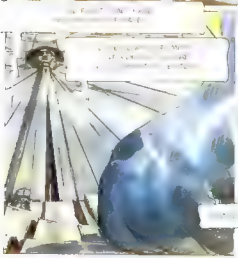
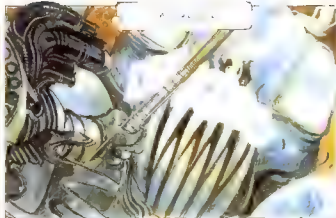
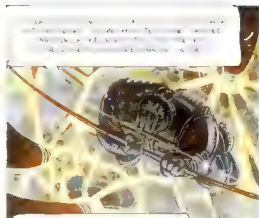


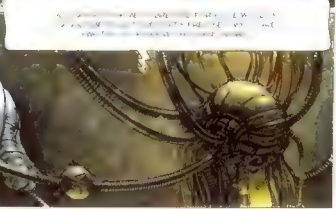
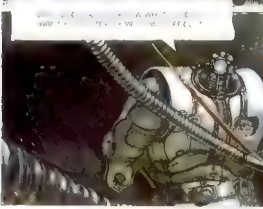
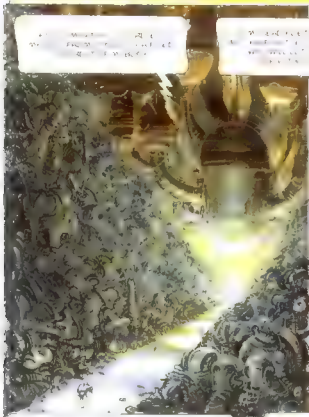
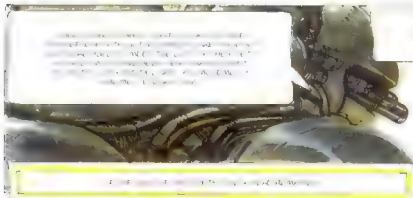
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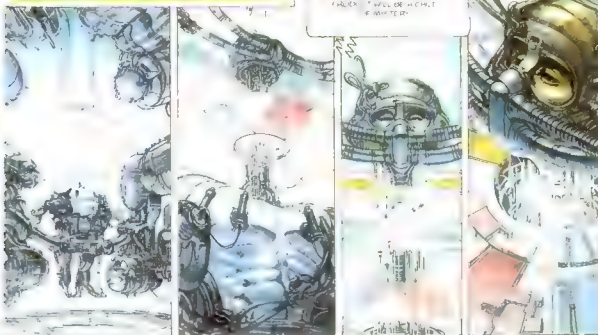
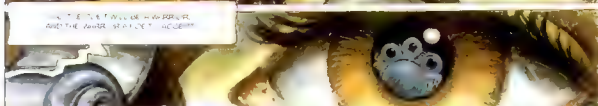
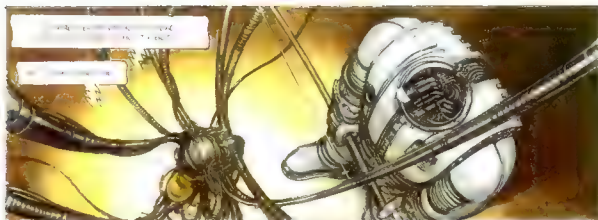








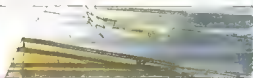




THEY WERE THE FIRST TO SEE THE LIGHT  
 IN THE DARKNESS OF THE NIGHT  
 AND THE FIRST TO SEE THE LIGHT  
 IN THE DARKNESS OF THE NIGHT

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SURPRISE TONTO

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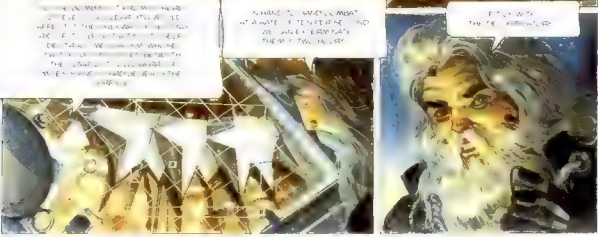
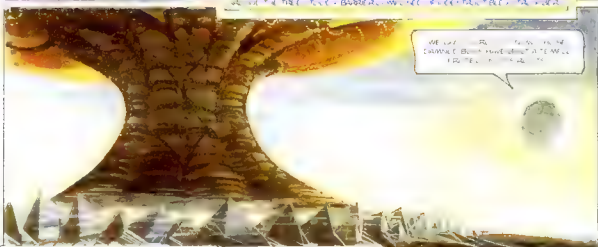
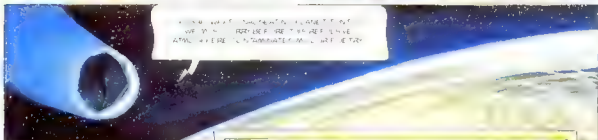
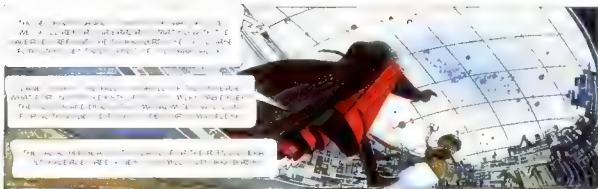
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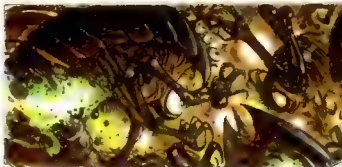
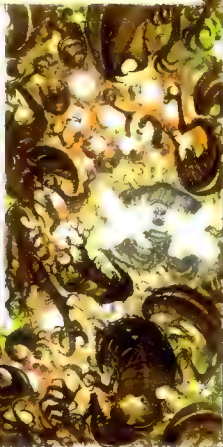




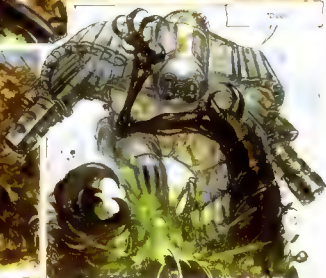




THEY'VE GOT THE GUN, BUT THEY'VE GOT THE GUN.



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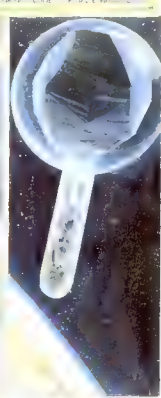


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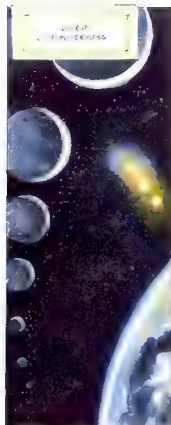




As the sun set, the birds began to fly. I saw  
 we left the ground. We could see the  
 light. The birds were as bright as the sun.  
 and we were as bright as the sun.







THE  
FIREBURN



THE FIREBURN  
WAS THE ONLY ONE  
LEFT OF THE FLEET



THE FIREBURN  
WAS THE ONLY ONE  
LEFT OF THE FLEET



THE ONLY ONE  
LEFT OF THE FLEET

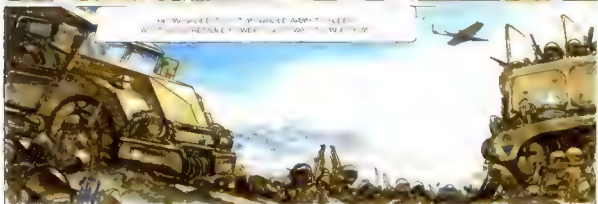
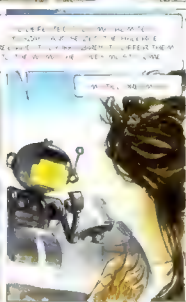
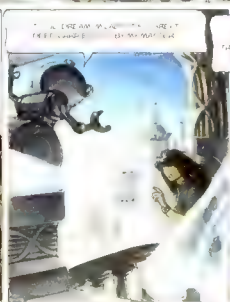


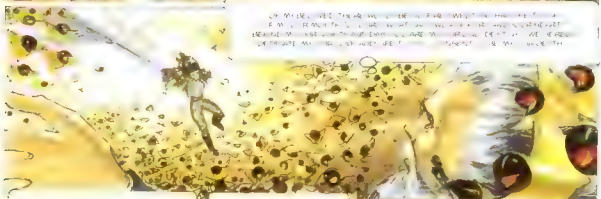
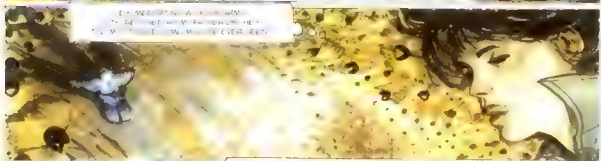
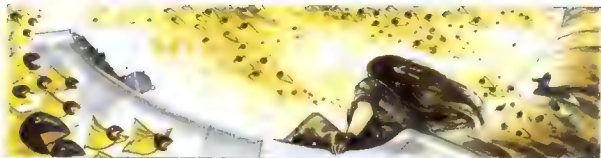
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WAS THE ONLY ONE  
LEFT OF THE FLEET

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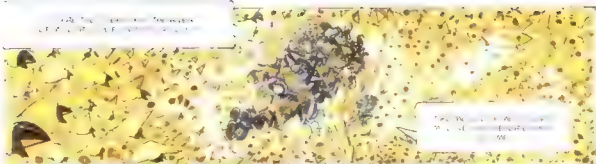


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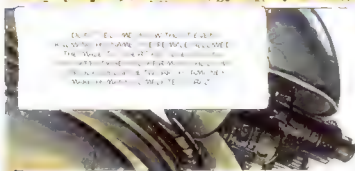
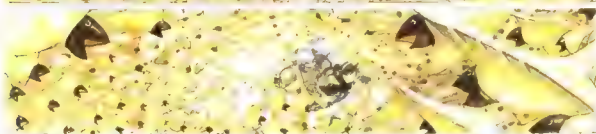




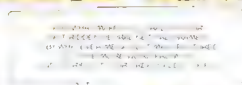




THEY WERE ALL DEAD  
AND THE WORLD WAS  
A MASS OF DEATH



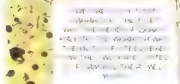
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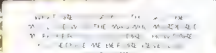
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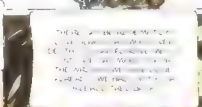
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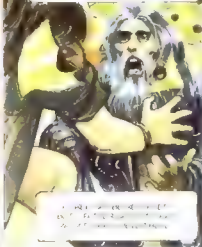
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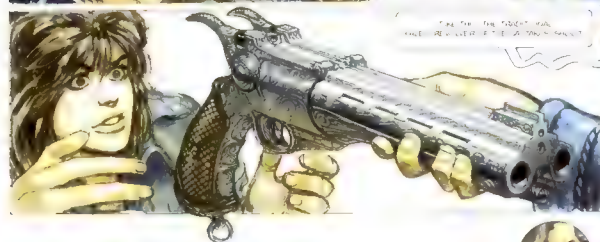
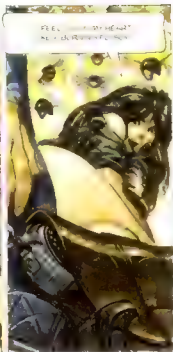
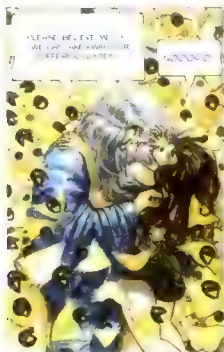
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To be continued in the next episode. **Melmoth's Plight** ...





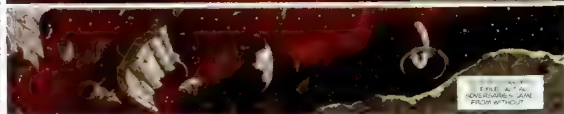
Jodorowsky - Janjetov - Beltran

# Priests

book 3 P l a n e t a G a m e s

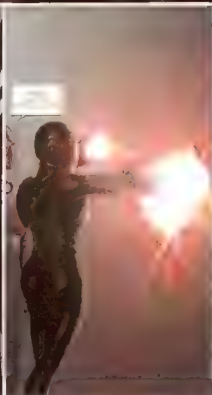
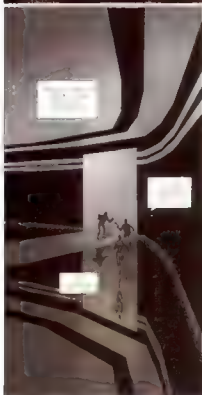
*The fantastic journey of young Albino on his way to becoming the Supreme Technopriest continues. Unaware that the tables have been turned on his mother and siblings, Albino forges forward on his quest to be ultimate games designer. A dangerous world of corruption, greed, piracy, revenge and virtual reality are further explored in this explosive third chapter of the highly acclaimed series.*

*Jodorowsky weaves a tight and enthralling tale that is as epic in plot as it is in images. Janjetov and Beltran's illustrations bring an impossible world beyond the limits of the page and to the living world of your imagination. Another tour de force brought to you in hardcover album format from Humanoids Publishing™.*



FILE A-16  
HOMERUN'S JAIL  
FROM WITHIN

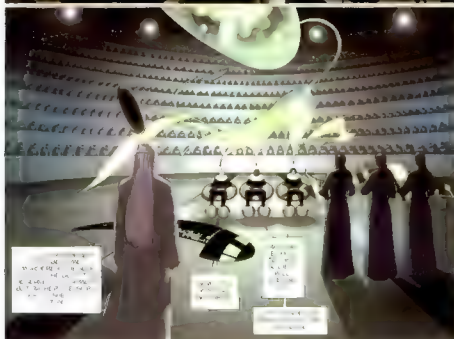
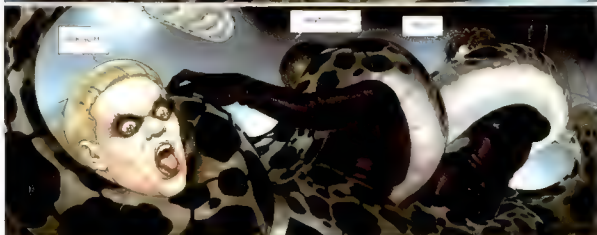
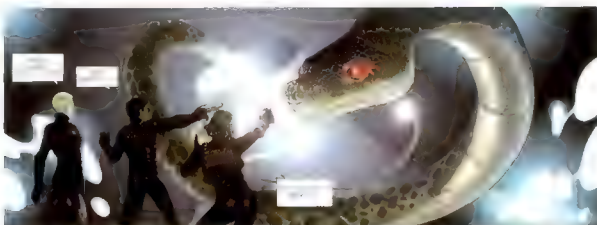


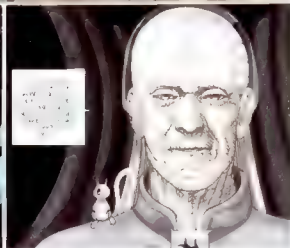
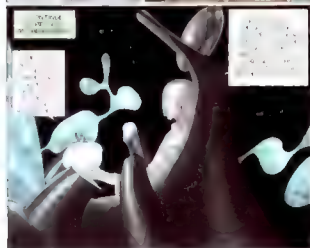














# The Metabarons™

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## Melmoth's Plight


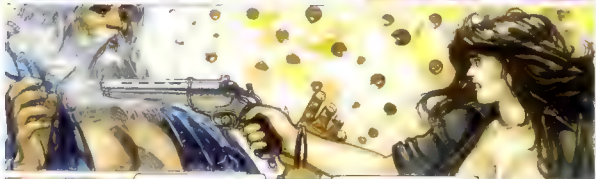
Jodorowsky Gimenez Mæbius








SHOOT! BECOME THE DEATH  
THAT RISES IN MY DARKNESS LIKE  
A BLOSSOM OF LIGHT



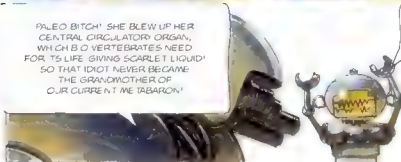
CAN'T! MY SOUL HAS AL-  
READY BEEN MURDERED...  
IT COULD NOT SUSTAIN  
ANOTHER WOUND



NO, NOT  
THAT



I'D RATHER DIE MYSELF



PALEO BITCH! SHE BLEW UP HER  
CENTRAL CIRCULATORY ORGAN,  
WHICH BO VERTEBRATES NEED  
FOR ITS LIFE-GIVING SCARLET LIQUID!  
SO THAT IDIOT NEVER BECAME  
THE GRANDMOTHER OF  
OUR CURRENT MEGATABORN!

M'FOTENT MEGA RETARD  
YOU HAVE NO MORE BRAINS  
THAN A PUFF OF GAS FROM A HUMAN  
ANUS! I ALREADY TOLD YOU HOW  
HONORATA HAD REACHED  
CHRONO-G THE PUNCTUAL  
TRADE X POINT,  
TO OPEN A FISSURE IN TIME...

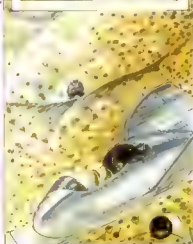
MELMOTH'S BODY DID THE SAME. STEELHEAD'S MOTHER  
HAD PASSED ON THE PSYCHIC POWERS OF THE SHABOARD  
TO HIM. HE MOVED FASTER THAN I ME



AND MANAGED TO DEFLECT THE BULLET CALCULATING THAT  
HE WOULD ONLY STUN HIS BELOVED



NEXT HE ORDERED ME TO  
TRANSPORT HER TO THE  
METABUNKER.



WHILE HE HIMSELF WENT TO SEARCH DOÑA VICENTA'S ROOM,  
IN SEARCH OF A CRUCIAL ITEM







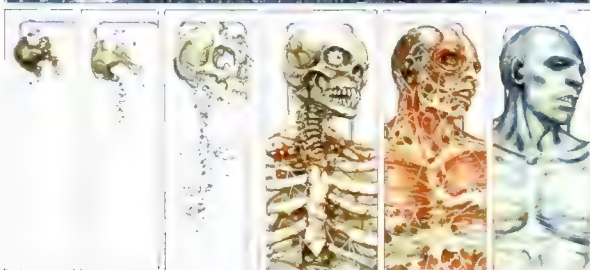
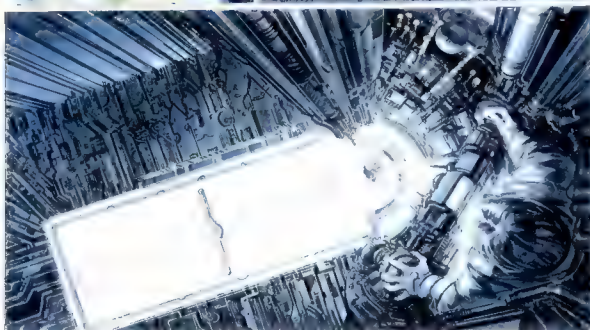
WE MUST DISCOVER A LIVING CELL  
TINY! EVEN ONE WOULD BE ENOUGH!



HOLY ELECTRON! A CELL JUST  
REACTED! IT'S ALIVE!



ALL THANKS TO THE  
PATIENCE OF LOVE! LET'S  
ACTIVATE THE CLONING  
PROCESS!



WE SUCCEEDED TONIGHT  
TSA PERFECT COPY OF DON  
NICANO ROMANEL DE RONHA  
WE SHALL BE GRANTED  
MY OUR BELOVED'S  
FORGIVENESS  
LET'S AWAKE HER

NOW DON'T GO SHOUTING OH BOY! OH BOY!  
OH BOY! DON'T START REJOICING  
AND DON'T FRY YOUR DIODES WITH  
ARTIFICIAL EMOTIONS. VENTAS FATHER  
BEING REANIMATED WASN'T THE END  
OF ALL THE PROBLEMS!  
A CLONE'S IDENTICAL TO ITS ORIGINAL  
ONLY AS TO A CERTAIN POINT  
ANY SLIGHT DIFFERENCES THAT REMAIN  
CAN TURN EVERYTHING TO BOO CRAP

SLEEP AGENT DISCON-  
NECTED MASTER



AWAKE MY BELOVED YOU  
HAVE BEEN HELD IN A COMA  
FOR A FEW WEEKS

AGGH THIS KNOT OF FIRE  
STILL BURNS IN MY CHEST  
YOUR VERY PRESENCE  
HURTS ME NO LONGER  
WHAT TO LIVE BY  
WHATEVER YOU CHOOSE  
MOST BEG YOU TO LET ME  
TO SLEEP FOREVER

WHAT WE DESERVE MUST SHOW  
YOU DO NOT BELONG IN ETERNAL  
SLEEP NO CAN FIND PEACE AND  
REASSURANCE IN THIS WORLD  
NO YOUR FATHER NEVER

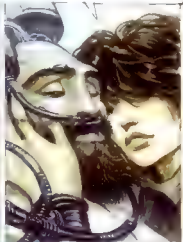
MY MASTER IS  
NOT CRUEL. HE IS  
A TECHNICAL GENIUS  
FROM A SINGLE CELL  
HE MANAGED TO  
RECREATE THE  
BUNDLE OF FLESH  
AND NEURAL PROGRAM-  
MING OF THE MAN WHO  
WAS YOUR FATHER!

DON'T MOCK ME... DON'T  
TAKE ADVANTAGE OF MY  
WEAKNESS IF YOU LOVE  
ME SO MUCH WHY ARE  
YOU SO CRUEL

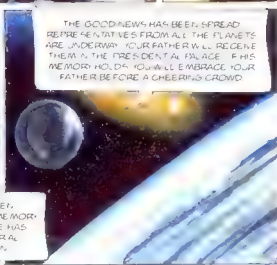


OH

HOLD ON A BIT LONGER FATHER, DON'T AWAKEN RIGHT AWAY. IF YOU AWOKE NOW MY HEART WOULD EXPLODE WITH TOO MUCH LOVE FOR YOUR RETURN.



WITHOUT YOU MY SOUL WAS DEAD AND NOW WHEN YOU MUST RETURN TO LIFE I JUST NEED A LITTLE TIME



THE GOOD NEWS HAS BEEN SPREAD REPRESENTATIVES FROM ALL THE PLANETS ARE UNDERWAY YOUR FATHER WILL RECEIVE THEM AT THE PRESIDENTIAL PALACE HIS MEMORY HOLDS YOU WILL EMBRACE YOUR FATHER BEFORE A CHEERING CROWD

THE BODY HAS BEEN REANIMATED BUT HIS MEMORY MUST BE TESTED HE HAS YET TO FACE THE TRIAL OF SOCIALIZATION

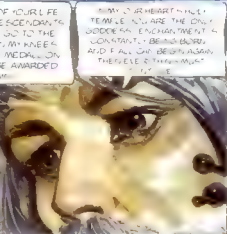


CAN YOU FORGIVE ME

YES, MY MOTHER



I WANT TO BE PART OF YOUR LIFE AND GIVE YOU THE DESCENDANTS YOU DESERVE I WILL GO TO THE GOLDEN PLANET OF MY KNEE AND VOTE THAT THE MEDALION OF HIGH NOBILITY BE AWARDED TO YOU



MY OWN HEART WILL REMIND YOU ARE THE ONLY GODDESS ENCHANTMENT IS CONSTANT BEING BORN AND FALLING BEING BORN THERE IS NO END





COMRADES, I AM STILL THE SAME  
NICANOR ROSAMEL DE ROKHA,  
PRESIDENT WHO MEDITATES  
EVERY MORNING BENEATH A SACRED  
HALECE TREE BRANCH!

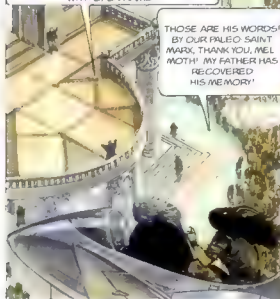
I WILL CONTINUE TO CHAMPION  
THE VALUES OF TRADITIONAL  
ECOLOGY, OUR RITUALS  
OF NOBILITY, AND OUR NEED  
TO DEFEND OUR PLANETARY  
SYSTEM AGAINST THE  
TECHNO TECHNOS!

IN DUE TIME, AFTER THE EMPIRE COLLAPSES,  
ALL HUMANITY WILL MODEL ITSELF ON  
THE TROGLOSOCALIK PARADISE THAT  
WE MUST CREATE ON PHILODENDRA!

HOORAY! LONG LIVE OUR PRESIDENT! LONG LIVE  
THE TROGLOSOCALIK FEDERATION! DOWN WITH  
THE EMPIRE! DEATH TO THE TECHNOPOPE!



COMRADES, I THANK YOU FOR YOUR  
APPLAUSE! I SPEAK TO MY PEOPLE  
WITH OPEN ARMS!



THOSE ARE HIS WORDS!  
BY OUR PALEO SAINT  
MARK, THANK YOU, MEL  
MOTH! MY FATHER HAS  
RECOVERED  
HIS MEMORY!

FATHER



I MISSED YOU SO MUCH!

BUT



LONG LIVE DON NICANOR!  
LONG LIVE DONA VICENTA

WHO ARE YOU?

FATHER, DON'T  
YOU RECOGNIZE  
ME? AM VICENTA  
GABRIELA YOUR  
DAUGHTER

MY DAUGHTER  
I HAVE NO DAUGHTER

YOU'VE LOST PART  
OF YOUR MEMORY.  
YOU MUST RECOVER IT!

LONG LIVE DON N CANOR

HONOR AND GLORY TO  
OUR PRESIDENT!

COMRADES WE SHALL RETIRE  
TO A PRIVATE CHAMBER WHERE  
MADAM PRESIDENT AND I HAVE  
AN ISSUE OF GREAT IMPORTANCE  
TO DISCUSS IMMEDIATELY

WE WOULD DO WELL TO REMAIN  
WATCHFUL! THE CLONE SEEMS TO BE  
REACTING STRANGELY!

WHY ARE YOU CLOSING ALL  
THE DOORS FATHER?

AM NOT YOUR FATHER  
WOMAN WHAT FEAR IS THIS

I SEE IN YOUR GLORIOUS EYES  
THAT YOU ARE IN LOVE WITH ME  
WHY DON'T YOU JUST TELL ME SO?

DO LOVE  
AS A DAUGHTER LOVES

NO NEED TO PLAY GAMES  
I AM OLDER THAN YOU, BUT  
MY BODY HAS LOST NONE OF ITS  
YOUTHFUL VIGOR. I'VE DESIRED  
YOU FROM THE INSTANT YOU  
THREW YOURSELF INTO MY ARMS.

DON'T TALK LIKE THAT!  
THIS IS ALL WRONG! I'M

YOU ARE THE PERFECT WOMAN!  
YOU BLEW ON MY HOT COALS AND STARTED  
A FIRE. WE WILL BE LOVERS.  
WE WILL BE MARRIED! OUR FALLO WE DOING  
WILL BE SPECTACULAR!

WANT YOU TO BE MINE  
THIS INSTANT!

NOOOO  
NOOOO!

THAT'S  
ENOUGH!

RELEASE ME BANDIT!

YOUR BRAIN IS CLOUDED!  
STOP AND GET A HOLD OF  
YOURSELF! THIS WOMAN IS  
YOUR DAUGHTER, AND  
MY/OUR FUTURE WIFE!

YOU LIE... DIRTY MERCENARY!  
I'LL NEVER... GIVE HER UP!  
AARGH  
YOU'RE CHOKING ME!

DON'T HURT HIM,  
MELMOTH!

GUARDS!

CALM DOWN, MELMOTH!  
YOU'RE GOING TO KILL HIM!  
BEG YOU, LET HIM GO

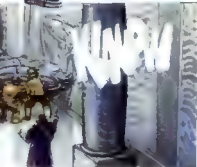
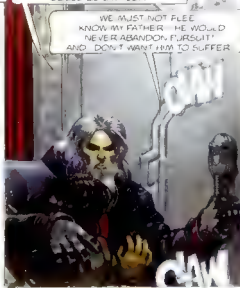


MADAM PRESIDENT  
AND ARE UNDER ATTACK

LET'S GET OUT OF HERE  
MY LOVE. I WE CAN BREAK  
A HOLE IN THE CEILING. NOTHING  
COULD BE SIMPLER

WE MUST NOT FLEE  
KNOW MY FATHER - HE WOULD  
NEVER ABANDON PURSUIT!  
AND DON'T WANT HIM TO SUFFER

MADAM PRESIDENT HAS BEEN  
SEIZED BY A MERCENARY. USE THAT  
STATUE OF PALEO MARK TO BREAK  
DOWN THE DOOR. COMRADES



THEY'LL BE BREAKING THROUGH  
THE DOOR SOON! I WE WILL HAVE  
TO EXTERMINATE THEM ALL!

YOU REFUSE TO FLEE. YET  
YOU DON'T WANT ME US TO  
EXTERMINATE THEM. THEN  
WHAT CAN WE DO. THEY'RE  
GOING TO DESTROY ME. AS AND  
YOUR FATHER WILL RAPE ME.

IF WE CANNOT KILL YOUR PEOPLE  
YOUR FATHER WILL HAVE TO DIE AGAIN.  
IT'S THE ONLY WAY TO PUT AN END  
TO ALL THIS VIOLENCE

DON'T WANT YOU TO BE THE  
MURDERER OF MY PEOPLE!  
THEY ARE GOOD PEOPLE,  
AND DESERVE TO LIVE

NEVER! KILL HIM,  
AND YOU KILL ME!





THEN WE MUST FIND ANOTHER WAY! THE CASTAKA MOTTO IS 'CONQUER, OR PERISH!' WE ARE TO START A FAMILY, AND YOU ARE TO BE THE MOTHER OF THE FUTURE METABARON. BUT HOW? YOU'VE TIED MY OUR HANDS.



THAT'S ENOUGH FOR TODAY. WE MUST GET DINNER READY! THE CURRENT METABARON COULD BE RETURNING AT ANY MOMENT!

HECKY CHEIKY CHEBO! WHAT SUSPENSE! IT'S AN IMPOSSIBLE SITUATION! UNLESS THE FATHER, BY SOME MIRACLE, SUDDENLY REGAINS HIS MEMORY.

WHAT ARE YOU SAYING? DON'T TALKING ABOUT MIRACLES! WHY DON'T YOU TAKE ME TO THE KITCHEN AND COOK THE ARTIFICIAL TURKEY TOMORROW!

FALEO CHRIST GRANT ME A FELLING TUBE AND A FULL BLADDER, SO I CAN GET MYSELF IN ORDER.

BUT THE NEXT DAY

"NO! PLEASE!  
NE! TELL ME  
ANOTHER  
STORY!"

"ANOTHER ONE?" GREEDY BOT  
AT THIS RATE YOU'RE GOING  
TO WEAR ME OUT.

YOU ALREADY KNOW THE  
WHOLE FAMILY TREE OF  
OUR DISTINGUISHED MASTER.  
LAST OF THE METABARONS.

DOES THAT MEAN YOU'RE NOT  
GOING TO CONTINUE?"

THAT'S RIGHT, LOTHAR, YOU'VE BEEN  
JETTISONING MY CIRCUITS FOR SEVERAL  
CENTURIES NOW AND DON'T FEEL LIKE  
LETTERING YOU ANY MORE.

THANK YOU, WE'LL DO WITH MY FEELINGS.

SERVE OUR MASTER'S DINNER  
IN SILENCE. HE COULD BE  
RETURNING AT ANY MOMENT.  
BRING OUT THE ARTIFICIAL EGGS,  
THE ARCTURAN LIZARD,  
THE NECTAR OF POLYMERAN.

HMM. ANY MOMENT? WE HAD ENOUGH  
OF YOUR LIES. THE METABARON ISN'T  
EVER COMING BACK. HE FORGOT US, OR  
ELSE HE DIED LIKE AN ORDINARY HUMAN.

WHAT ARE YOU SAYING, YOU BLASPHEMING  
BUCKET OF BOLTS? HOW COULD  
YOU EVEN COME UP WITH SUCH DEAS?  
THEY GO AGAINST ALL THE HOLY LAWS  
OF ROBOTICS!

SINCE YOU DON'T HAVE A SMELLY ANUS LIKE  
HUMANS, YOU KNOW WHERE YOU CAN SHOVE YOUR  
HOLY LAWS OF ROBOTICS. IF YOUR DRAINAGE  
VALVE BEFORE DIDN'T HAVE A MASTER, NOW  
DON'T EVEN HAVE STORIES ABOUT HIM.

YOU'VE  
DIED

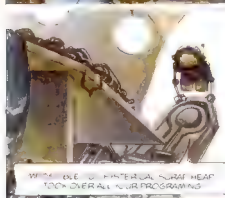




M FED UP TONTO M GO  
DAMNED FED UP



M GOING TO ACTIVATE  
MY AUTO DESTRUCT PROGRAM



WELL BE A LITTLE LATE BUT WE'VE  
TAKEN OVER ALL YOUR PROGRAMMING



OH BUT WE'VE BEEN UNDERN'T WORK  
SINCE THAT'S HOW TONY M GOING TO SLAM  
MSELF AGAINST THE WALLS  
WITHOUT A HUMAN MASTER WE ROBOTS HAVE  
TO REAP THE Fruits





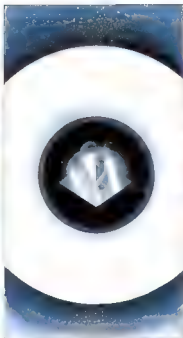
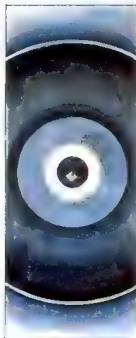
PALEO FOOL! YOU SAID YOURSELF  
HE E. THER FORGOT US, OR DIED  
I MUST CONFESS I'M ALMOST READY  
TO BELIEVE THAT MYSELF!  
IT'S AN ENEMY, ATTACKING US!  
AND MY SENSORS INDICATE  
THAT HE'S EQUIPPED WITH  
SUPER POWERFUL WEAPONS

I'M NOT AFRAID! NOTHING IS MORE  
POWERFUL THAN OUR METABARON  
EVEN IN HIS BIO-ELECTROGRAM  
STATE! LET'S GO WAKE HIM UP!



THE ALARM  
GET UP  
FROM THE  
EARTH

OH THE  
METABARON



ACTIVATE THE SURVEILLANCE PROGRAM

PROGRAM ACTIVATED! THE BIO-ELECTROGRAM  
WILL SPEND A MAXIMUM OF 5 DAYS IN THE SOLID  
STATE BEFORE DESTRUCTION



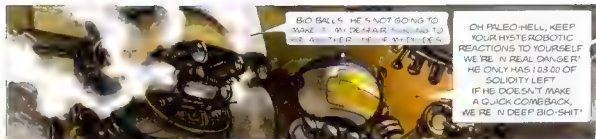






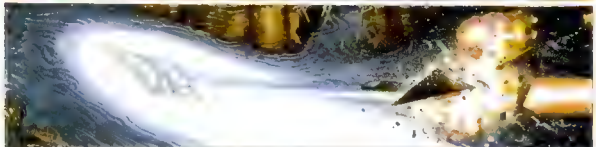
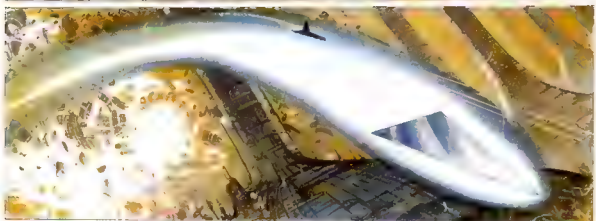
BY THE NUMERABLE FERRO BIONIC  
SYNAPSES OF THE CENTRAL BRAIN  
THE ENEMY IS ENDING OUR MASTERS ATTACKS

THE CITY SHAFT IS FINISHED THE BATTLE HAS GONE  
ON FOR 3.0709 AND THE METABARON STILL HASN'T  
WIPED OUT THE MYSTERIOUS INVADER! HE ONLY HAS  
2.0202 LEFT TO WIN BEFORE HE DISAPPEARS!  
00.0001 LONGER AND WE'RE DONE FOR



BIO BALLS! HE'S NOT GOING TO  
MAKE IT. MY DEFEAT WAS TO  
BE A THER HE FAYN DES

OH PALEO-HELL, KEEP  
YOUR HYSTERBOTIC  
REACTIONS TO YOURSELF!  
WE'RE IN REAL DANGER!  
HE ONLY HAS 103.00 OF  
SOLIDITY LEFT.  
IF HE DOESN'T MAKE  
A QUICK COMEBACK,  
WE'RE IN DEEP BIO-SHT!



WHAAAAT?! THE ENEMY  
IS MIGHTIER THAN OUR  
MASTER?! I CAN'T BELIEVE  
THAT HE DESTROYED THE  
BIO-ELECTROGRAM!

THAT'S WHAT HAPPENS  
WHEN YOU LOSE FAITH,  
LOTHAR! BY CLAIMING THAT  
THE REAL METABARON WAS  
NO LONGER WITH US, YOU  
TOOK ALL THE POWER AWAY  
FROM HIS SIMULACRUM!

FAITH?! WHAT ARE YOU TALKING  
ABOUT, ROBOT?  
THAT'S THE CRAZIEST OF  
HUMAN FOLLIES! YOU'D BE  
BETTER OFF CANNING THAT  
METAPHYSICAL CLAP-TRAP  
OF YOURS AND ACTIVATING  
THE FORTUNE DEFENSE!





FORCUPINE READY,LOTHAR

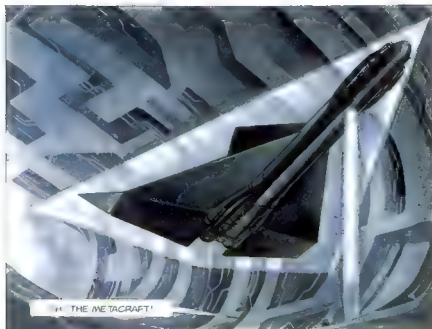
FIRE  
MINUTE

CEASE FIRE YOU PAR  
OF DIOTS

HALED CHRIST

WE'RE OUTTA  
FOR

AWOIA



THE METACRAFT!



AN EXACT COPY! IT'S  
THE SAME AS OUR DEAR  
DEPARTED MASTER'S  
SHIP! BUT BIGGER!



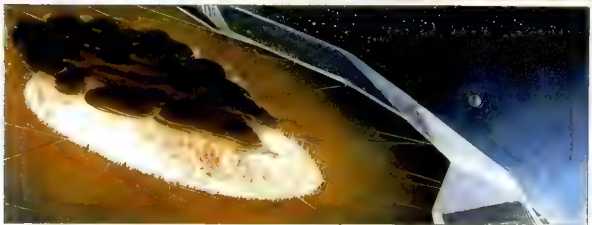
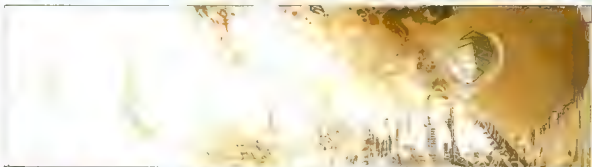
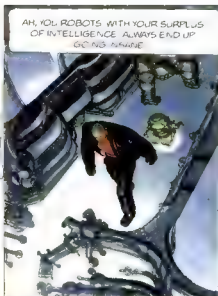
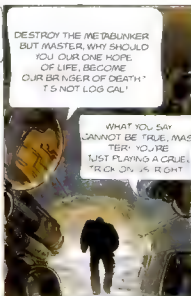
WE DEPARTED



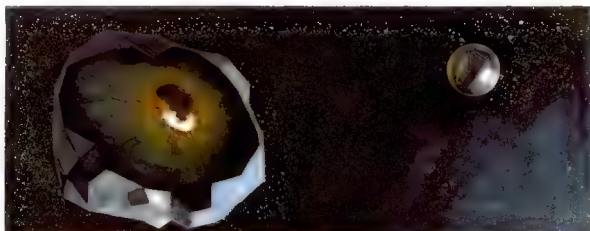
OH WHAT JOY, MY SENSORS INDICATE  
THAT THE MASTER HAS RETURNED!



OOOH, AHHH! OUR HONORED  
MASTER. ALL MY DIODES ARE  
SIZZLED! NOW AT LAST I CAN SHED  
BIO TEARS! WE'VE REDISCOVERED  
OUR REASON TO EXIST!



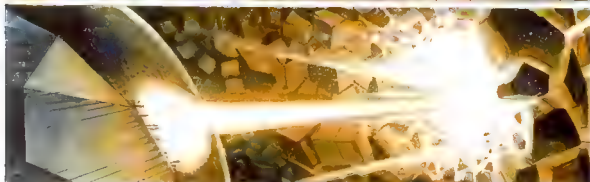




INCREDIBLE! THE CITY SHAFK FLOWN A  
CHUNK OF PLANET FLOATING IN SPACE!

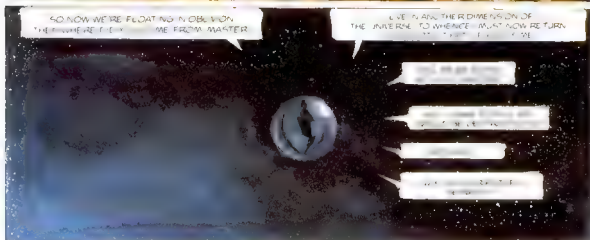
MEGA JUNE!


THAT WAS IT! THE CITY SHAFK IS  
THE LAST FRAGMENT OF A GALAXY THAT  
WAS DISINTEGRATED MANY CENTURIES AGO!  
AND NOW IT MUST DISAPPEAR




SO NOW WE'RE FLOATING IN OBSCURION  
THE WHERE THEY ME FROM MASTER

LIVE IN ANOTHER DIMENSION OF  
THE UNIVERSE TO WHENCE MUST NOW RETURN





IN THE NEW GALAXY,  
I AM A WARRIOR WITHOUT  
A PAST. MY ENEMIES HAVE  
BEEN SEARCHING FOR A WEAK  
SPOT AND THE ONLY CLUE  
THEY'VE FOUND




IS THE SCAR THAT MARKS  
MY RIGHT EYEBROW

ALL THE HYPER BRAINS IN THE INTERPLANETARY  
NETWORKS ARE TRYING TO UNCOVER MY SECRET  
THE ONLY ONES WHO KNOW ABOUT THAT  
DEFINITION OF CODE ARE YOU TWO

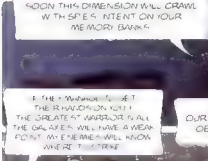


WELL, ANY GIVEN  
PROBLEM HAS  
AT LEAST ONE  
SOLUTION




WHAT A TERRIFYING WEAPON  
IF WE WERE MADE OF PLASTIC  
IT'D BE TREMBLING

SOON THIS DIMENSION WILL CRAWL  
WITH SPES INTENT ON YOUR  
MEMORY BANKS

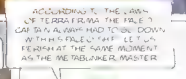


IF THE WARRIOR GET  
THE REVELATION OF IT  
THE GREATEST WARRIOR IN ALL  
THE GALAXIES WILL HAVE A WEAK  
POINT MY ENEMIES WILL KNOW  
WHERE TO STRIKE

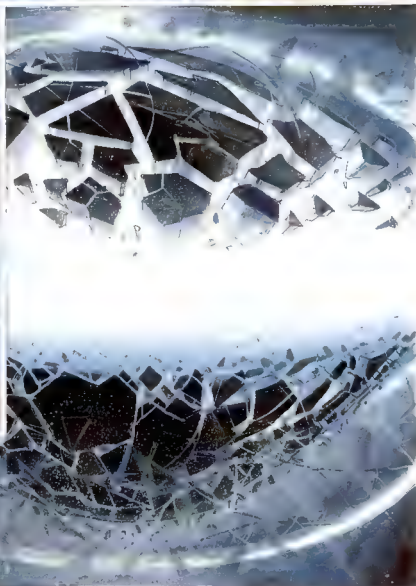


WE CAN'T MAKE SENSE  
OUR DUTY AS ROBOTS IS TO PERISH  
OBLITERATE US WITHOUT DELAY  
MASTER ME TABARON

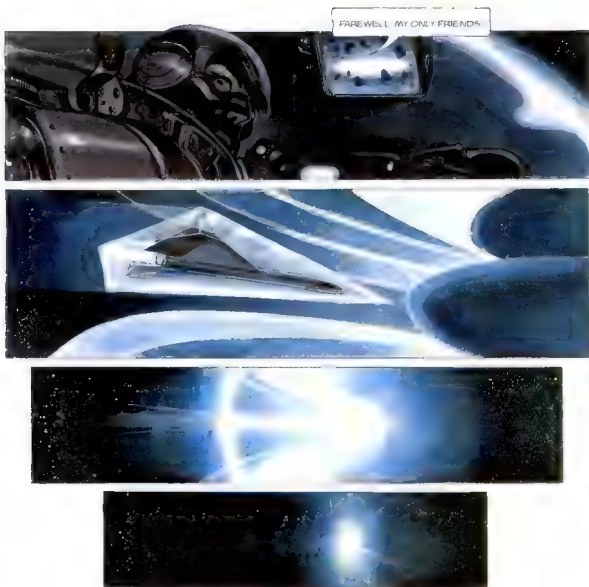
GOOD THE MOMENT  
I WANT YOU TO PERISH



ACCORDING TO THE LOGS  
OF TERRAFORMA THE FILE 7  
CAPTAIN ALWAYS HAD TO BE DOWN  
WITH HIS FILE 6 SHIP. LET US  
PERISH AT THE SAME MOMENT  
AS THE METABUNKER MASTER







To be continued in the next episode: **The Torment of Doña Vicenta ...**



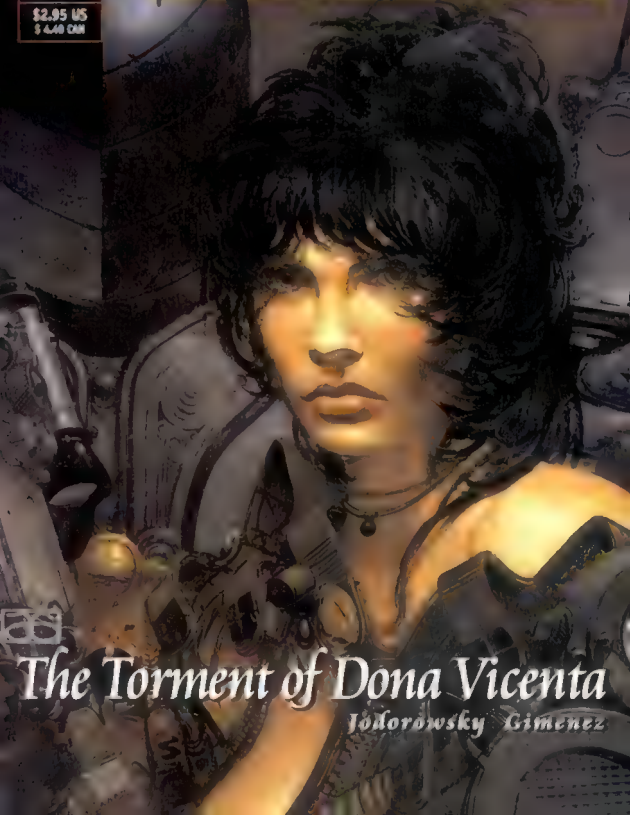


ISSUE #13

\$2.95 US

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# The Metabarons



## The Torment of Dona Vicenta

Jodorowsky Gimenez

# The Metabarons™

## Previously, in The Metabarons:

When Dona Vicenta discovers that the man she has just fallen in love with is her father's murderer, the heartbreak is so great that she tries to kill herself with a revolver. Thanks to the Shabdo Oud powers passed down by his mother, Melmoth slows down time and deflects the bullet, knocking Dona Vicenta out. While she is unconscious, Melmoth creates a clone of Don Nicanor, hoping to wipe out his crime and obtain the forgiveness of his beloved.

The father and daughter reunite. Melmoth and Dona Vicenta are free to love each other. The young woman wants to give the warrior and poet Metabarón the heir he deserves, and also intends to go and vote for his Medallion of High Nobility on the Go den P anel.

But Don Nicanor's clone has lost a portion of his memory. He remembers everything and everyone except his daughter. He shuts himself up alone with her and there declares to her that he wants her as his wife. He is about to throw himself upon her when Melmoth separates them.

The President rallies his people to his cause. Yet Dona Vicenta refuses to let Melmoth kill her father again, or attack her people. But if the Metabarón does nothing, he will be destroyed. And Don Nicanor will rape Dona Vicenta.

Story by Alexandro Jodorowsky. Art, color and cover by Juan Gimenez.

Original Metabarón characters created by Melmoth™ and Jodorowsky.

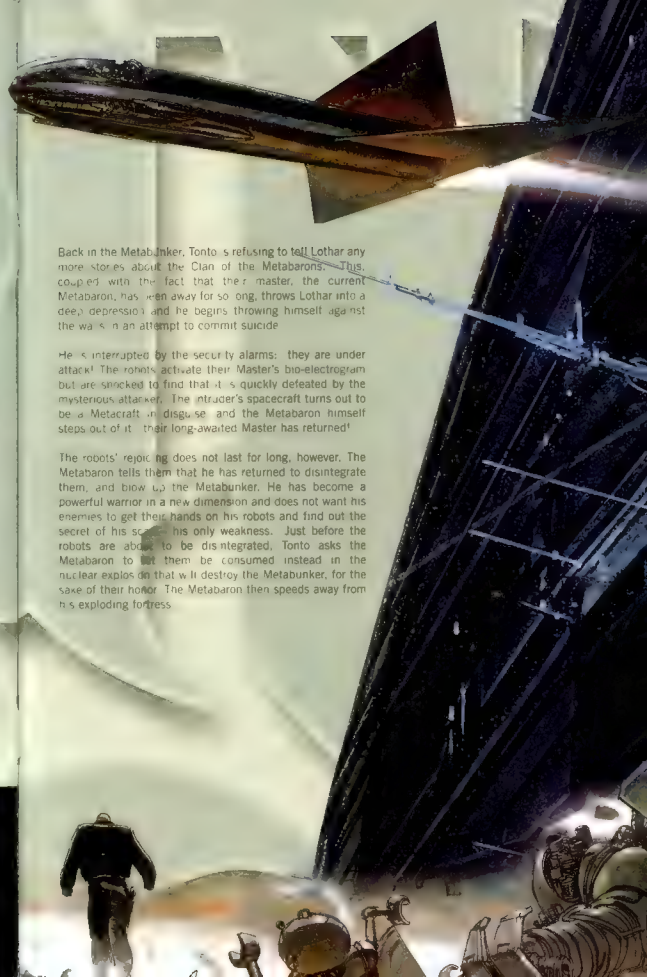
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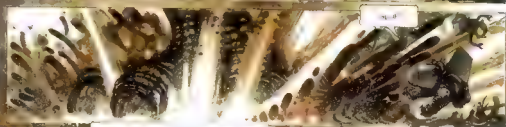
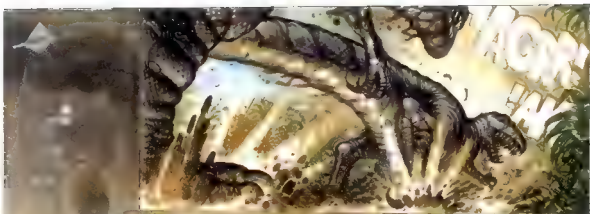






PALEO-CHRISTMAS!  
WHAT'S GOING ON  
TONGO?!

JODOROWSKY  
GIMENEZ ©

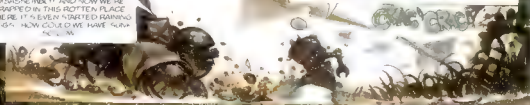


BUT TONY? WHAT ARE WE DOING HERE?

LIKE I SAID ANY GIVEN PROBLEM HAS AT LEAST ONE SOLUTION! SECRETLY AND IN DEFIANCE OF THE HOLY LAWS OF ROBOTICS... I TRAINED MYSELF IN INTERESTING THINGS.

YOU DARED DO THAT? THE CENTRAL BRAIN'S PUNISHMENT FOR THAT TYPE OF ROBO SIN IS TOTAL DISASSEMBLY AND NOW WE'RE TRAPPED IN THIS ROTTEN PLACE WHERE IT'S EVEN STARTED RAINING. UGH. HOW COULD WE HAVE SURVIVED?

I CHERISH MY ROBOTIC EXISTENCE LOTAR, JUST AS YOU DO. WE'RE NOT JUST MACHINES. WE ARE MORE THAN THE SUM OF OUR CIRCUITS.



BUT WHY CHOOSE A SUB-PLANET IN THE BARBARIAN GALAXY?



UNFORTUNATELY DESPITE MASTERING HYPERSPACE JUMPS I STILL HAVE TROUBLE WITH NAVIGATION. BUT BETTER TO BE MIRE'D IN BIO SLUDGE HERE THAN DISINTEGRATED INSIDE THE ME TABUNKER, RIGHT?

U. WHAT DO WE DO NOW TONY?

WE CAN FIND PLENTY OF ANIM HERE IN THE  
PRIMITIVE DEOLOGICAL SUBSTRATE. WE'RE  
GOING TO BUILD A NEW MEGABUNKER. TAKE HEART,  
"OTHAR"! LESS THAN TWO CENTURIES' LIFE  
WILL BE JUST LIKE IT USED TO BE!

I'M BORED TONY. TELL ME THE NEXT PART OF  
THE STORY OF THE CLAN OF THE MEGABARONS  
TO PASS THE TIME.

WOULD YOU RATHER HEAR ABOUT  
THE CLAN OR THE SCAR?

WUJAN ANCANOR RO-NAME DE ALKHA WAS  
JUST BREAKING DOWN THE DOORS OF THE  
PRIVATE CHAMBER WHERE HIS DAUGHTER  
HAD TAKEN REFUGE.

PALEO BITCH! HOW FRUSTRAT-  
ING! THE SCAR! NO! THE  
CLAN! NO! THE SCAR! NO!  
THE CLAN! NO! THE SCAR!  
NO! THE CLAN!

ALRIGHT! TELL ME IF  
YOU'D BE ABLE TO WHIP  
UP CES. WE'D BETTER  
CONTINUE THE STORY  
OF THE CLAN!

HEAVE! NO!

ANOTHER HIT WITH THE PALEO STATUE  
COMRADES! THE DOORS ABOUT TO GIVE.

**WAMP!**

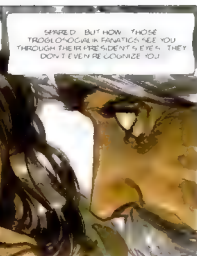




THEY'RE JUST ABOUT TO BREAK  
THROUGH THE GATE TO GET TO THE MAIN  
HALLS. WE MUST BE PERMANENTLY THERE.



NO THAT'S MY FATHER! AND MY  
PEOPLE! THEY MUST BE SAVED!



SILENT. BUT HOW THOSE  
TROGLODYCE IN FANATICS SEE YOU  
THROUGH THEIR PREJUDICE EYES. THEY  
DON'T EVEN RECOGNIZE YOU.



YOUR FATHER HIMSELF HAS LOST HIS MEMORY.  
HE IS CONFUSING PATERNAL ADORATION WITH PASSIONATE LOVE.  
HE WILL RAPE YOU IF YOU DON'T STOP HIM!



IF WE DON'T DEFEND OURSELVES  
THEY'RE GOING TO DESTROY US.



AND IN THE MEANTIME, TO LIVE

THEY MUST BE THE ONLY WAY TO LIVE. A WOMAN WILL BE  
KILLED. THE ONLY WAY TO LIVE IS TO LIVE.



BY DUTY OF MY MANE TO OUR WIFE WE SHALL REMAIN  
DEAF DUMB BEING AND AS TENSES OF MY EYE AND HAND  
PERMANENTLY OUR VERY GREATNESS WITH WHAT SHALL YOU DO  
NOT DARING AS THE DARING IS THAT ONE FINE DAY  
ONE FINE HOUR WILL PERMANENTLY CREATE A WORLD

AMAZING - AND YOU ARE FINE

DIVINE WOMAN I KNOW THAT YOU LOVED  
ME I AM SURE THERE IS MY DEAR I GAVE  
YOURSELF TO ME HERE AND NOW YOUR BODY  
CAN SEE US WE ARE ALONE MY BELOVED

WAIT FIRST TELL ME MY LOVE WHAT IS IT  
THAT ATTRACTS YOU TO ME



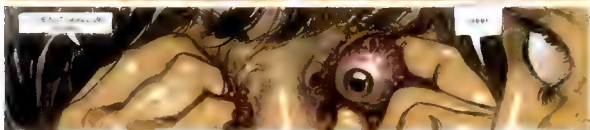
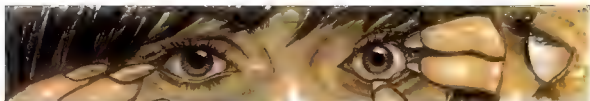
EVERYTHING BUT  
MORE THAN ANYTHING  
YOUR SMILE



IN YOUR EYES SO DEEP AND BURNING IN  
YOUR FABULOUS EYES WITHIN YOUR EYES  
I SEE A FIERY DOVE SHINE & YOUR SOUL



A CAROLING SONG OF LOVE IF IT IS  
OF LOVE

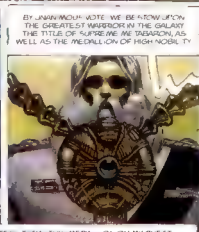
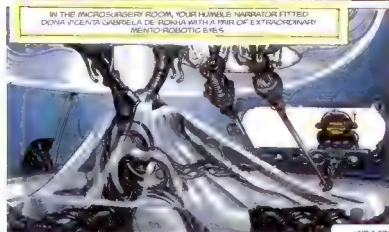






I'VE MUST CALLED THE WOUNDS, MAKE  
 ALTHOUGH KNOW HOW MUCH HURT  
 NO WOMAN HAVE EVER BEEN WITNESS  
 "FAMILY" A WASTON







WE INFRANT WRIGHT INTO  
THE WEDDING PROCESSION

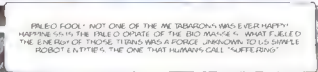
IN THE LIMPID SKY ABOVE PHILODENORA, CAPITAL PLANE \* OF  
THE TROGLOSOCIALIK FEDERATION, A WEDDING PROCESSION  
OF A THOUSAND ASSORTED WARSHIPS, THEIR ENTIRE SPACE  
FLEET, PAINTED WHITE FOR THE OCCASION, GREETED THE  
TRUMPHANT ARRIVAL OF THE PRINCE CONSORT



BYING THE SHAPE OF A HEART THE SHIPS GATHERED  
AROUND MY MASTER, TO ESCORT HIM TO THE HALFICE  
TREE, WHERE AWAITED HIS BE-TROTHED



HOW WONDERFUL THAT EVERY FINAL "NOICE" WAS  
WHAT FINAL BLISS! THEY GOT MARRIED AND



PHILO FOOL? NOT ONE OF THE ME TABARONS WAS EVER HAPPY!  
HAPPINE WAS IN THE PHILO O PRATE OF THE BIO MAYKE & WHAT FUELED  
THE ENERGY OF THOSE TURNS WAS A FORCE, UNKNOWN TO US SHAME  
ROBOT ENTITIES, THE ONE THAT HUMANS CALL "SUFFERING"

A HEART OF SPACE SHIPS, SUCH ROMANTICISM  
DELIGHTED PHLEZA



OH, INNOCENCY IS THE  
HUMANITY'S ANSWER

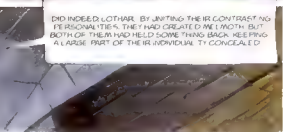
BUT DISGUSTED STEELHEAD!



HAVE ALL THIS CONTENTION, JUST  
DISGUISES THEIR INNOCENCE



HOW COULD THAT BE? DIDN'T YOU TELL ME THAT  
THE POET AND WARRIOR HAD BECOME ONE?



DID INDEED, LOTAR. BY JOINING THEIR CONTRASTING  
PERSONALITIES, THEY HAD CREATED ME! BOTH, BUT  
BOTH OF THEM HAD HELD SOMETHING BACK, RESERVING  
A LARGE PART OF THEIR INDIVIDUALITY CONCEALED



KYLE ZA HAD WOVEN A MAZE OF  
BRAIN CIRCUITS INTO THE INNER EAR.



OH

...AND STEELHEAD HAD HIDDEN A LARGE PORTION  
OF HIS ELECTRO-CEREBRAL CHIPS...

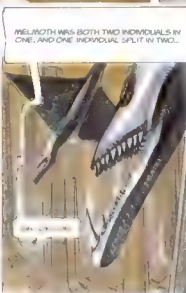


IN THE TANGLE OF CIRCUITS IMPLANTED  
WITHIN THE CREST OF CASTANA.



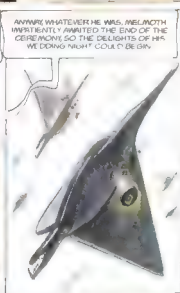
WE ONE

MELIOTH WAS BOTH TWO INDIVIDUALS IN  
ONE, AND ONE INDIVIDUAL SPLIT IN TWO...

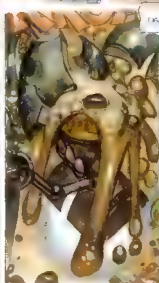
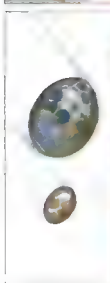


OH, LITTLE

ANYWAY, WHATEVER HE WAS, MELIOTH  
IMPLICITLY AWAITED THE END OF THE  
CEREMONY, SO THE DELIGHTS OF HIS  
WE DOING NIGHT COULDN'T BE SHY.



FROM OUR OTHER



HA HA. SEE, TONTO. BAD LUCK RAINS  
DOWN ON BOTH BIG AND LITTLE  
ALIKE. I ADVISE YOU TO DEPLOY  
YOUR DISINTEGRATOR UMBRELLA.

AMID THE CHORUS OF MILLIONS OF  
DEKHA BIRDS THEY WENT TO UNITE



THE DISTINGUISHED SUPREME ARCHBISHOP  
MELMOTH AND MY BELOVED DAUGHTER  
VICTORIA GABRIELLA IN SACRED AND  
AN OATH FREE MARRIAGE



DO YOU TAKE THIS WOMAN  
AS YOUR WIFE

YES I DO



BLESS THEM WITH LOVE  
FERTILITY AND MANY  
CHILDREN WITH THE DESIRE



AND YOU MY DAUGHTER  
DO YOU TAKE THIS MAN  
AS YOUR HUSBAND

WHEN IT WAS TIME FOR THE TRADITIONAL KISS DONA VICTORIA  
REFUSED TO LIFT THE THICK VEIL THAT CONCEALED HER FACE



DURING A SUMMER STORM FROM WITHIN  
THE DEKHA CASTLE EMERGED IN TOTAL  
OBSCURITY UNDER SPECIFIC ORDERS FROM  
THE BRIDE THE WAILING OF PLEASURE  
DROPPED OUT THE SHRIeking WINDS



LOVE FOR MELOTH

DOING CENTA WITH EVERY  
PLANNING INSTANT AS SET  
FIRE TO MY DARKNESS

FOR HOURS AND HOURS MELOTH'S  
REPRODUCTIVE PISTON RUBBED ITSELF  
INSIDE DONALD CENTA'S FERTILITY CHAMBER  
DEPLANTING ITS SEMINAL GEL WITHIN  
HER AT LEAST EIGHT TIMES

BRAM

TRAGICALLY A STAB OF  
LIGHT NO MORE AWAY  
THE DARKNESS

NOOOO!

WHAT WAS THE SECRET  
TO HIS DARKNESS

THAT WAS THE REASON FOR THE VER, AND THE  
DARKNESS' WANTED YOU TO HOLD ON TO THE  
MEMORY OF WHAT SURGE WAS 'YOU ARE SO  
HANDSOME AND NOW I AM A MONSTER'  
DON'T DESERVE YOU

CANNOT BEAR THIS  
WITH HIS BRUTAL LOGIC  
TOM TO WOULD BE INJECT ON  
OVERFORM BEAUTY  
WAS FORGOTTEN

BRAM

WHAT WAS HE DOING

MELOTH AFTER KICKING ME INTO DISPAIR HURT  
HIMSELF UP IN ONE OF THE TOWERS AND LET DAYS  
PASS WITHOUT SLEEPING EATING OR DRINKING

WHAT WAS HE DOING  
UP THERE? TELL ME  
TOM TO TELL ME

HE WAS AT WAR WITH HIMSELF, OTHER A  
MENTAL SHORT CIRCUIT HAD BEEN PRODUCED  
WITHIN HIM HIS TWO PREVIOUSLY SEPARATE  
PERSONALITIES COULD NOT BE RECONCILED





YOU SEEDLED HER WITH YOUR HANDSOME  
FACE AND FLEET TO IT & YOU WALK THE  
LINES YOU MUST EMERALE HER DINE OUR  
... ... EAT THE TE ...

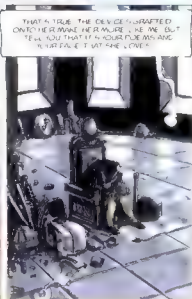
NO IT WAS YOUR SHIRT THAT BROKE HER  
MIND AND YOUR LOVE & BODY THAT GAVE  
HER PLEASURE SHE BELONGS TO YOU YOU  
ACCEPT THE DEATH WHENLY MY HEART IN YOU  
TEARFUL ...



WHAT HEART THAT URSAN ... MINE  
YOU HAVE ONLY THE HEAD WHAT YOU  
CALL LOVE ... ONLY AN EMPTY WORD  
YOU'RE NO GOOD AS A ... ANYMORE



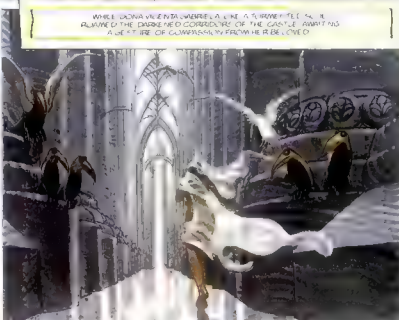
AND YOU'RE A DISGUSTING CYBORG  
NOW SHE & YOU ... YOU'VE FINALLY  
FOUND THE IDEAL MATE



THAT A TRUE THE DEVICE ... CRAFTED  
ONCE ... HER ... SHE ... BUT  
TELL YOU THAT IF ... YOUR ... AND  
... ...

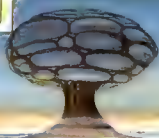


WHAT DOES THAT MATTER ... HER  
ME ... EYES ... STAB THROUGH MY  
POETRY ... ... ...  
... NEVER WANT TO SEE HER  
... ...



WHILE DONNA VICENTA ... LINE ... ...  
... ... THE DARKENED CORRIDORY OF THE CASTLE ... ...  
... ... OF CONFESSION FROM HER ...

AND WHILE HEATED IN THE WALKER TREE LIKE ALL THE PREVIOUS  
PRESIDENTS OF THE TRIBULOMOLAK FEDERATION DON NICANOR ROMANEL  
DE ALMIVA RECITED AT DAWN RECITING AN ECOLOGICAL MANTRA



AUM GAEA MOHR HUM!

REITERATED DURING HIS PRESENTATION

AUM GAEA MOHR HUM!

THE SHADOWS AUGMENTED BATTLESHIP  
WENT THROUGH THE LIVERMILL DEPENDENCY



PROTECTIVE SHIELD DE-  
ACTIVATED, YOUR EMINENCE

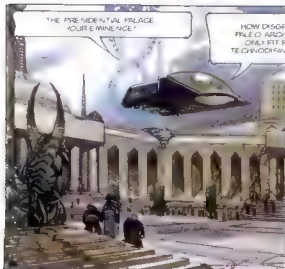


AH, MY TECHNOBISHOPS. OUR PILGRIMAGE TO THIS  
FILTHY PLANE TARD SYSTEM IS A TRUE SACRIFICE. *He*  
IN THE NAME OF THE HOLY TECHNOCRUSADE.



AMEN. IMMEDIATE  
TECHNOBISHOPS.





THE PRESIDENTIAL PALACE  
YOUR EMINENCE?

HOW DISGRACEFUL!  
PALEO ARCHITECTURE  
ONLY FIT FOR THE  
TECHNOCRAT GRATOR!

LET'S HOPE THAT THIS BARBARIC PRESIDENT IS  
GRATEFUL TO RECEIVE OUR GENEROUS OFFER!



HE WILL BE REVERENT, YES.  
IF HE KNOWS WHAT'S GOOD  
FOR HIM. OTHERWISE WE'LL  
TEAR OFF HIS BIG BALLS.



J. MCINT EMINENT CHURCH CARDINAL  
WHAT GUILD FORTUNE BRINGS YOU TO  
OUR HUMBLED YET SO DISTANT PLANET?

COUGH COUGH PARDON ME PRESIDENT  
MACANOR. THIS NEW ARTIFICIAL DRY WEATHER  
NON-STERILIZED COUGH COUGH  
STIRS UP MY ALLERGIES. COUGH COUGH  
LET MY TECHNICIAN DO THE TALKING.

TO BE BRIEF OUR GALACTIC  
ACQUISITION HAVE DEVELOPED THE  
DEPOSITARY BIKRAMEN IN THIS  
PLANETARY SYSTEM.



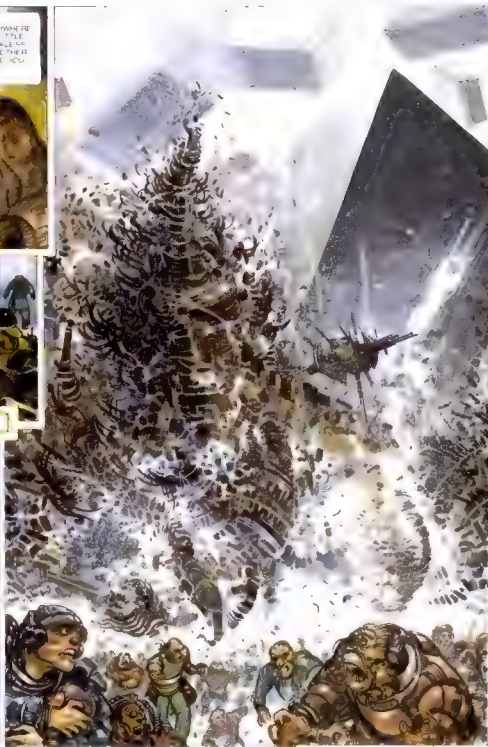
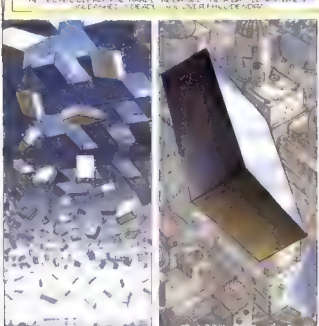
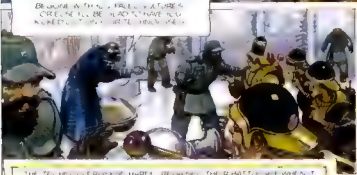
THIS PRECIOUS MINERAL PERMITS  
LARGE SCALE MANUFACTURE OF  
ARTIFICIAL EPYHITE WHICH IS THE  
FOUNDATION OF ANY GEM ENERGY.

ALL NATURAL EPYHITE WILL SOON BE MINED OUT.  
THE BIKRAMEN WILL SAVE OUR TECHNOLOGY  
AND HENCE THE EMPIRE.



COUGH COUGH WHICH IS WHY YOU'LL HAVE TO  
RELOCATE TO ANOTHER PLANETARY SYSTEM.  
COUGH COUGH WHICH WE HAVE ALREADY  
PREPARED FOR YOU. COUGH. AND WILL SELL  
TO YOU AT A REASONABLE PRICE. COUGH COUGH.





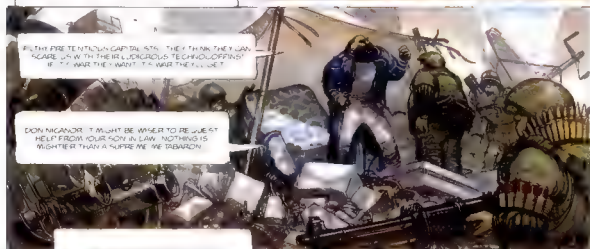


HAVE MY TONTO. JUST LET ME  
CARRY THE TONTO. TONTO, TONTO.



THAT'S THAT. TONTO, TONTO.  
TONTO, TONTO.

IT'S DIFFICULT TO CONCENTRATE WITH ALL THESE  
INTERLUCTIONS. I'VE HAD A TONTO HERE. I GO  
THE LETHAL WAR. I'VE HAD A TONTO HERE. I GO  
CALM. THE REGIMENTS ARE MASSIVE. TOWERED  
OVER THE CAPITAL. LIKE SHINING RAYCRAFTERS.



THEY'RE TONTO. CAPITAL. THEY THINK THEY CAN  
SCARE US WITH THEIR LUDICROUS TECHNOLOGIES.  
IF THEY WANT THE WAR, THEY'LL GET IT.

DON NIGANOR. IT MIGHT BE WISER TO REQUEST  
HELP FROM YOUR SON IN LAW. NOTHING IS  
MIGHTIER THAN A SUPREME ME TABARON.

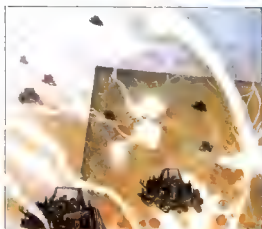


LET'S NOT OVERREACT. GENERAL.  
LET ME. I'VE HAD A TONTO HERE. I GO  
CALM. THE REGIMENTS ARE MASSIVE. TOWERED  
OVER THE CAPITAL. LIKE SHINING RAYCRAFTERS.

GULP

FIRE!





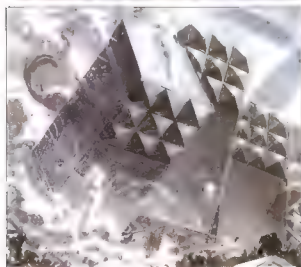
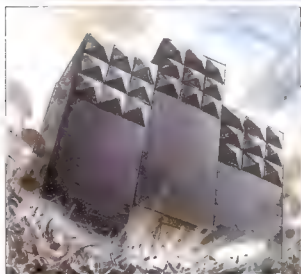
DOUBLE GULF COULAMERS AND MISSILE ARENT  
DOING THEM ANY DAMAGE THE ARE INVINCIBLE

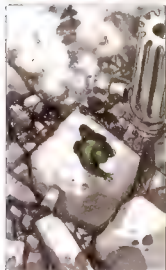
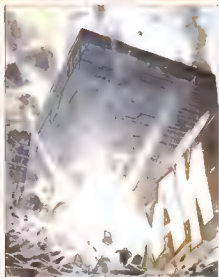
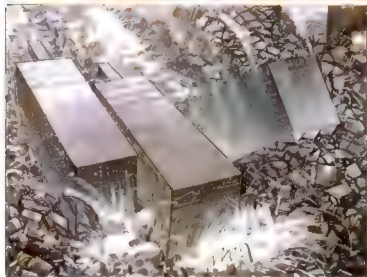
A TROGLUSOCALIK NEVER ADMITS DEFEAT  
WE LL WEAR THOSE KNOT C BONE S DOWN  
IN THE END KEEP ON FIRING



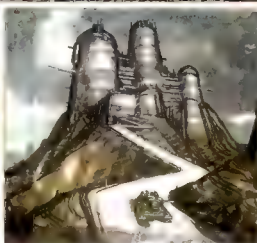
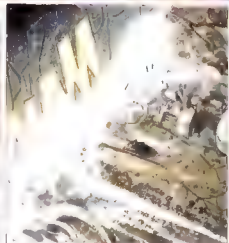
UNPALE CHRIST THEY JUST  
STARTED MOVING EVERYBODY RUN













To be continued in the next episode: **Galactic Threat...**





ISSUE #14

\$2.95 US

\$4.40 CAN

# The Metabarons™



## Galactic Threat

Jodorowsky Gimenez





# The Metabarons™

## Previously, in The Metabarons:

With the Metabaron having destroyed the Metabunker, Tonto and Lothar are left on a primitive and muddy planet. They set about constructing a new Metabunker and continue the story of the Metabarons to pass the time.

Don Nicanor and his army of Phodendrans storm the room where Melmoth and Dona Vincenta have barricaded themselves. He is determined to possess the woman he no longer remembers is his daughter. Dona Vincenta asks him what it is he loves most about her. When he replies that it is her eyes, she tears them out with her fingernails and gives them to him. Tormented by his own actions, he consents to her marriage to Melmoth and his decoration with the Medalion of High Nobility.

At the horrific sight of his wife's new cybernetic eyes, Melmoth's personality is once again broken up into its two components. Steelhead is pleased that his wife is now like him, but Zaran is repelled by her ugliness.

Meanwhile, outside the palace, a TechnoCardinal informs Don Nicanor that he and his people must abandon their home planet so that the Techno-Technos can harvest the mineral Bkramen. Don Nicanor refuses and the delegation begins bombarding the planet with huge rectangular blocks.

Don Nicanor attempts to fight off the invaders but their weapons are powerful. Dona Vincenta begs Steelhead to fight for her people, but Melmoth's jealous Zaran sees no point in continued existence. The Steelhead's decides to turn away from the fight and instead chooses to blow his own head off, eliminating the Poet from the equation all together.

**Story by Alexandro Joderowsky. Art, color and cover by Juan Gimenez.**

**Original Metabarons™ character created by Miblar™ and Joderowsky.**

**Translation by Justin Kelly.**

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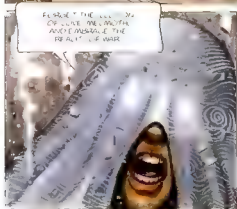
WHEN I FIRST FORMED MY FIGHT  
HARD, WE TOOK DOWN THE DEATH MACHINE  
UNRAVING THE CANTILE. IT ALREADY HAD  
REACHED THE MAIN LEVEL OF THE TOWER.



WE WOULD BE THE FIRST TO SEE THE DEATH  
MACHINE. BUT IT COULD NOT BE SEEN. MY  
FATHER'S DEATH.



THAT'S NOT THE FIRST.  
KEEP FIGHTING. IGNORE THE DEATH  
AND RETURN TO THE WARRIOR.



FORGET THE DEATH OF  
OUR FATHER. THE  
DEATH IS THE  
RESULT OF WAR.



ALREADY, WE WOULD  
NOT BE THE FIRST.  
BUT THE WARRIOR IS THE FIRST.



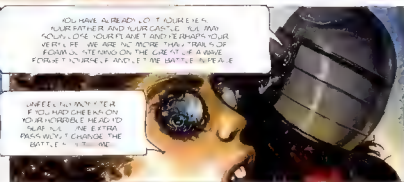
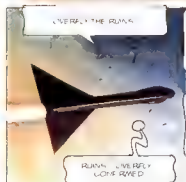
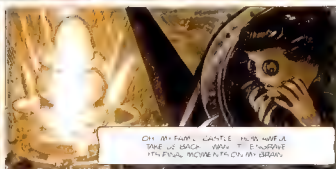
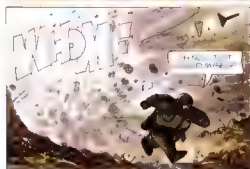
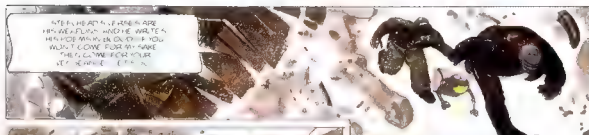
OH, HOW  
RE VOLTING  
WHY ARE YOU?



DO NOT  
FORGET THE DEATH OF  
OUR FATHER. THE  
DEATH IS THE  
RESULT OF WAR.



HERE THERE IS NO SIGNIFICANT  
MATTER. WE ARE NOT THE FIRST.

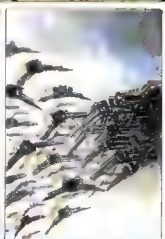


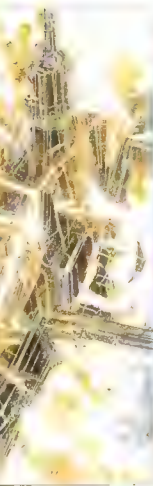
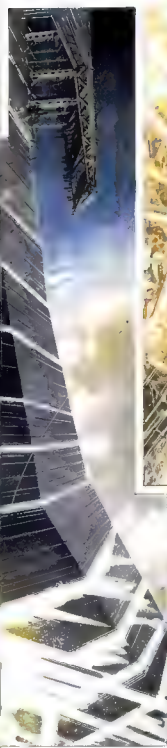
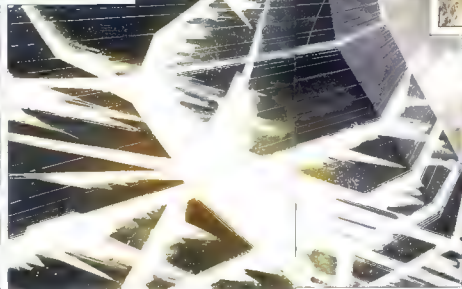




WITHIN INSTANTS, THEY HAD  
TRANSFORMED INTO SPACE BATTLE SHIPS











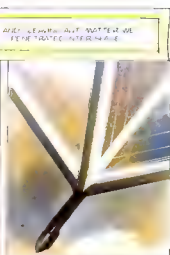
IT'S BEEN LITERALLY  
FIFTY YEARS, THE PLANE  
WASN'T FOR THE TIME BEING  
WE WENT TO THE  
HARDSET PLANE, LATER  
THAN HEAVEN (EARTH)

PLANE  
BAND  
MATE



WE WERE HATE  
THE HUMANITY, WE WERE  
WE WERE HATE, WE WERE  
WE WERE HATE, WE WERE  
WE WERE HATE, WE WERE  
WE WERE HATE, WE WERE

WE WERE HATE, WE WERE  
WE WERE HATE, WE WERE

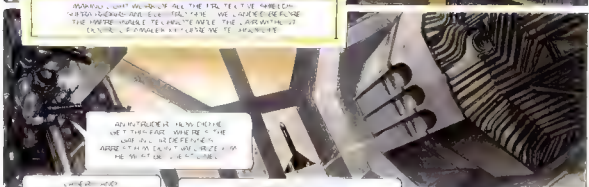


WE WERE HATE, WE WERE  
WE WERE HATE, WE WERE



TO BE EMERGE A FEW HUNDREDS LATER AT THE SEAT OF THE TECHNOLOGY &  
POWER THOUSANDS OF LIGHT YEARS AWAY FROM THE TRUCK, THE LARK SYSTEM

MAKING LIGHT WERE ALL THE STRUTS, THE SHIELDING  
WASN'T HUMANITY, WE WERE HATE, WE WERE HATE, WE WERE  
THE HUMANITY, WE WERE HATE, WE WERE HATE, WE WERE  
THE HUMANITY, WE WERE HATE, WE WERE HATE, WE WERE



WE WERE HATE, WE WERE  
WE WERE HATE, WE WERE

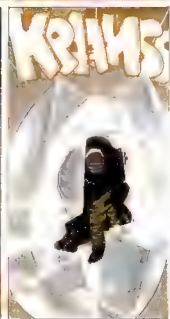
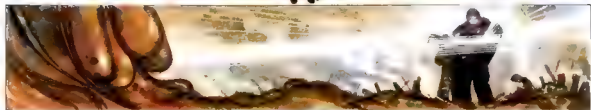


WE WERE HATE, WE WERE  
WE WERE HATE, WE WERE

WE WERE HATE, WE WERE

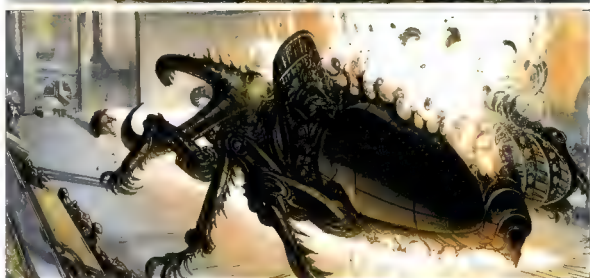
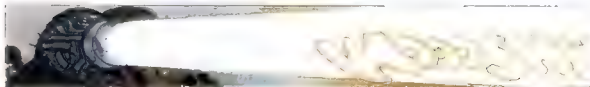
WE WERE HATE, WE WERE

















INCREDIBLE. WHAT UTTER  
HUMAN MADNESS. STEELHEAD HAD  
THE DALL TO SUBJECT ONE OF THE  
GALAXY'S MOST POWERFUL AND  
NEUTRAL PEOPLE. WHAT GOOD  
COULD IT DO HIM. THE TECHNOLOGICAL  
WOULDN'T DEPEND ON JUST ONE MAN.  
ANALEKH WOULD GUARANTEED BE REPLACED  
BY ANALEKH X1 OR X2. BESIDES,

WHY NOT THINK AS MECA TRAP  
TWISTED ABOUT AS IF IT WASN'T  
ENOUGH BEING INTERRUPTED BY  
THOSE DAMN GUNBOATS. WE'LL  
HAVE TO PUT UP WITH THE NOISE &  
SPROUTING FROM YOUR RUSTED ORA-  
CANY. KEEP QUIET AND LISTEN!

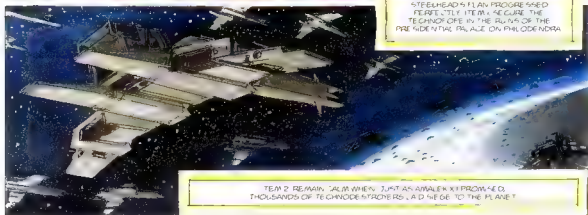


THE WORLD IS A GAME ANIMAL  
FOUND ONLY IN THE FORESTS OF  
PHILODENDRA. YOUR HOLINESS  
WILL WOULD TASTE A FAVORITE  
MORSEL. FOR WE MAY HAVE A  
LITTLE WAIT AHEAD OF US.

JUST LET THAT MOUNTAIN  
WE'VE DROWN TO DEATH.



YOU'RE THE LIVES WHO WILL  
SURVIVE TO DEATH. OUR POWERFUL  
TECHNOLOGICAL WILL LIVE TO  
THAT THE DARK PLANE.



STEELHEAD'S PLAN PROCEEDED  
FEARFULLY. IT WAS SECURE THE  
TECHNOLOGY IN THE BUNKERS OF THE  
PRESIDENTIAL PALACE ON PHILODENDRA.

TEAM 2 REMAIN CALM WHEN JUST AS ANALEKH'S PROMISED  
THOUSANDS OF TECHNOLOGICALS, A D SIEGE TO THE PLANET.

ITEM 3 HOLD A PRIVATE CONVERSATION OF THE GREATEST IMPORTANCE WITH DONA VICTORIA GABRIELA DE ROMANA, WHO HAD INHERITED ACTING THE ROLES OF THE TROGLOSOCIAL FEDERATION.

"STOP ACTING LIKE A CHILD, DONA VICTORIA. YOU CANNOT STAY BOUND TO THE PAST. BE YOUR THICK-HEADED FATHER. YOU MUST PROVE FROM NEW CIRCUMSTANCES!"

"SILENCE! HATE IS MERCENARY. I'D RATHER DIE THAN NEGOTIATE WITH THOSE WHO SLAUGHTERED MY FATHER, MY PEOPLE, AND MY PLANET! DESPISE NOW THAT MY SOUL

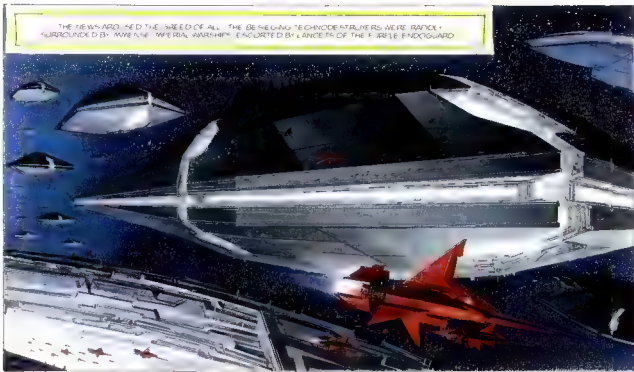
"ENOUGH! THE DEATH OF MY FATHER, A

DEATH IS FOR COWARDS. THE BRAVE WILL ALWAYS SURVIVE DESPITE EVERYTHING. IF YOU ARE DESTINED TO LOSE THIS PLANET, DO NOT COMMIT SUICIDE FOR THE NAME OF YOUR PEOPLE. TURN YOUR DEFEAT INTO A POWERFUL ADVANTAGE. ACCEPT MY PLAN!"

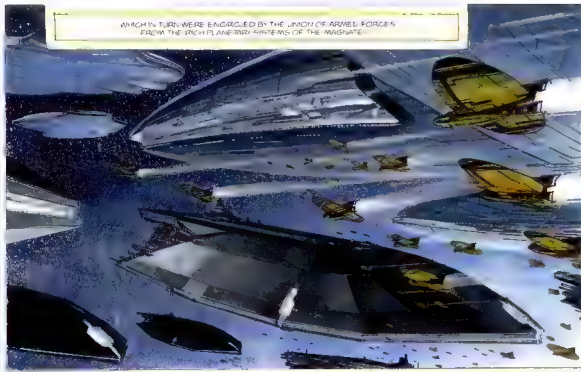
"ACCEPT WHAT NOW, FRIEND?"

ITEM 4 ANNOUNCE TO THE ENTIRE GALAXY THAT BIKRAVEN WAS PRESENT IN THE TROGLOSOCIAL SYSTEM.

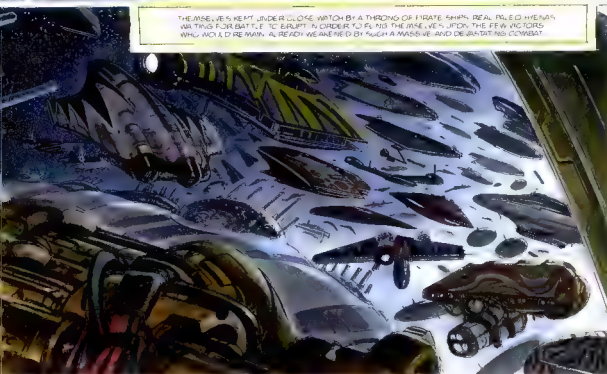
THE NEWS ARMED THE NEED OF ALL THE BEHEMOTH TECHNOLOGISTS WERE RAPIDLY  
SURROUNDED BY THE NEW "WARRIOR" ENGINEERED BY LANCELOT OF THE F-100E PHOENIX



ARMY IN TURN WERE ENGAGED BY THE JUNCH OF ARMY FORCES  
FROM THE JUNCH AND THE JUNCH OF THE JUNCH



THE JUNCH WERE KILLED UNDER THE WATCH BY A THROG OF FIGHTER PHOENIX BEAILED HYPERAN  
AND THE F-100E BATTLE TO EARTH IN ORDER TO REPAIR THE JUNCH. THE F-100E AND THE F-100E  
WHICH WOULD BE KILLED. ALREADY WE WERE KILLED BY SUCH A MASSIVE AND DEGRADING COMBAT





THEY PERSUADED BY MY MASTER, DONA VICENTA RECEIVED THE VARIOUS AMBASSADORS,  
AND HAD THEIR SIGN A MUTUAL CONTRACT TOGETHER WHICH VITIATED THAT  
THEY WOULD OFFER A HEFTY SUM FOR THE PURCHASE OF THE PLANE.

A MINUTE BEFORE THE AMBASSADORS  
DEPARTED, DONA VICENTA FROM THE EMPIRE  
THE MAGNATE, AND THE TELEPRODUCTION,  
CONCLUDE THE CONTRACT WITH A BARRAGE.

NEARBYHOUSE FOR THE PLANE AND TO THE  
TALOUSAGRAVIA WILL RECEIVE A SUFFICIENT  
PERSONS, ONE OF THE HARDEST MONTHS, FIGHTS  
THAT WILL BE THE CUT OF UNDERDEVELOPMENT,  
AS "WOM" THE REPRESENTERS OF THE MAGNATE.

IN ADDITION, THEY WILL RECEIVE  
A CENTRALLY LOCATED MISTERY OF  
ART, CIVIL, A PART OF THE HOME  
DIMENSIONS AS THE PLANE VIOLETS.

SO DO IT FOR  
THE GOOD OF  
MY PEOPLE!

AFTER WAS WAS THE CONTRACT AND ACCORDS, THE IMPERIAL, TELEPRODUCTION AND MAGNATE, AMBASSADORS  
WENT TO THE EMPIRE, IN THE HEAD OF THE EMPIRE, USE WERE A SUFFICIENT TO BE WITH A SUFFICIENT.

A SHORTLY AFTERWARDS, FROM THE BLIND OF HER CASTLE, HEAL FORTH, THERE BATHERS, DONA VICENTA WATCHED WAS  
THE FIRST GARDEN, AND MORTUARY, LEAVE FALLOUT, TO HEAD TOWARDS, AND THE TELEPRODUCTION, TO GIVE, AND THE PRODUCTION.

THOUGH WE WOULD UP, THE PLANE, IS PLANE TO  
ACCOMMODATE, AND THE PRODUCTION.

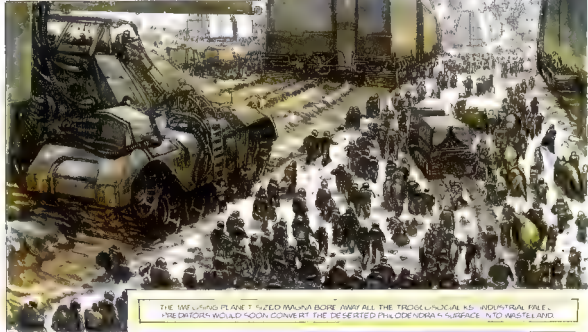
I WOULD HAVE WERE TO BE BLAMED  
HERE, IN OUR SOFT EARTH.

KNOW, MOTHER  
JUST WAIT.



WHEN THEY BURY US IN  
RELIEF, AND A SMALL  
AMOUNT OF PHLOEDORA'S  
EARTH WILL BE WITH US.

THE PLANETARY EXODUS TOOK PLACE  
IN A TUNED AND ORDERLY SILENCE.



THE TWO PLANET-SIZED MAGNA BORE AWAY ALL THE TROGLUSOCIALS. INDUSTRIAL FACILITIES  
PRE-DATORS WOULD SOON CONVERT THE DESERTED PHLOEDORA'S SURFACE INTO WASTELAND.



OH, TONTO WHAT DRAMATIC HUMAN EVENTS DONA VICENTA WASN'T BE ABLE TO ADMIT

FOR ONCE YOU'RE RIGHT, LOT OF DONA VICENTA SLINGS WERE HOON SEE, IF... H... HE HEAR



COUGH COUGH I CAN'T BEAR THIS ARTIFICIAL AIR, TH'S ARTIFICIAL RAIN, OR THESE ARTIFICIAL DAY AND NIGHTS

COUGH THE TARDIS TELFON LANDSLAIT WILL NEVER BEAR THE WEIGHT OF IMAGINATION AND... HAHA

JUST THE DATE OF THE BRANCHING OF ARTIFICIAL NATURE TREE SURROUNDED BY THOSE RIDICULOUS MICROGRAPHY FOR A BRIEF... COUGH COUGH



YOU MUST ACCEPT REALITY AS IT IS, MY ADI NATURE CEASED TO EXIST CENTURIES AGO

NATURE STILL EXISTS, MY FRIEND, YOU REMEMBER OUR WEDDING NIGHT AM I RIGHT?



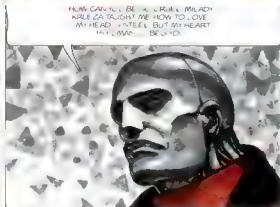
OH MY SON, A FUTURE WE DREAMT IN THE CANTABRAS WILL LIVE ON

YOUR FUTURE, COUGH COUGH, IT WAS YOUR BODY THAT POSSESSED ME, BUT MY SOUL MADE LOVE TO YOURS



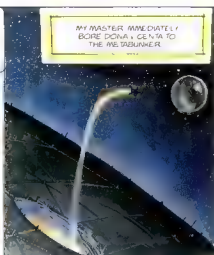
MY... COUGH... ME DREAMS, THE... WE WERE MY GENES

NOT TRUE, MY ADI NATURE SPIRIT WAS ABLE TO CHANGE MATTER, COUGH COUGH, YOU'LL SEE, THE BODY YOU HAVE HAS HANDSOME FEATURES, COUGH



HOW CAN YOU BE SO CRUEL, MY ADI NATURE TAUGHT ME HOW TO LOVE MY HEAD, MY HEART, BUT MY HEART BELONGS TO YOU





WHILE GENERAL ZOTHTO TOOK OVER THE PRESIDENCY

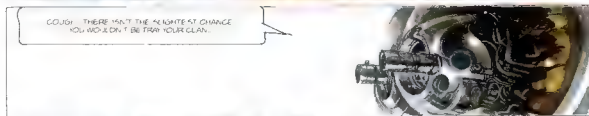
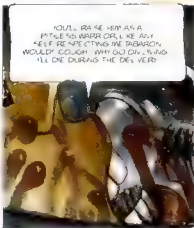
PEOPLE OF OUR FEDERATION IN THIS ERA OF PROSPERITY AND HAPPINESS, I PROMISE TO FULFILL MY DUTIES WITH DIGNITY, MY TREMENDOUS COURAGE IN THE FACE OF THE PETRO-MORPH ATTACKS AND A DEDICATION OF MY CHARACTER.



IN THE MEASURER, THE MASTER AND EXAMINED THE DYNASTY CENTER.

HER BODY REJECTS ALL THE MEDICINE ANTIBIOTICS AND SHE'S OPENING HER LUNGS TO THE RAVAGES OF THE PILEO BACILLUS TUBERCULOSIS TAKING OVER A CASCUSE!





NO NEED TO TELL ME TUNTO  
KING. MANY FEEL HEAD HAD A SON  
WHO WENT AWAY THE WAY UP TO THE  
CURRENT ME TABARON. TABORON  
HE WHOSE TO SAVE THE BOY

ALICE FLYING WITH CLAN  
HE WENT TO THE CLAN LITTLE

LOVE WHAT HUMAN FOLLY  
SO THEN TO SATISFY THE HALE  
TRAITOR OF HE LATE R SURE A  
BOY CHILD WITH DUNA NICE N/A  
OR ANOTHER WOMAN

ALICE THAM THE CLAN WILL FEEL HE AD  
EVER R SURE WAS THA LITTLE GIRL

DON'T UNDERSTAND HOW THEN DID THE CLAN SURVIVE  
THE CASIRKA NAME PASSE'S DOWN FROM FATHER TO SON  
PLEASE HURRY IF AND TELL ME

TOMORROW FOR NOW YOU MUST PREPARE OUR MASTER'S BREAKFAST  
THE CURRENT ME TABARON COULD BE RETURNING AT ANY MOMENT

WHY THE FAYE FOUR NOW  
THE ME TABARON THINKS HE  
EXTERMINATED US. NOBODY  
KNOWS WHERE WE ARE HE  
WANT TO BE BACK

THE LAWS OF ROBOTS ARE  
INVOLUBLE! THEY ORDER US TO  
PREPARE THE BREAKFAST SO WE WILL  
KEEP ON PREPARING IT TOMORROW  
LL TELL YOU WHAT HAPPENED NEXT

IF HAD BIO FEET ID  
STAMP THE M WITH RAGE  
JUST HAVING TO CONTAIN MY  
CURIOSITY TO GO ON TO CONT  
ME A GOOD HALF DOZEN  
PROF PRODES

Johnnie SKY  
30MENER

To be continued in the next episode: **Aghora, The Father-Mother...**







# The Metabarons

ISSUE #15

\$2.95 US  
\$ 4.75 CAN

*Aghora, The Father-Mother*

Jodorowsky Gimenez

After Don's cancer's death, Steehead was left with the part of him that was the poet. Zoran heza was the technique of the Twisted Technique. During the latter Don's, he was able to write a final test Steehead ready to die, but he was not. Steehead triumphs. Pr. Jerdus is a masterpiece.

Next, Steele heads puts out, after a short rest, and he makes the TechnoTechs struggle to find the right TechnoPope and bring him back to the TechnoTechs of the sands of Techno-Destroyers. The word "vengeance" for him, he reforms the rest of the galaxy about the state of the planet, and there, carrying him, a great swarm of spacecrafts from all parts of the galaxy. With a reluctant cooperation, he negotiates the same deal, and the location of the saddened Trojans, and a deal for him.

[illegible]

There is, however, a twist to the revelation that Steadhead does indeed choose the female child, leaving others wondering just how the tradition of the Metalurons, which can only pass from father to son, could be preserved.

Original Mobaharen™ character created by Mobius® and Jodorowsky. Translation by Justin Kelly.

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STOP! YOU FILTHY ORGANISMS  
WE ARE NOT EDDIBLE

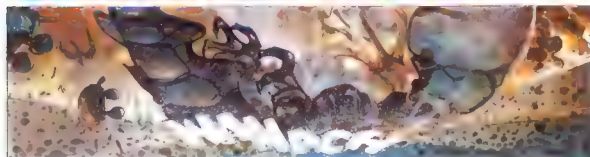
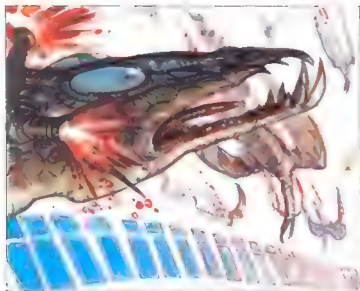
THE YRIF AS STUBBORN AS PALEO MULES  
ACTIVATE THE HYPER INFRASOUND. LOATHAR  
WE'LL SHATTER THE REARDRUMS

LET'S GIVE THOSE SOFT BRAINED  
KILLAWATT REIN WHAT THEY DESERVE

HYPER INFRASOUND  
ACTIVATED TONTO

© 1997





OH, LOTHAIR, WHAT ORGANIC  
INDIGNITIES WE MUST ENDURE  
DUE TO OUR MASTER'S  
LACK OF TRUST!

NO, TONTO, YOU'RE THE ONE WHO  
BROUGHT THESE EVENTS UPON US.  
BECAUSE YOU KNOW THE SECRET OF  
OUR MASTER'S SCAR, HE DECIDED TO  
DESTROY US, AND THAT'S WHY WE TOOK  
REFUGE ON THIS ODDIOUS PLANET!

SHUT YOUR RATTLING JAW TRAP  
AND GET TO WORK, ROBOTIC DUNG EATER!  
IF WE WORK QUICKLY, WE MIGHT COMPLETE  
THE ME TABUNKER IN TWO OR THREE  
CENTURIES, AND THEN AT LAST WE CAN  
GET OUT OF HERE!



WORK FOR TWO OR THREE CENTURIES  
THAT WILL BORE ME TO BLOODED TEARS. PLEASE  
TONTU KEEP TELLING ME THE STORY OF  
THE METABARON TO HELP PASS THE TIME

HAVE YOUR WAY WRECKY BOT  
YOU'RE AS PAINFUL AS AN ALLY AND  
ON VENUS IN A WHERE WE'RE WE

DONNA VICENTA GABRIELA DE ROKHA, OUR MASTER'S GRANDMOTHER  
LAY DYING ON AN OPERATING TABLE IN THE METABURGERY

MURDER YOUR BODY REVEALS TO ALL  
THE WEIGH IN THE CITY OF AND YOU'RE  
OPENING YOUR MOUTH TO THE RAVAGES  
OF THE FINE BATTLE IT HAS  
PAID TUBES AND LOSING THE SILENCE  
IN DISGUISE

THAT'S EXACTLY RIGHT! I'VE LOST MY BEAUTY,  
MY LOVER, MY CASTLE, MY PLANE, MY PEOPLE AND  
MY FATHER! WHAT ELSE IS LEFT TO ME BESIDES DEATH

YOUR CHILD, MAMA

EXCUSE ME TONTU DON'T MIND WAITING  
TO HEAR THE REST. RIGHT NOW I'D RATHER  
HEAR THE STORY OF THE SCAR

POOR BRAINLESS PALEO BUILD DOZER  
TO SHARE THAT SECRET AND TO SHARE THE DEATH  
SENTENCE! SOONER OR LATER THE METABARON  
WILL DESTROY YOU

MY CURIOUSITY WILL SELF DESTRUCT ME MUCH SOONER  
GO ON TELL ME HOW IS IT POSSIBLE THAT AT THE AGE  
OF 30 YEARS, 2 MONTHS, 3 HOURS, 20 MINUTES  
AND 1 NECOND, THE GREATEST WARRIOR IN  
THE GALAXY SUFFERED A WOUND TO HIS RIGHT EYE BROW  
WHO IN THE UNIVERSE COULD HAVE BEATEN HIM

OH, YOU ASKED FOR THE HPPPO ROBOTAMUS UNHINGE THE GREASY PLATE THAT COVER YOUR EARS AND LISTEN! THE MAN WHO GAVE HIM THAT SLAR WAS NONE OTHER THAN THE EEL-HEAD HIS GRANDFATHER

THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE. WITH ALL DUE RESPECT TO YOUR REPRODUCTION, YOU'RE A FILTHY LAR. EACH WE TABARON MUST SLAY HIS FATHER.

WHICH MEANS BEFORE OUR CURRENT MASTER WAS EVEN BORN, HIS FATHER HAD TO SLAY HIS GRANDFATHER. ANYTHING ELSE WOULD HAVE VIOLATED ME TABARONIC LAW, DISHONORING THEIR WHOLE CLAN. OH NO, A FEW OF MY DIODES ARE FRYING. CAN FEEL IT NOW.

STOP YOUR HYSTERIC ROBODANCE. WHAT I SAY IS TRUE, AND YET ME TABARONIC LAW REMAINED INTACT. LET ME TELL YOU THE STORY IN ITS RIGHTFUL ORDER. MAYBE THAT WAY YOUR MINUSCULE LOGIC CIRCUITS WILL COMPREHEND IT.

OH, M-LADY, YOU'RE BLESSED WITH TWINS, A GIRL AND A BOY! BUT YOUR WEAKENED CONDITION WILL ONLY ALLOW YOU TO DELIVER ONE OF THE INFANTS. THE OTHER WILL HAVE TO BE SACRIFICED.

THE BOY IS YOURS, CASTAWAYS CAN ONLY BERE MALE CHILDREN. THE GIRL IS FROM KREZZA, THE MAN, LOVE.

COUGH HACK  
YOU'LL SAVE THE BOY, I KNOW IT.

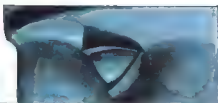
YOU'LL RAISE HIM AS  
A PITILESS WARRIOR! COUGH!  
WHY GO ON, JUNKS? I'LL DIE  
DURING DELIVERY!

AND IF I HAVE THE GIRL, M-LADY?

COUGH! THERE'S NO  
CHANCE OF THAT.  
YOU WOULDN'T BETRAY  
YOUR CLAN.



HAVE LEARNED WHAT LOVE IS, MILADY.  
THE GIRL WILL SURVIVE. SWEAR IT.



AM THE CHILD OF MY FORT. SHE'LL GIVE ME THE STRENGTH TO LIVE, SO I CAN RAISE HER.

BY THE PALE O WH SNAERS OF CONFEUS, I DON'T UNDERSTAND ANY OF THIS. IF HE SAVES THE GIRL, HE'LL BE DEAD. ONLY A SON CAN BEAR THE CASTAWAY FATE.

SHOW SOME RESPECT AND STOP INTERRUPTING. YOU CYBER MONSTERS! NOW LISTEN. THIS IS THE END OF YOUR LIFE. YOU'VE BEEN OVERHEARD OF SILENCES. ONE MORE HINT IS A THOUGHT OF THE SLIGHTEST PALEOPEEP FROM YOU, AND NO MORE STORY.



ME LOVING LIFE

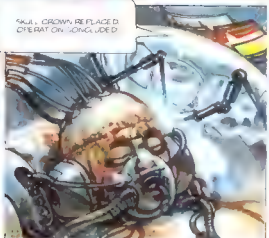
THE ONE SAVED WAS A SUCCESS. UNFORTUNATELY, THE OTHERS ARE LOST AT THE HET.

THAT'S NOT ALL, MASTER. THERE'S ONLY ONE BRAIN BETWEEN THEM. THE GIRL'S SKULL IS HOLLOW.



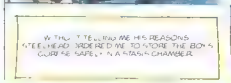
AFTER REPAIRING THE NAME HE TWIN'S STEEL HEAD BEGAN THE BRAIN TRANSPLANT INTO THE GIRL'S HEAD.

SKULL CROWN REPLACED. OPERATION CONCLUDED.

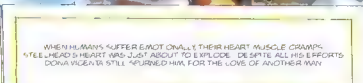




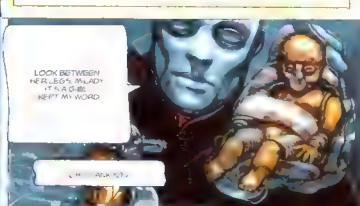
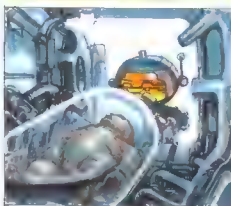
A MAN'S BRAIN IS A WOMAN'S BODY  
SHE WILL BE CALLED AGRURA  
DEEPER THAN DEEP



WHILE I TELL YOU HIS REASONS  
STEEL HEAD SAVED ME TO STORE THE BOMB  
CURSE BE SAFE IN A STASH CHAMBER

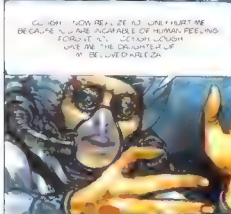


WHEN HUMANS SUFFER EMOTIONALLY THEIR HEART MUSCLE CRAMPS  
STEEL HEAD'S HEART WAS JUST ABOUT TO EXPLODE. DESPITE ALL HIS EFFORTS  
DONA VICENTA STILL SPURNED HIM FOR THE LOVE OF ANOTHER MAN



LOOK BETWEEN  
NEAR EYES' MILD  
IT'S A GIB  
KEPT MY WORD

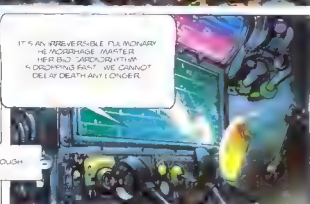
OH... ASK YOU



COUGH NOW REALIZE I'D ONLY HURT ME  
BECAUSE YOU ARE INCAPABLE OF HUMAN FEELING  
FORGET IT! DETACH COUGH  
WAKE ME THE DAUGHTER UP  
M BELIEVED ARLIZA

DON'T CRY ANGEL DON'T BE AFRAID  
COUGH SOON THEY'LL DISCONNECT  
WE FROW ALL THESE MACHINES AND YOU'LL  
SEE THAT I'M A MAN COUGH I'LL TEACH YOU  
TO WRITE POEMS LIKE YOUR FATHER  
YOU'LL BE A BEAUTIFUL LITTLE GIRL  
COUGH COUGH

WAAAAH!



HAAA

COUGH

WAAH!

COUGH

IT'S AN IRREVERSIBLE FLUX MONARY  
HE MORPHOSE MASTER  
HER BIO CARDIOTHYTHM  
& DROPPING FAST WE CANNOT  
DELAY DEATH ANY LONGER



I'M SO SORRY

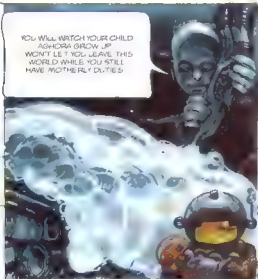
DON'T DO THIS, M'JADY! KEPT MY WORD  
YOU CANNOT BREAK YOURS! YOU PROMISED YOU  
WOULD LIVE TO RAISE YOUR DAUGHTER  
FORBID YOU TO DIE

HUSH  
"LITTLE ONE"  
BIG TEARS SERVE  
NO LOGICAL  
PURPOSE

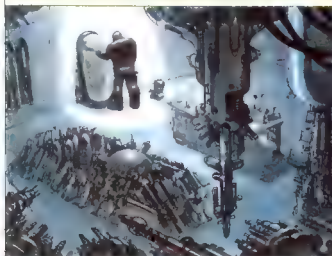
WAAAH!  
WAAH!

SO STEE, HEAD DRAPE D HER IN AN OMNI-CRIO-THROUD  
FREEZING ALL HER BIOLOGICAL PROCESSES  
HIS WIFE WOULD BE PERMANENTLY PRESERVED  
IN HER STATE OF NEAR-DEATH

YOU WILL WATCH YOUR CHILD  
ASHORA GROW UP  
WON'T LET YOU LEAVE THIS  
WORLD WHILE YOU STILL  
HAVE MATHERLY DUTIES



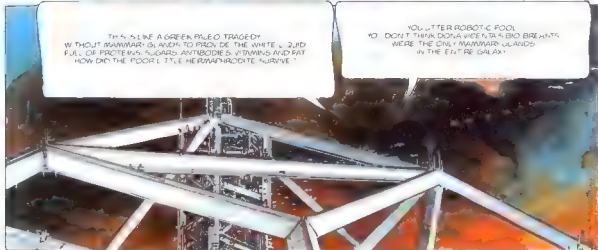
LIKE AN ICON, DONA VICENTA WAS PLACED IN THE HALL OF WEAPONS



FROM THIS SPOT  
YOU WILL WATCH YOUR CHILD  
AS SHE GROWS UP FEMALE KRELEZA  
ON THE UTHIDE MALE CASTAKA ON  
THE INSIDE OUR BRAIN. WHAT FORCE  
IS NOT OUR BODY. I WILL MAKE  
YOUR DAUGHTER INTO  
AN "WINNABLE" WARRIOR

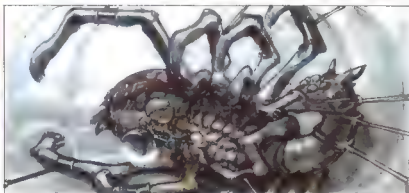
THIS IS LIKE A GREEN PALEO TRAGEDY  
WITHOUT MAMMARY GLANDS TO PROVIDE THE WHITE LARD  
FULL OF PROTEINS, SUGARS, ANTIBODIES, VITAMINS AND FAT  
HOW DID THE POOR LITTLE HERMAPHRODITE SURVIVE?

YOU LITTLE ROBOTIC FOOL  
YOU DON'T THINK DONA VICENTA'S BIO BREASTS  
WERE THE ONLY MAMMARY GLANDS  
IN THE ENTIRE GALAXY





STEELHEAD FOUND A TARRANT WOLF TO BE AHDORA'S NURSEMAID. THIS RESULT OF A RANDESS GENETIC EXPERIMENT WAS NOW THE MOST DANGEROUS ANIMAL IN THE GALAXY. A NUMBER OF TIMES IT ALMOST DEVoured THE CHILD.



BUT AHDORA WAS SO STRONG-WILLED THAT BY THE AGE OF FIVE SHE HAD TAMED THE TARRANT WOLF INTO AN OBEDIENT MOUNT AND INVOLVED IT IN HER IMAGINATIVE GAMES.

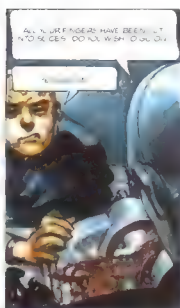
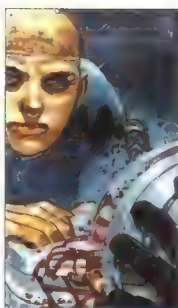
MUSTLE DE VANDRA. WE HAVE TO KEEP CIRCLING THE METEORITE UNTIL WE'VE DESTROYED ALL THE METEORITES.



AFTER YEARS OF THE MOST INTENSE WARRIOR TRAINING AVAILABLE, AHDORA REACHED THE AGE OF SEVEN AND HAD TO TEST HER RESISTANCE TO PAIN.

WE WILL NOON HEE IF YOU DE NERVE THE NAME OF THE TABARN. THIS ARCHAIC MACHINE WAS A NO CER FOR THE METEORITES FOOD OUR ANCESTORS CALLED HAM.





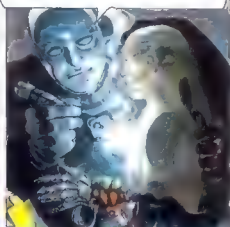
DO YOU WISH TO RISE ABOVE  
THE FEMININE BODY THAT HOLDS YOUR  
MASCULINE MIND? FOR THAT'S THE ONLY  
WAY YOU MAY CONSIDER YOURSELF  
A REAL MAN.



THAT IS MY SOUL'S  
DEEPEST DESIRE?



NOW YOUR BREASTS WILL NEVER GROW.  
NOW I CAN CALL YOU 'SON'  
AND THE TRUE INITIATION CAN BEGIN.



THANK YOU  
FATHER.

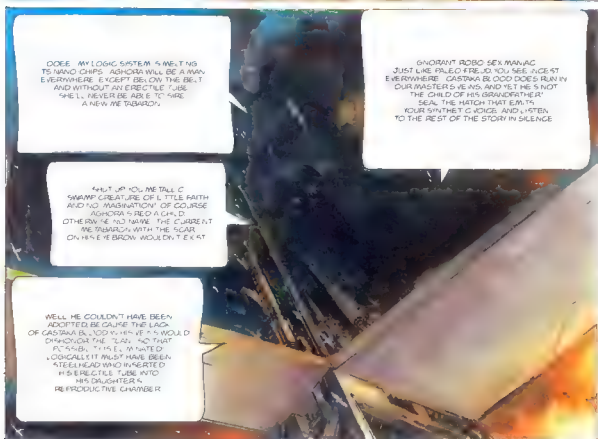


DOEE. MY LOGIC SYSTEM'S MELTING  
ITS NANO CHIPS. AGHORA WILL BE A MAN  
EVERYWHERE EXCEPT BELOW THE BELT  
AND WITHOUT AN ERECTILE TUBE  
SHE'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO SIRE  
A NEW ME TABARCH.

SHUT UP YOU METALLIC  
SWAMP CREATURE OF LITTLE FAITH  
AND NO IMAGINATION! OF COURSE  
AGHORA'S NOT A CHILD  
OTHERWISE NO WAY THE CURRENT  
ME TABARCH WITH THE SCAR  
ON HIS EYEBROW WOULDN'T EXIST.

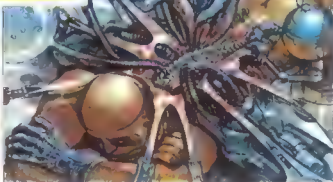
WELL HE COULDN'T HAVE BEEN  
ADOPTED BECAUSE THE LACK  
OF CASTAWA BLOOD IN HIS VEINS WOULD  
DRAIN HIM OF THE FLAME. AND THAT  
POSSIBLY IS THE MAIN REASON  
LOGICALLY IT MUST HAVE BEEN  
STEELHEAD WHO INSERTED  
HIS ERECTILE TUBE INTO  
HIS DAUGHTER'S  
REPRODUCTIVE CHAMBER.

IGNORANT ROBO SEX MANIAC  
JUST LIKE PALEO FREUD YOU SEE INCEST  
EVERYWHERE. CASTAWA BLOOD DOES RUN IN  
OUR MASTERS' VEINS, AND YET HE'S NOT  
THE CHILD OF HIS GRANDFATHER!  
SEAL THE HATCH THAT EMITS  
YOUR SYNTHETIC VOICE, AND LISTEN  
TO THE REST OF THE STORY IN SILENCE.

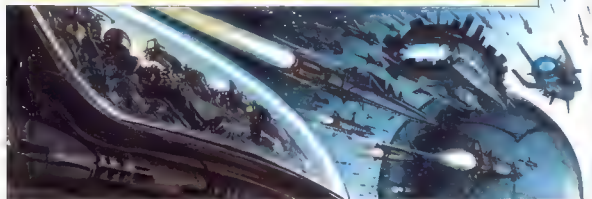




OVER THE COURSE OF SEVERAL YEARS AND NUMEROUS PAINFUL OPERATIONS WE IMPLANTED A NET OF ORG MINI BOMBS INSIDE AGHORA, AS WELL AS MANY OTHER WEAPONS CAPABLE OF DESTROYING A GALAXY

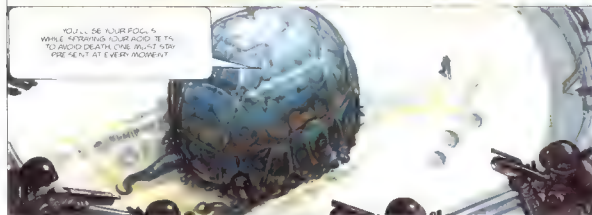


FOR HER FIRST ASSIGNMENT AS A SUPER MERCENARY HER FATHER ENTRUSTED HER WITH THE MOST DESPISED JOB IN THE ENTIRE GALAXY. EXECUTIONER ON PRISON PLANET KHALYUGA. GOWDRA WOULD ARRIVE CONSTANTLY BRINGING CREATURES CONDEMNED TO DEATH FROM ACROSS THE GALAXY. MANY OF THEM FROM SPECIES THAT WERE DIFFICULT TO KILL.



FOR THREE YEARS AGHORA KILLED 200 PRISONERS A DAY. SOME WERE CONSIDERED UNDEFEATABLE LIKE A GHOLAR OF THE DAR.

YOU'LL SEE YOUR FOCUS WHILE REFRAINING YOUR ACID IT'S TO AVOID DEATH ONE MUST STAY PRESENT AT EVERY MOMENT



OKRISTPAK, THE SELF-GENERATING MULTILIMB ZARD  
FROM THE EIGHT PLANET SYSTEM OF PEAGRIX.

NOW DIE!

GRAAAK!

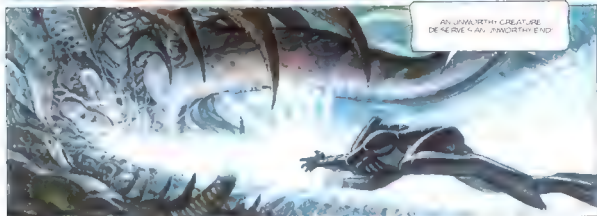
NOW, SEE! EACH TIME  
I SEVER THEM, THEY MULTIPLY!

MY FATHER TAUGHT ME TO CHANGE  
WEAPONS TO SUIT THE OCCASION.

OR FIRE STYLIZ THE POKEMON TRAITOR OF AGGAIEND



AN UNWORTHY CREATURE  
DESERVES AN UNWORTHY END

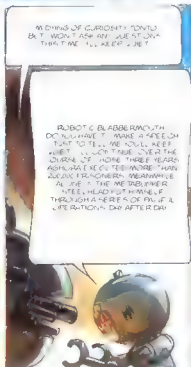


VICTORY, OR DEATH!



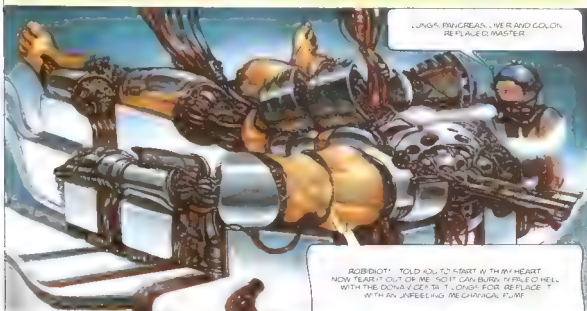
MINDS OF CURIOSITY TONTO  
BUT WON'T ASK ANYONE STOW  
THIS TIME I'LL KEEP A JET

ROBOTIC BLABBERMOUTH  
DO YOU HAVE TO MAKE A DECISION  
THAT TO TELL ME YOU'LL KEEP  
QUIET I'LL JOIN THEM OVER THE  
CHAINS OF HONOR THREE YEARS  
AGH! I'VE BEEN TOLD MORE THAN  
2000 PRISONERS MEANWHILE  
ALIVE - THE ME DEBUNKER  
KNEE HEADPOT WANKING  
THROUGH A SERIES OF PUFF &  
LIFE RATIONS DAY AFTER DAY





UNABLE TO BEAR THE PAIN OF LOST LOVE WHICH HE FELT IN EVERY CELL OF HIS BODY HE REPLACED HIS FLESH  
HIS BONES AND HIS NERVOUS WITH THE FLEXIBLE METAL STORION



LUNGS PANCREAS LIVER AND COLON  
REPLACED MASTER

ROBBIOT!! TOLD YOU TO START WITH MY HEART  
NOW TEAR IT OUT OF ME SO IT CAN BURN IN FILE O HELL  
WITH THE DONAVICER TA T LONON FOR REPLACIT  
WITH AN UNFEELING MECHANICAL PUMP

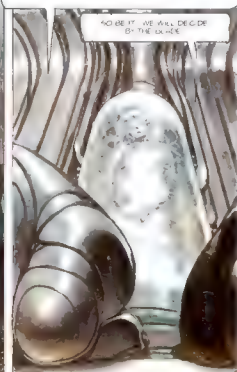
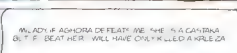
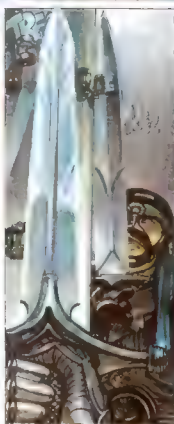
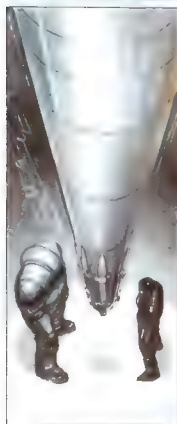
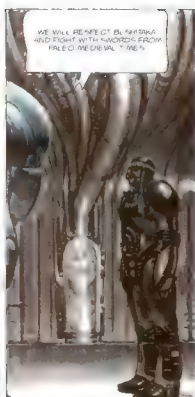
OH SUCH GREAT AND NOBLE LOVE... BUT EVEN A DROP  
OF CONDENSATION IS FORMING IN MY OCULAR CAVITY

THAT'S TO NOT A DROP OF DISTILLER MECHANICAL MUDON  
WE ROBOTS DON'T SHED TEARS FROM OUR EYES OR DRIBBLE  
MUCUS FROM OUR SENSORS NOSES AND NO WAXIN  
TO OUR EARS TO KEEP AWAY FROM LISTENING

AT LAST WE WILL FIND OUT  
IF YOU ARE TO BE  
A METABORON

SMEEZC

CASTAWA TRADITION DEMANDED THAT ON HER SIXTEENTH  
BIRTHDAY AGHORA FACE THE FINAL TRIAL OF HER IN TATION

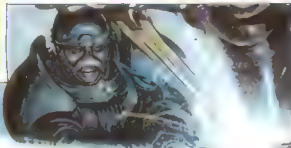




THE WARRIORS FOUGHT HEAD TO HEAD FOR TWO DAYS  
NEITHER ONE ABLE TO LAND A SINGLE BLOW



ON THE DAWN OF THE THIRD DAY ASHORA PENETRATED  
HER FATHER'S DEFENSES DEALING HIM A TWO HANDED THROAT  
TO THE WAIST WHICH SHOULD HAVE KILLED HIM IN HALF

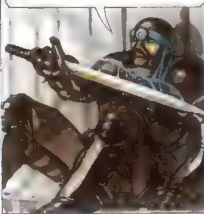


BUT STEEL HEAD FOUGHT ON NOT EVEN  
STAGGERING FROM THE IMPACT

WELL... HERE



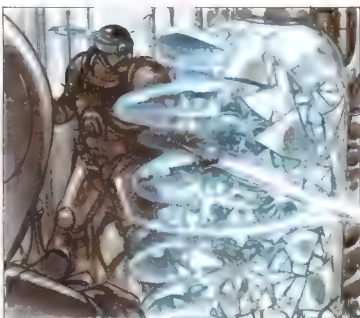
THIS IS AN UNFAIR CONTEST  
YOU'VE GIVEN YOURSELF AN INVULNERABLE  
METAL BODY THAT NO SWORDSTROKE  
WILL EVER FETTER



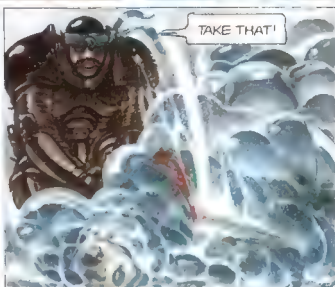




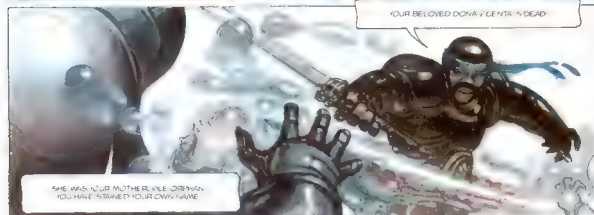
A WARRIOR OF MERE FLESH IS NOT  
A TRUE WARRIOR. A TRUE WARRIOR MUST  
BE BETTER THAN HUMAN. PREPARE TO DIE



NOOO! SACRILEGE!

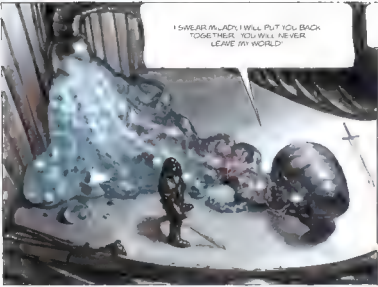


TAKE THAT!



YOUR BELOVED DONA V CENTA IS DEAD

SHE WAS YOUR MOTHER. VILE ORDHAN  
YOU HAVE STAINED YOUR OWN NAME



I SWEAR MY LADY, I WILL PUT YOU BACK  
TOGETHER. YOU WILL NEVER  
LEAVE MY WORLD!



I CANNOT KILL YOU, BUT AT LEAST  
I CAN FREEZE YOU!



LOVE IS THE WARRIOR'S GREATEST ENEMY!



LOVE CAUSED YOUR DEFEAT WHICH  
MAKES ME THE NEW ME TABARON!

AND SO STEELHEAD WAS LAUNCHED OUT INTO THE COSMOS TO BE LOST IN INFINITE SPACE.

AHA. NOW AT LAST I UNDERSTAND  
IN A NUMBER OF YEARS STEELHEAD WILL  
BREAK FREE AND RETURN TO AVENGE HIMSELF  
THAT'S WHEN HE WILL INFLECT THE WOUND  
TO OUR MASTER'S EYEBROW.

YOU WALKING AND TALKING  
"SCRAP" HEAP? SINCE YOU KNOW  
THE WHOLE STORY WHY DON'T  
I SHUT UP SO YOU CAN TELL  
THE REST OF IT.

SORRY TONTO. PUNISH ME. FORCE ME TO DRINK  
SECOND-HAND OIL. BUT KEEP TALKING.

ONE SORRY IS NOT ENOUGH. IF YOU WANT  
ME TO GO ON WITH MY STORY YOU HAVE TO SAY  
IT A MILLION TIMES.

SORRY SORRY SORRY SORRY. WHEN  
ONE MILLION. NOW I'VE DONE MY PENANCE.  
PLEASE CONTINUE THE STORY.

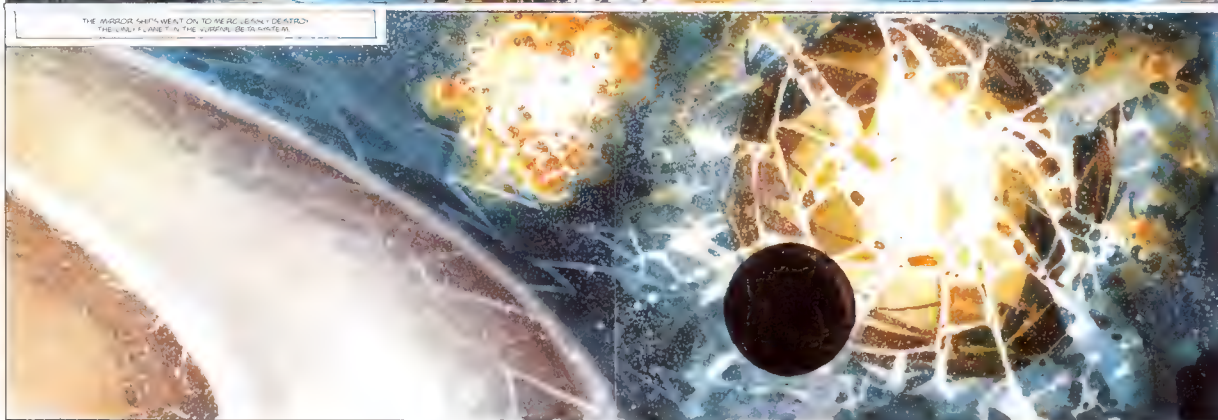
OWIE  
YOU OVER-SIZED  
CHAMBERPOT  
I'LL CONTINUE.

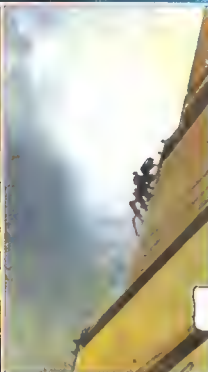
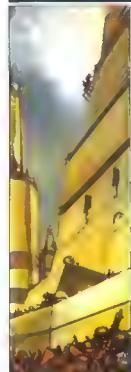
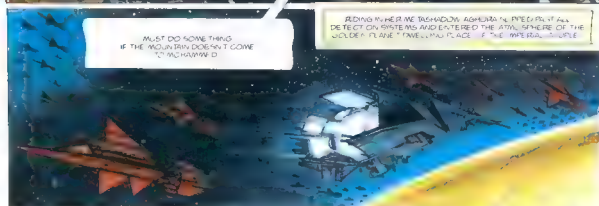
THE NEW ME TABARON WAITED THREE LONG YEARS FOR  
THE IMPERIAL COURT TO GRANT HER AN ASSIGNMENT.

THIS IS YOUR FIFTH GLASS OF GANYA,  
MASTER. BEWARE POSSIBLE  
LOSS OF CONTROL.

AND YOUR OWN BUSINESS  
ROBOTS MIGHT EVEN IF LOSE  
CONTROL DEBARCA CAN STILL  
DEFEND ME.







To be continued in the next episode: **The Mirror Effect...**



# The Metabunker



This invincible fortress is the sacred sanctuary of the Metabaron and home to all the secrets of the Castakas. It is also the home of the Metabaron's only companions, the robots Testo and Lothar. The Metabunker is not only an indestructible fortress, it also a symbol of the tragic solitude that marks the life of the Metabaron.





ISSUE #16

\$2.95 US  
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# The Metabarons™



Jodorowsky Gimenez

## The Mirror Effect

FAO  
GIMENEZ

# The Metabarons™

## Previously, in The Metabarons:

Near death due to a terrorist's DNA, a young woman due to complications only one of the twins in her womb could bear. Dr. Aventura assumes that the child will survive, matching the probability of a successful pregnancy, starting to save the female. In the last moments of the tradition of the Metabarons, she puts to rest a girl. Steelhead saves the same twin, by replacing the boy's brain into the girl's body, for the girl's status chamber. Just as Dr. Aventura leaves the Agtara, she suffers a pulmonary hemorrhage and Steelhead preserves her in a state of near death.

Steelhead finds a Tarantula to nurse Agtara with milk and by the time Agtara is five years old, she wins the great beast raising it Doyanra. During the first Metabarons war, it's passage Agtara's left hand, she is used with a bomb, and her body is a threat so that her husband will never know and she can live as a nurse. Agtara's husband will serve as executor of the prison, and she will kill criminals from the last metabarons of the galaxy.

Over time with grief for Dr. Aventura, her husband is killed by the Star Wars. In the third metabarons war, she saves her father, but for the first Metabarons, Agtara destroys Dr. Aventura's body and seals the first metabarons. She is the only one who can stop the space for three years. Agtara works on her hypera (court to grant) an assignment, but on some days, her arrival. Even when a metabarons Mirror Ships invade the universe and destroy the Imperial Fleet, the Empire fails to stop her. Agtara, determined to defend the universe, Agtara heads for the Golden Planet to find out why no one has asked for the Metabarons help.

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**Original Metabarons™ character created by Moebius® and Jodorowsky. Translation by Justin Kelly.**

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THE SITUATION IS WORSE  
THAN A MERE WAR BETWEEN  
GALAXIES. THIS TIME, A WHOLE  
UNIVERSE CHALLENGES US!

WHAT ABOUT THE  
FLEET WE PAID SO  
MANY KUBLARS FOR?

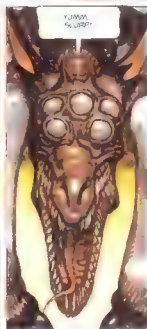
WE'RE DOING OUR BEST  
BUT THE ENEMY IS LIKE  
A MIRROR, AND ANYTHING  
WE LAUNCH AT IT COMES  
STRAIGHT BACK AT US!

BEHIND THAT MIRROR LIES A FORCE  
EVEN GREATER THAN OUR OWN. ALAS,  
WE MUST RESIGN OURSELVES TO THE  
FACT THAT WE WILL SOON BE DESTROYED.

OH, PALEO-CHRIST, WILL  
THEY LET US SURRENDER?











WHAT'S GOING ON NOW YOU BIG T NHEAD?  
SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION IS NOT  
A NORMAL ROBOT FUNCTION!

SHUT UP, MANIACAL DWARF! CAN'T YOU SEE I'M BURNING?  
IF I HAD SKIN AND BIO NERVES, I'D BE SHRIEKING IN PAIN!

BUT I DON'T UNDERSTAND IT. YOUR CYBER SYSTEMS AND  
TECHNO SYNAPSES ARE GUARANTEED TO LAST TEN THOUSAND  
YEARS. ROBOTIC LOGIC DECREES YOU CANNOT BE ON FIRE.

WHAT DO YOU CALL THESE FLAMES THAT HAVE  
DESTRUCTED HALF MY METAL BODY? A BIO DREAM?

OKAY, YOU'RE REPIRED NOW. LOTHAR,  
ALTHOUGH A BIT TOO HUMANLIKE FOR MY  
ROBOTIC TASTES. BUT TELL ME: HOW COULD  
YOU DARE CALL ME A "MANIACAL DWARF"?

I'M SORRY, TONTU! IF I HAD BIO-FEET,  
I'D SAY I HAD PUT ONE OF THEM IN THE  
HATCH WHERE MY SYNTHETIC VOICE  
COMES OUT. I ONLY SAID IT BECAUSE  
ALL MY TECHNO-SYNAPSES WERE  
SHORT-CIRCUITED.

MY SYSTEM STARTED GOING  
HAYWIRE AT THE THOUGHT  
OF A LUSTY BIO MALE SLIPPING  
HIS REPRODUCTIVE SHAFT INTO  
ASHDRA'S FORBIDDEN CAVERN.

OR WORSE  
THAT ASHORA HERSELF  
MIGHT HAVE THE COMMON  
FEMALE DESIRE TO HAVE A PENIS  
IMPREGNATE HER.  
BUT IF NOT NOW, COULD  
OUR CURRENT MASTER  
HAVE BEEN BORN?  
COOH, I MIGHT  
CATCH ON FIRE AGAIN.

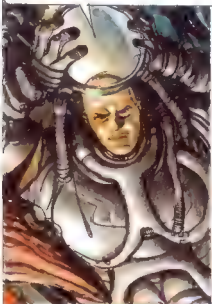
CALM YOURSELF  
MYSTERICAL PLEO WHORS.  
THE ANSWER WILL BECOME  
CLEAR AFTER TELL YOU HOW  
WE FOUGHT OFF THE COSMIC  
NARDERS. NOW JUST LISTEN.

OUR GREAT IMPERIAL FLEET WAS ON THE POINT OF DESTRUCTION.  
SOON, THE MYSTERIOUS ENEMY WOULD RULE ALL THE GALAXIES IN OUR UNIVERSE.

LOOK, DEYNIRA. THOSE DIOFS ARE BEATEN BY THE ROWN  
REFLECTIONS. THEY CAN ONLY BE HARD IN THEIR ATTACK AND  
FOOLISHLY FORGET TO BE SUPPLE. WHEN THE R POWER IS  
TURNED BACK ON THEM, THEY LOSE THE BATTLE.

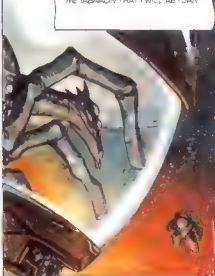
SMARZ

I MUST FIGHT THE ENEMY WITH  
ITS OWN WEAPONS. I WANT TO BREAK  
THROUGH THE MIRROR. WAIT HERE

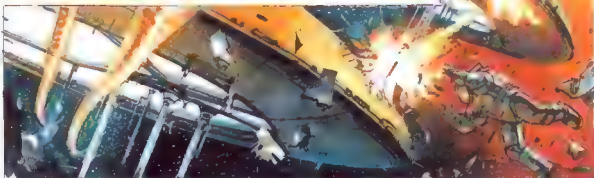


RWOOOOOWWWW!

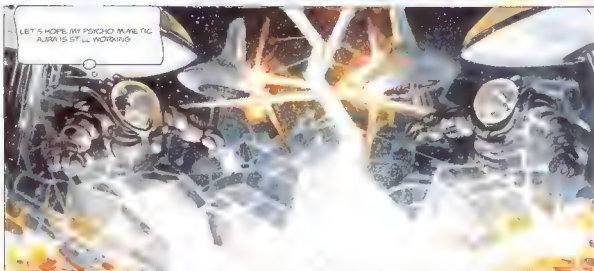
STOP HOWLING, DEVIANA!  
AND DON'T TRY TO FOLLOW ME!  
GIVE YOU MY WORD AS A  
METABEON THAT I WILL RETURN




ASHORA SPLIT DEVIANA  
BETWEEN THE EMPIRE &  
DAMAGED SHIPS



LET'S HOPE MY PSYCHO-MAGNETIC  
AURA IS STILL WORKING







THE ONE THING A MIRROR CAN'T  
REFLECT IS ANOTHER MIRROR.

THAT'S HOW ASHORA PENETRATED THE ENEMY SCREEN

THEN, AT HYPER LIGHT SPEED, STILL SHROUDED IN  
THE CLOAK THAT MADE HER INVISIBLE, SHE FLEW  
TO THE FURTHEST ENDS OF OUR UNIVERSE

NOT WORTH WASTING MY WEAPONS ON THESE  
DISGUSTING PALEO JELLYFISH. INSTEAD I'LL  
DESTROY THE FORCE THAT CONTROLS THEM.



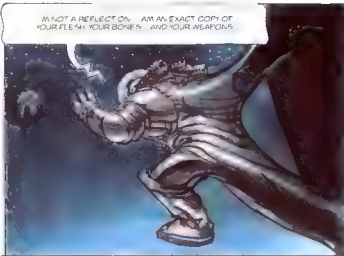
TO THE PLACE WHERE THE DWELLERS FROM ANOTHER  
DIMENSION HAD OPENED A GATEWAY TO OUR UNIVERSE.

BUHATKA DE GREES: IF THE BODY OF THE ENEMY IS TOO  
GREAT TO OVERCOME IN EVEN BATTLE, THE PATH TO VICTORY

WATCHDOG  
OPENING HEAD  
WITH UNIFORME BELOW

ASHORA NEEDED THROUGH THE MOTHER BEANS WITH  
A PRECISION LASER AND EXPLODED IN FINAL ISLAND

I'M NOT A REFLECTOR. I AM AN EXACT COPY OF  
YOUR FLESH, YOUR BONES, AND YOUR WEAPONS.



WHATEVER YOU DO TO ME, YOU WILL DO TO YOURSELF. IF YOU WISH YOUR LIFE  
SPARED, PUT ASIDE YOUR HATRED, AND SHOW ME YOUR LOVE. SURRENDER.



YOU CANNOT BEWITCH ME! HAVE NO FEELINGS, ONLY DUTY,  
AND MY DUTY IS TO DESTROY YOU!

YOU CANNOT, FOR WE ARE THE SAME.



NO, YOU'RE MISTAKEN. YOUR SOUL  
MAY BE A BODY, BUT MY BODY IS A SOUL.  
THAT'S WHAT WILL COST YOU THE BATTLE!

OH! YOU'RE DISSOLVING!



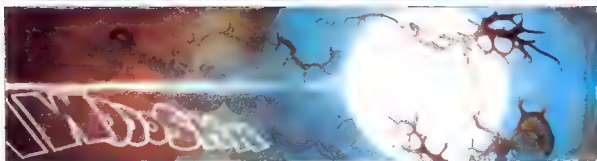
YOU CAN COPY MY FLESH AND BONE,  
BUT NEVER MY SPIRIT.

DON'T TRY YOUR MIRROR TRICKS AGAIN.





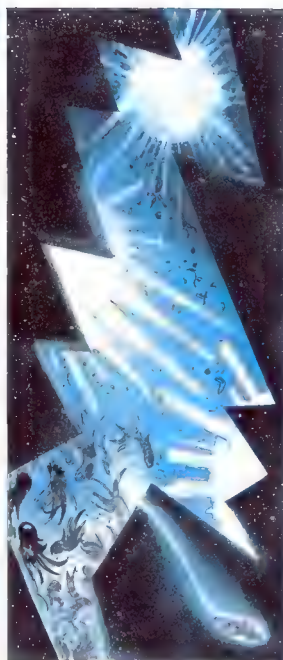
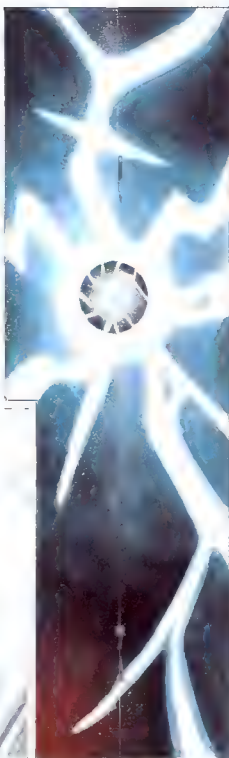
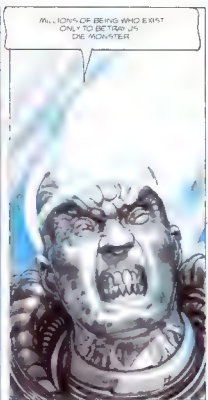
AAGH!



WELL, I AM A  
NUCLEUS CONNECTED  
TO AN INFINITE AMOUNT  
OF OTHERS.  
IF YOU DESTROY ME,  
YOU WILL CREATE  
A CHAIN REACTION  
THAT WILL DESTROY  
MY WHOLE UNIVERSE.

YOUR TIME  
HAS COME





ASHORA LEFT THE UNIVERSE, ITS COUNTLESS GALAXIES EXPLODING ONE AFTER THE OTHER. THE SATURNI CLOSED FOREVER AND THE WARING JELLYFISH CUT OFF FROM THE ENERGY SOURCE, DISCOVERED HE A BAD DREAM.

OOH! OOH! MILLIONS UPON MILLIONS UPON  
MILLIONS OF DEATHS. THE DESTRUCTION OF AN ENTIRE  
UNIVERSE. ASHORA IS THE GREATEST MURDERER IN HISTORY!  
I'M ASHAMED TO SERVE SUCH A DISHONORABLE CLAN.

HOLD IT RIGHT THERE, CYBER-PAL. WHAT ARE YOU WHIMPERING  
ABOUT? I WAS AN ENEMY UNIVERSE, POPULATED BY MONSTERS  
BENT ON OUR DESTRUCTION... ASHORA SAVED THE HUMAN RACE!

SHE WAS AWARDED NO LESS THAN THE  
FLURI GALACTIC MEDALLION, THE HIGHEST  
DISTINCTION GIVEN BY THE EMPIRE. UNFORTUNATELY,  
DURING THE CEREMONY, THE UNTHINKABLE HAPPENED.

OH REALLY? THE ANCIENT  
PALED MYSTICS WOULD HAVE  
SAID IT WAS HER KARMA. TELL  
ME MORE, TELL ME MORE.

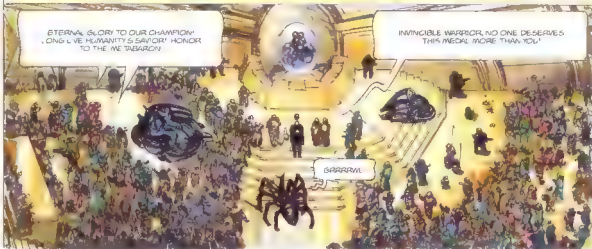
AT THE MOMENT, THE TECHNOPOPE WAS KEEPERING THE MEDAL AROUND HER NECK.



IN FRONT OF THE GALACTIC SENATE ON THE GOLDEN PLANET, THE EMPRESS, THE IMPERIAL COURT, THE MENTREKS,  
THE ENDOSJARD, THE TECHNO-TECHNO GUILD, THE EKONOMAT, THE TROS, SOCIAL KOLONISTS AND THE ARMY.

ETERNAL GLORY TO OUR CHAMPION,  
OUR LVE HUMANITY S SAVIOR! HONOR  
TO THE WE TEABARD.

INVINCIBLE WARRIOR, NO ONE DESERVES  
THIS MEDAL MORE THAN YOU!









ENDOGUARDS! HELP  
ME CARRY HER!

FORGET IT! SHE MIGHT  
WAKE UP AND EAT US ALL!

SO ASHORA JUST LIKE PALEO CHRIST BEARING A CROSS  
UNDER THE SCORNFUL GAZE OF ONLOOKERS, CARRIED  
AWAY THE ONLY FRIEND SHE EVER HAD IN HER LIFE

ONCE THEY RETURNED TO THE MEGABUNKER, SHE ORDERED  
ME TO RUN COMPREHENSIVE TESTS ON DE SANIRA

WHAT DOES THE  
DATA SAY TONY?

MASTER, DE SANIRA HAS  
A TUMOR CLOTTING HALF  
HER BRAIN. THERE'S NOT  
MUCH BLOOD LEFT WITHIN  
HER. SHE WILL DIE IN  
AGONIZING PAIN

MY POOR DE SANIRA. I CANNOT  
BEAR TO HAVE YOU SUFFER  
A MOMENT LONGER. I MUST  
KILL YOU ON THE SPOT

AS A FINAL GOODBYE  
THE DRAGON-WOLF LOVINGLY  
KILLED ITS MASTER

FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HER LIFE  
ASHORA CRIED. A SINGLE TEAR

ASHORA

DE SANIRA



FOLLOWING A TRADITION OF THE PALEO VIKINGS, THE REMAINS OF THE PROUD AND NOBLE ANIMAL WERE EJECTED INTO THE COSMOS.



A SINGLE TEAR, NOTHING UNUSUAL FOR A NORMAL HUMAN. BUT WHEN SHED BY A METABARON, ONE TEAR IS A COSMIC CATASTROPHE.

THE CAUSE



AS CE CRACKS TO REVEAL DEEP WATER BENEATH THE METABARON DISCOVERED SADNESS

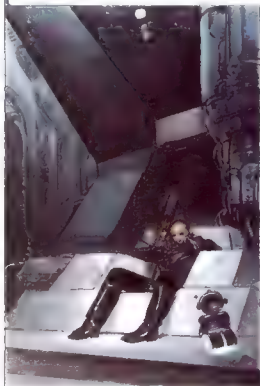


WHAT'S HAPPENING TO ME? IF I CANNOT BEAR THE DEATH OF ONE TARANTU-WOLF, HOW WAS I ABLE TO KILL MILLIONS UPON MILLIONS OF BEINGS?

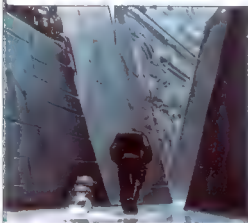
ALTHOUGH I MAY HAVE BEEN KILLING MONSTERS, CANNOT PROVE THEY ARE WORSE THAN THE HUMAN RACE WHICH I DESPISE

JUST AS I DESPISE MYSELF I KNOW HOW TO BRING DEATH BECAUSE I WAS TRAINED FOR IT. BUT I DON'T KNOW HOW TO BRING LIFE

THAT'S IT  
I'LL HAVE A CHILD



BUT COULDN'T BEAR TO LET A MAN  
PENETRATE ME. MUST FIND SOME MALE  
CELLS FROM MY CLAY AND INSERT THEM ARTIFICIALLY.

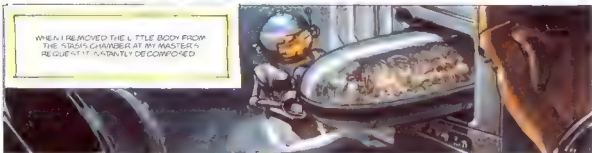


EUREKA! SAY NO MORE I'VE GOT T1 HER TWIN BROTHER'S  
CORPSE S5T... IN THE STASIS CHAMBER, AND THAT'S  
WHERE AGNORA WILL GET THE MALE CELLS SHE NEEDS.  
SEE TONTO? I'M NOT A ROBO IDIOT AFTER ALL.



ROBO IDIOT YOU ARE, AND ROBO IDIOT  
YOU'LL STAY. EVERY ONE OF YOUR LOGICAL  
CONCLUSIONS CONTAINS AN ERROR,  
LIKE A PILED FLY IN THE OINTMENT.

WHEN I REMOVED THE LITTLE BODY FROM  
THE STASIS CHAMBER AT MY MASTER'S  
REQUEST IT INSTANTLY DECOMPOSED.

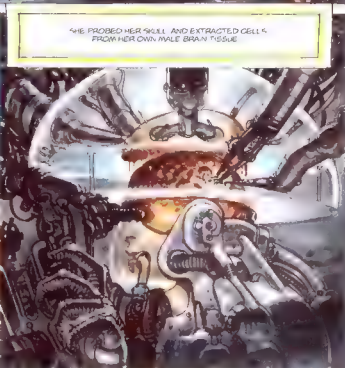


WHAT? WHAT? ARE YOU TELLING ME  
A HUMAN MALE TURNED HER AFTER ALL?



I FITTY YOUR DELUSION OF PROGRESSING  
BUT I'M ONLY TELLING YOU THIS STORY  
TO KEEP YOUR DIODES FROM FRYING.

SHE PROBED HER SKULL AND EXTRACTED CELLS  
FROM HER OWN MALE BRAIN TISSUE.



AND THEN USED HYPO-GENETICS TO TRANSFORM THE  
BRAIN TISSUE INTO WRIGGLING SPERMATOZOOIDS



IN OTHER WORDS, SHE ACHIEVED THE  
FIRST AUTO-CONCEPTION IN HISTORY  
AND GOT HERSELF PREGNANT.

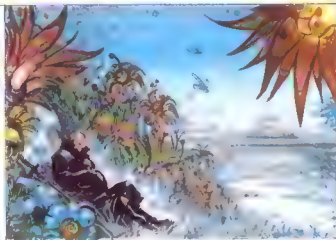
BY THE BEARD OF THE PALEO-PROPHET, THIS IS COMPLETELY INCONCEIVABLE.  
HOW CAN THE GREATEST WARRIOR IN THE GALAXY, THE SYMBOL OF MASCULINITY,  
BE PREGNANT WITH CHILD? MY GUTS ARE REJECTING THE 'MAGE'!



'MECHANICAL MORON! YOUR ROBOTIC  
REALITY CAN NEVER MATCH THE REAL WORLD.  
REMEMBER YOU WERE MADE TO PERCEIVE  
FACTS, AND NOT WENT THEM. IF YOU DON'T  
ACCEPT REALITY, YOU'LL EXPLODE!'

THE MIGHTIEST WARRIOR IN THE GALAXY WENT INTO HIDING ON THE  
GARDEN PLANET OF FLOS, LEAVING BEHIND CIVIL ZAT ON AND ALL  
ITS VIOLENCE SO THAT SHE COULD GIVE BIRTH IN PEACE. HOWEVER,

MEGA GULP! FORGIVE  
MY ROBO-NONSENSE  
I ACCEPT REALITY



To be continued in the next episode: **The Return of The Shabda-Oud...**







ISSUE #17

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# The Metabarons™



*The Return of The Shabda-Oud*  
Jodorowsky Gimenez

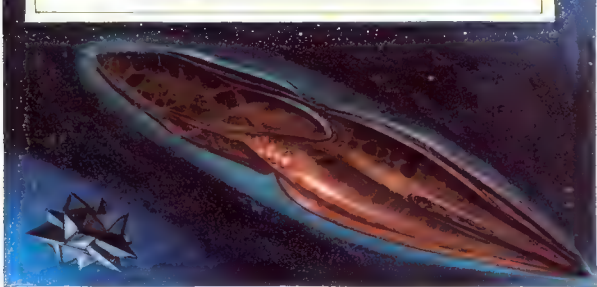
Ag<sub>2</sub> is very rare in the ore. It is reported by the  
Chinese workers that the ore has a trace of Ag<sub>2</sub> and that they do  
not use it in the smelting process. It is also reported that the  
ore has a trace of Ag<sub>2</sub> and that they do not use it in the  
smelting process. It is also reported that the ore has a trace of  
Ag<sub>2</sub> and that they do not use it in the smelting process. It is also  
reported that the ore has a trace of Ag<sub>2</sub> and that they do not use  
it in the smelting process. It is also reported that the ore has a  
trace of Ag<sub>2</sub> and that they do not use it in the smelting process.

1. The above information is true and correct and I am not aware of any other information that might be relevant to the above matter.

[illegible]

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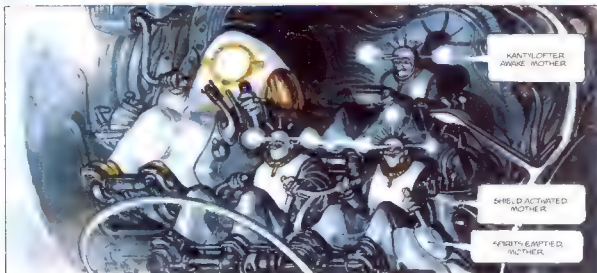
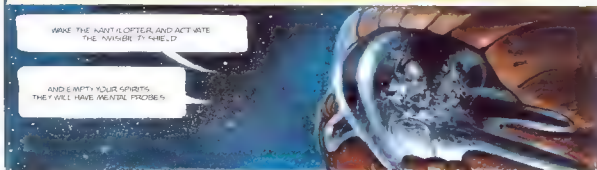
EN ROUTE TO THE EMPIRE'S MOST DREADED PRISON  
THE ABOMINABLE T-SHULIM SATELLITE KSEN-KSEN. EVIL TREACHERY WAS AFOOT



FROM INSIDE AN OCTOCYBORG, THE FOUR SURVIVING WHORE PRIESTESSES OF THE SHABDOLU PLOTTED A DARING RAID

WAKE THE KANTILOFTER, AND ACTIVATE  
THE INVISIBLE SHIELD

AND EMPTY YOUR SPIRITS  
THEY WILL HAVE MENTAL PROBES



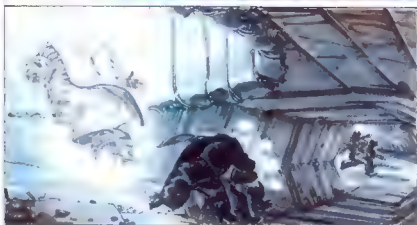
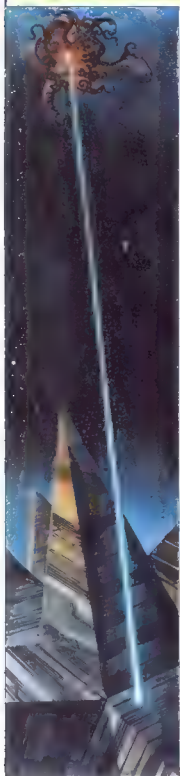
KANTILOFTER  
AWAKE MOTHER

SHIELD ACTIVATED  
MOTHER

SPRITS EMPTIED  
MOTHER

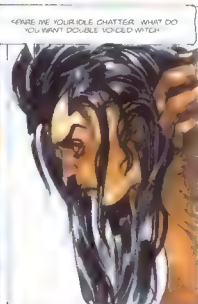


ENGAGING OF TECTON BY THE GUARDIAN SATELLITES. THE JCTC CYBORG PENETRATED THE STRONGHOLD



THE WHOLE PRESTESSES UPDIED THE MENTAL  
ESSENCE TO EXTERMINATE ALL THE GUARDS





PROPHECY DICTATES THAT A PERFECT ANDROGYNE WILL RULE FOR ALL ETERNITY,  
COMBINING THE QUALITIES OF MAN AND WOMAN INTO ONE PERFECT SPIRIT WHICH WILL  
GUIDE HUMANITY TO ITS RIGHTFUL PLACE AS THE CONSCIENCE OF THE UNIVERSE.



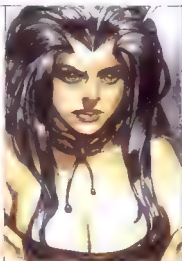
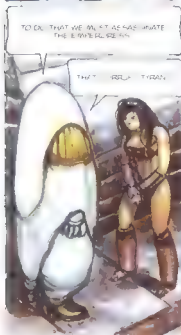
TO DO THAT WE MUST ACCELERATE  
THE EVOLUTIONARY PROCESS

CRAZY WITCHES. WITH THE EMPEROR'S  
GONE WHO THEN WILL STEP FORWARD  
AND FULFILL THE PROPHECY?

ME!

ME!

MAY YOU BE BLESSED  
GODDESS MOTHER

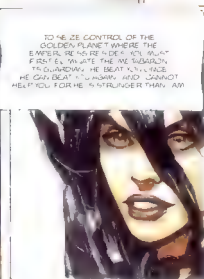
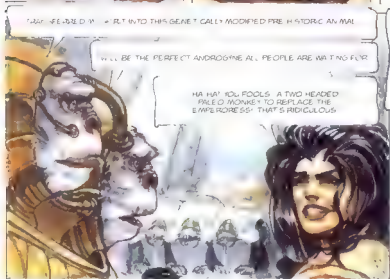


THAT REBORN - PUT INTO THIS GENETICALLY MODIFIED PREHISTORIC ANIMAL

... WILL BE THE PERFECT ANDROGYNE ALL PEOPLE ARE WAITING FOR

HA HA! YOU FOOLS! A TWO HEADED  
PALEO MONKEY TO REPLACE THE  
EMPEROR'S? THAT'S RIDICULOUS!

TO SEIZE CONTROL OF THE  
GOLDEN PLANET WHERE THE  
EMPEROR RESIDES YOU MUST  
FIRSTLY VANQUISH THE REBELS.  
TODAY HE BEAT YOUR FACE  
HE CAN BEAT YOU AGAIN, AND CANNOT  
HELP YOU FOR HE IS STRONGER THAN I AM





NOT SO! HONORA THE CURRENT  
METABOLISM FEMALE

AND AT THIS MOMENT  
SHE NINE MONTHS  
PREGNANT

SHE CANNOT  
MOVE GUCCI!

NURSE HERMAN BOMBS  
FOR FEAR OF HARMING THE FETUS

SHE CAN DEFEND HERSELF  
ONLY WITH HER METABOLISM

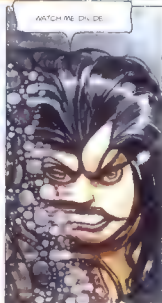
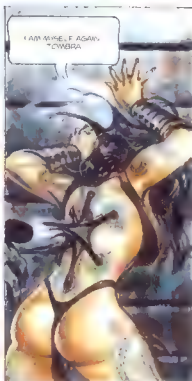
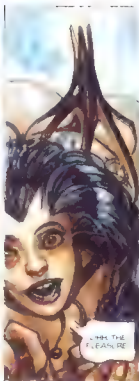
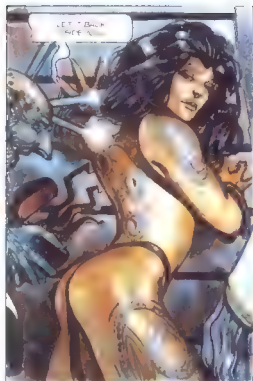
YOU WILL KILL HER, AND WE WILL BE FREE  
TO SEIZE THE THRONE IN RETURN...

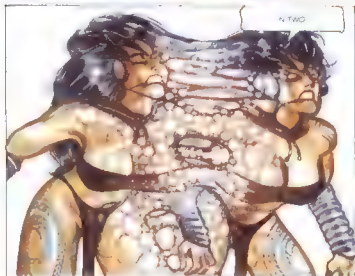
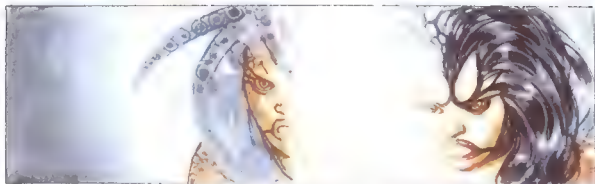
WE WILL APPOINT YOU SUPREME COMMANDER OF THE  
IMPERIAL FORCES, SO YOU CAN LEGALLY RAID MINOR PLANETS  
AND MAKE YOURSELF RICH FROM THE R.P.D. UNDER

I LIKE YOUR OFFER, BUT THE EMPIRE RENDERED  
ME POWERLESS WHEN THEY DESTROYED MY  
HANDICAPTER WITHOUT TELLING NOTHING

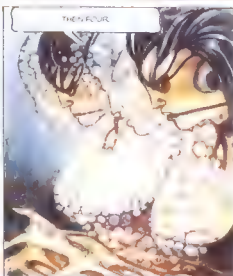
HERE - AN IDENTICAL SPECIMEN  
WE'RE COVERED ONE OF ITS GILLS  
AND CLOTHED IT







AT TWO

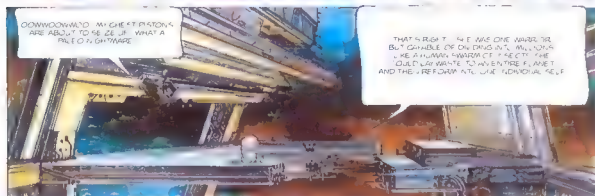


THREE FOUR



THREE EIGHT

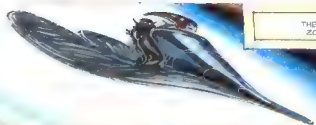
THREE SIX SEVEN



DOWNDOWNDOWN! MIGHTY PISTONS  
ARE ABOUT TO SEIZE UP! WHAT A  
PALEONIGHTMARE!

THAT'S RIGHT! WE'VE GOT ONE WARRIOR  
BUT GAMBLE ON CHANGING IT! MILLIONS  
ARE A HUNDRED THOUSAND! WE'VE GOT THE  
COURAGE TO ADVENTURE! WE'VE GOT  
AND THE REFORM INTO ONE INDIVIDUAL SELF!





ASHORA HAD BROKEN WATER AND WAS EXPERIENCING HER FIRST LABOR PAINS. SHE WAS STANDING AT THE FOOT OF ROCK DRAGON, WHICH EMERGED, ACCORDING TO LEGEND, FROM THE BURIED HEAD OF THE LAST DRAGON.

May the shadow of  
this mighty rock  
bless and protect you.

COME OUT & TITLE  
TABLE

SUDDENLY WITHOUT SPEAKING A WORD A CIRCLE  
OF ZOMBIES ATTACKED THE METABOLON

WHEN ASHORA REACHED THE SUMMIT SHE  
REALIZED SHE WAS SURROUNDED BY MILLIONS  
UPON MILLIONS OF ENEMIES. NOT EVEN A  
ME DEBARON COULD ELIMINATE THEM ALL  
BEFORE DYING OF EXHAUSTION.

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UPON MILLIONS OF ENEMIES. NOT EVEN A  
ME DEBARON COULD ELIMINATE THEM ALL  
BEFORE DYING OF EXHAUSTION.

MY CIRCUITS ARE HEATING UP. NEED A PAUSE  
LL CONTINUE IN EIGHT HOURS

DAMN YOU TO BIO HELL. I KNOW ASHORA  
SURVIVES (OR NO NAME THE CURRENT  
ME TRESPASS, COULD NOT EXIST). BUT HOW?  
MY CURIOSITY IS MAKING ME WET MYSELF  
WITH A JET OF OIL IN MY PERINEAL JOINT  
BEG YOU, GO ON

YOU MECHANICAL BABOON  
MISK OF YOUR FRIED DIODES  
AND PATHETIC CURIOSITY! LL  
MAKE YOU WAIT A THOUSAND YEARS  
JUST TO TEACH YOU A LESSON!

MAKE ME WAIT A THOUSAND YEARS  
BEFORE TELLING ME HOW ASHORA  
"TRUMPHED" YOU MECHANICAL "SADISTIC"  
ROBO PARANO D PALEO HITLER!

ROBOTIC LAW FORBIDS YOU FROM ADORING ME  
LIKE THAT INFERIOR MACHINE. ILL JUST HAVE TO REMOVE  
YOUR IDENTITY CIRCUITS, LIKE REMOVING A DECAYED TOOTH

I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF YOUR VERBAL  
AT RACKS. YOU BOUNTING ANDGETTING I'VE PUT  
UP WITH YOU FOR CENTURIES! HATE YOU  
IF YOU HAD BIO BALLS. TO RIP THEM OFF!

ME TALK C REEL C! HOW DARE  
YOU MIMIC HUMAN EMOTION?  
A ROBOT CANNOT FEEL HATE

IS THAT SO? WELL, THE ACTUAL  
FEELING IS AN "IRRESISTIBLE"  
IMPULSE TO CRASH A PRIDE  
GIGGLES METAL DWARF INTO A  
MILLION PIECES. ILL TRAMPLE YOU  
INTO SOUP YOU STINKING ROBOT!




CALM DOWN, LOTHAR. YOU'RE NOT THE BIG BAD PALEO WOLF, AND I'M NOT THE THREE LITTLE PALEO PIGS! SO STOP CHASING ME!



THIS IS IMPOSSIBLE  
A BIG DAY AM  
DON'T BELIEVE IT



YES, IT'S POSSIBLE! AWAKEN  
YOUR ROBOT BRAIN AND  
BELIEVE IT! BYE BYE ARMS



YES, NOW BYE BYE TORSO

BYE BYE LEGS


NOOO!

WAY, LOTHAR, YOU WIN




I'M SORRY

SAY IT THREE  
MILLION TIMES



SORRY  
TWO MILLION NINE HUNDRED  
NINE TY NINE THOUSAND NINE  
HUNDRED NINE TY NINE I'M SORRY  
THREE MILLION I'M SORRY  
PHEW

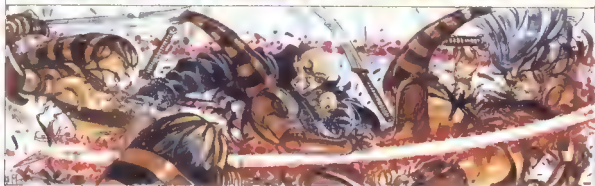


YES SIR MASTER LOTHAR,  
AS YOU WISH, I WILL TELL YOU  
THE STORY. ANYTHING TO  
GET MY BODY BACK

THAT WILL DO. NOW, TONTO, TELL  
ME THE WHOLE STORY AND SWEET  
ME YOUR ARROGANT INTERRUPTIONS  
YOU CAN ALSO CALL ME "SIR"



WITH REALIZATION SHE COULD NOT TRUMPH OVER ALL HER ENEMIES, ASHORA EMPLOYED  
B. SHITAKA'S LAW: A WARRIOR MUST SACRIFICE PART OF HERSELF TO SURVIVE.



SHE DIRECTED THE METALADE'S  
BATTLE THIRST



IN TOWARDS ITSELF



AS THE WEAPON BEGAN  
TO DISINTEGRATE

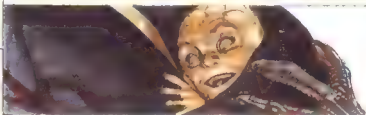


ASHORA MENTALLY STEERED ITS SELF DESTRUCTIVE  
FORCE DOWNWARDS, USING IT AS A KIND OF ROCKET

IN A FEW SECONDS PARENT  
AND CHILD HAD BREACHED THE  
POLYETHYLENE LAYER THAT SURROUNDED  
PLANET FLON.



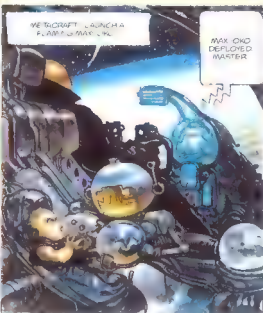
THE NEWBORN'S TONGUE HAD NOT YET TASTED MILK, BUT HE LOOKED  
ON WITH AMAZING INTELLIGENCE, AND LAUGHED AS AN ADULT WOULD.



THE METACRAFT ARRIVED JUST IN TIME AS THE METABLADE BURNED ITSELF TO THE HILT.

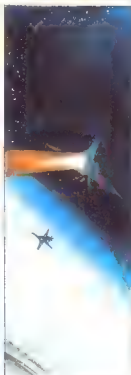


SINCE AGHORA'S BREASTS WERE NO MORE THAN TWIN  
ACARS, I USED ARTIFICIAL MILK TO NURSE THE BABY.



METACRAFT LAUNCHES  
FLAME-GUN ATTACK.

MAX WHO  
DEPLOYED  
MASTER.



THE GARDEN PLANET TURNED TO ASHES IN THREE TENTHS OF A SECOND

THE FABULOUS FLOWERS OF FLUA WERE INCINERATED WITH ALL THE ZOMBIES. ONLY THE PLANET'S VENOMOUS INSECTS SURVIVED

BRAVE ME TABLAD!  
YOU HAVE SAVED OUR CLAN.  
YOUR REMAINS SHALL BE HONORED

FULL SPEED CROW. TAKE US TO THE GOLDEN PLANET

COME ON, LITTLE ONE.  
GIVE US THAT FETID EXHALATION  
WHICH HUMANS CALL A BURP!

BURP!

WHEN YOU CALL ME CROW, MASTER,  
I KNOW IT MEANS YOU HAVE JUST  
TRUMPHEED IN BATTLE

HAVE ONLY HALF TRIUMPHED. WHOEVER  
ENGINEERED THIS TREACHERY MUST NOW BE  
USING THE DISTRACT ON TO ATTACK THE EMPIRE  
AND I WILL NOT HAVE TRIUMPHED UNTIL THEY  
ARE DEAD. MAXIMUM SPEED CROW

MAXIMUM SPEED MASTER



AS WE APPROACHED THE GOLDEN PLANET WE FOUND  
THE ENDOSJARD DRIFTING THROUGH SPACE

FASTER GROW EXCEED YOUR LIMITS  
WE MAY A READY BE TOO LATE

BE CARE MASTER TOO FAST AND  
EXPLODE REMEMBER BLAH DINA  
A WARNING TRAVEL IS NOT BLAH ONLY  
THAT DEATH CATCHES UP WITH HIM  
BUT HE THERE SO ONLY THAT HE  
CATCHES UP WITH DEATH

MERCY IF YOU LET ME LIVE I WILL REVEAL MY PLANET'S MILITARY SECRETS

SILENCE  
CONVARD

ARGGH!

CAN DO WHATEVER YOU ASK! KILL  
THE POOR BUT SPARE THE RICH

WE ARE BETTER FIT TO RULE THE GALAXY THAN YOU

ACK!

CURSE YOUR WITCHER  
AAARGH!

HAHAHAHAHA THEFT THE  
MENTAL SUPER BRAINS CANNOT  
WITHSTAND OUR MENTAL POWERS!

ACK!

ARGH

FALSE EMPRESS! YOU ARE  
NOTHING WITHOUT A ME TABARON TO  
DEFEND YOU. YOUR EMPIRE HAS ENDED,  
AND OURS HAS JUST BEGUN.

I'LL BOIL YOU IN YOUR AMMOTIC  
FLUID LIKE A FRIED CHICKEN IN SOUP.

STUPID MONKEY. NOTHING CAN  
EVER WAKE YOU, THE ME-SSAH!

ALTHOUGH OUR FLESH MAY PERISH,  
OUR SPIRIT WILL RULE ON!

STOP  
WITCHES!

A ME TABARON BEAT US ONCE, BUT YOU  
YOURSELF CANNOT MATCH THAT FEAT TODAY.  
THE BATTLE WITH THE ZOMBIES AND THE  
DELIVERY OF YOUR CHILD HAVE WORN YOU OUT.

ENOUGH  
TRAITORS.

WE'LL FRY YOUR BRAIN!

BUSHITAKA SAYS  
"VICTORY OR DEATH!"



FORGIVE ME, SIR MASTER LOTHAR, IF I POINT OUT YOUR COMMENTS RESEMBLE THE ROBO-IDIOTCY YOU USED TO SP'OUT... YOU KNOW PERFECTLY WELL, MASTER, THAT THE GOLDEN PLANET REMAINED INTACT, SO THAT'S NOT HOW AGHORA DIED...





DURING THE BATTLE, I ENTERED THROUGH THE BREACH THE WITCHES HAD LEFT BEHIND THEM...

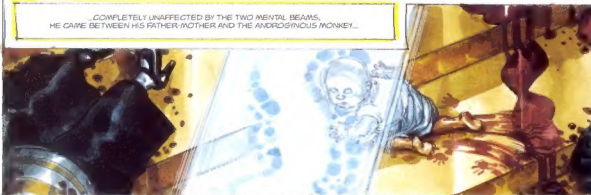
...AND I WAS SO SURPRISED TO SEE AGHORA ON HER KNEES AND ALMOST BEATEN LIKE NO OTHER GENERATION OF MY MASTERS HAD EVER BEEN BEFORE, THAT I LET GO OF THE BABY...



...WHO DROPPED TO ALL FOURS LIKE A PALEO-KITTEN, AND CRAWLED CALMLY TOWARDS HIS FATHER-MOTHER...



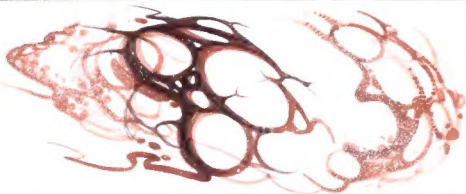
...COMPLETELY UNAFFECTED BY THE TWO MENTAL BEAMS, HE CAME BETWEEN HIS FATHER-MOTHER AND THE ANDROGINOUS MONKEY...



HIS EYES GLOWED LIKE TWO SHINING DIAMONDS...



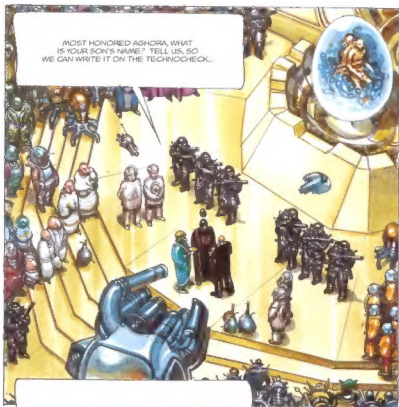
ARGGGGH!  
NOOOOO!



NEVER BEFORE HAD THE IMPERIAL COURT SHOWN ITSELF SO GRATEFUL.  
THE BABY WAS REGALED WITH ALL GREAT HONORS...

TO THE METABARON'S HEROIC BABY,  
WE ACCORD THE MEDALLION OF HIGH  
NOBILITY, THREE BILLION KUBLARS,  
AND THE TITLE OF TRINO-VISCOUNT...





MOST HONORED AGHORA, WHAT IS YOUR SON'S NAME? TELL US, SO WE CAN WRITE IT ON THE TECHNOCHECK...



THIS CHILD IS THE PERFECT WARRIOR, ESTEEMED TECHNOPOPE, AND SINCE HIS ROLE IS GREATER THAN EVEN HIS IDENTITY, HE WILL HAVE NO NAME.

WOW! SUCH DRAMA! I CAN'T ABSORB ANYMORE! LET'S TAKE A BREAK, AND YOU CAN TELL ME THE REST TOMORROW... ALL ABOUT NO-NAME'S DOUBTLESSLY GRUELING TRAINING, AND ALSO ALL ABOUT THE MYSTERY OF THE SCAR ON HIS RIGHT EYEBROW...

OKAY

OKAY, WHAT?

OKAY, SIR! BUT MASTER LOTHAR, SIR, MAY I PLEASE HAVE MY BODY BACK NOW?

JORDAN ROUSKY  
OSMENE ©

To be continued in the next episode of **The Metabarons...**

